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TUNIS AND ITS BEY.

ABOUT a year ago, the attention of the civilized world was drawn to Tunis, that corner of Africa which, in ancient times, was the pivot on which revolved Mediterranean history. At the beginning of the Tunisian troubles, little notice was taken of the rumors of the Arab insurrection on the Algerian frontier, or of the interference of France. Only those who were acquainted with the vicissitudes of European policy foresaw that the so-called intrusion of the savage Khoomir tribe into French territory would be taken as a pretext for the occupation of the regency of Tunis. Argus-eyed as is the European press, it succeeded in giving the public only scant information regarding the deliberations of the famous Berlin Congress, during which the fate of Tunis was sealed by an incident that was imparted to me by one of its leading members. France had long been casting covetous eyes upon the little state of Tunis, which nominally was under Turkish rule, but really was independent. It possessed the best, virtually the only, harbors of the northern coast of Africa. Lying immediately east of Algeria, it was an asylum for Algerian malcontents and the refuge of insurrectionary tribes. Algeria, since its first occupation by the French, has been a dangerous possession, and even at present it cannot be regarded as thoroughly conquered, especially in the southern districts bordering on the desert. The shortest and most practicable approach to these districts is by the Gulf of Gabes through Tunisian territory. Taking all these things into consideration, it was clear that France could not hold her African possessions in peace and security unless she could have full liberty of movement in Tunis. There was still another motive for the annexation. The French monarchy had added territory to

France and fresh laurels to her army by the conquest of Algeria; the Empire had given her Savoy and Nice; while the newly established Republic began its career by consenting to the loss of the two best and most fertile provinces of France. This reproach was an effective weapon in the hands of the monarchical factions. There was only one way to reestablish through the republic the lost prestige of France, and that was by conquest. Tunis, weak, poor, and misruled by an ignorant prince, and for many years an eye-sore to every Frenchman, was of course first thought of. But Italy and Turkey stood ready to protest. England and Spain were jealously watching every movement in north Africa, and, besides, France was in doubt as to the intentions of Bismarck. But at the Berlin Congress, when it was arranged that England, Austria, and Russia should each receive a part of the Ottoman Empire, Count St. Vallier, the French delegate, hinted the desire of his Government to have a share of the spoils, by opposing the dismemberment of Turkey. One day, while he was expressing his views to Bismarck in the presence of my informant, the chancellor shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Why not take Tunis for your share?—No one will oppose you."

From that moment Count St. Vallier withdrew his opposition. A few months later, when I arrived in Tunis, preparations for the French expedition were being carried forward with energy and secrecy. The representatives of some of the great powers in Tunis had received instructions not to oppose any measures that the French Resident, M. Roustan, might be pleased to take. Work was hastened on the railroad connecting Algiers with the capital of Tunis. Telegraph lines were

extended to every important point in the regency. So-called consular agents were appointed in the interior towns, and provided with money to prepare the inhabitants for foreign rule, and to reconcile them to it. Sometimes common Arabs who could not speak a word of French except *monsieur* and *bon jour*, were called to important offices. Bedouin sheiks were bribed, and officers at the Tunisian Foreign Office were promised high rewards. At first everything went smoothly, and M. Roustan soon became the most important personage in the regency. He contracted secret relations with most of

finally the parade march toward the capital. But the glory of the expedition was meager, for Europe was surprised at the incapacity shown by the newly re-organized French troops, at their very defective commissariat, and at the large number of sick. M. Roustan had made a careful study of the inhabitants, but little thought seems to have been given to the climatic dangers which the troops were to encounter, and to the scarcity of food and water. After the first blush of success, everything seemed to militate against the French, who, before they could firmly establish themselves, were confronted by the fanatical part



محمّد الصادق باي تونس

PORTRAIT OF THE BEY, MOHAMMED ES-SADOCK, WITH HIS AUTOGRAPH.

the ruling Mamelukes, and was thus enabled to control the actions of the weak Bey and to prepare for the march of the French army toward the capital. No time was lost in massing a French army corps near the frontier; and, at an opportune moment, the curtain was lifted over the scene of the insurrection of the Khoomir tribe. On the pretext of chastising the Bedouins that had invaded Algiers, the French entered Tunisian territory. Then followed a series of so-called victories over the beggarly, unarmed, and half-starved Bedouin Arabs, the bombardment of the defenseless town of Tabarca, expeditions against an imaginary enemy, and

of the population of the interior, which hastened to arms to oppose the intruding unbelievers. A year has gone by without much change for the better, and many years will pass before the African possessions of France will be completely pacified.

While the great powers were disposing of some of the Turkish provinces, the Bey of Tunis and his Government continued to rule the country in the old-fashioned way, knowing very little, and seemingly caring little, about the affairs of the outside world. Even when the French troops were invading his territory, the Bey did not seem to comprehend that the last hour of Tunisian independ-



ARABS.

ence had struck. Who should volunteer him that information? Every member of the diplomatic corps knew that the French minister was the actual Pasha of Tunis. There was no European newspaper in the regency, His Highness the Bey never having given his gracious consent to the publication of one. The small, insignificant printed slips in Arabic that occasionally appeared were simply a chronicle of official transactions, and took as little notice of the outer world as if the regency were a lone star in the universe, its sun Mecca, and its moon Constantinople. At the Tunisian court there were only two persons who could read and write a foreign language, and only four others who were able to decipher the contents of a European newspaper. Neither His Highness the Bey, nor his prime minister, nor any other member of his cabinet, was acquainted with any other language than Arabic. The transactions with foreign courts and ministers were carried on through a dragoman or interpreter, whose knowledge of French rendered his position at court one of great influence. But he would certainly be the last to reveal to his master the dangerous situation into which he had been drawn. So when the moment for action arrived, the Bey was wholly unprepared.

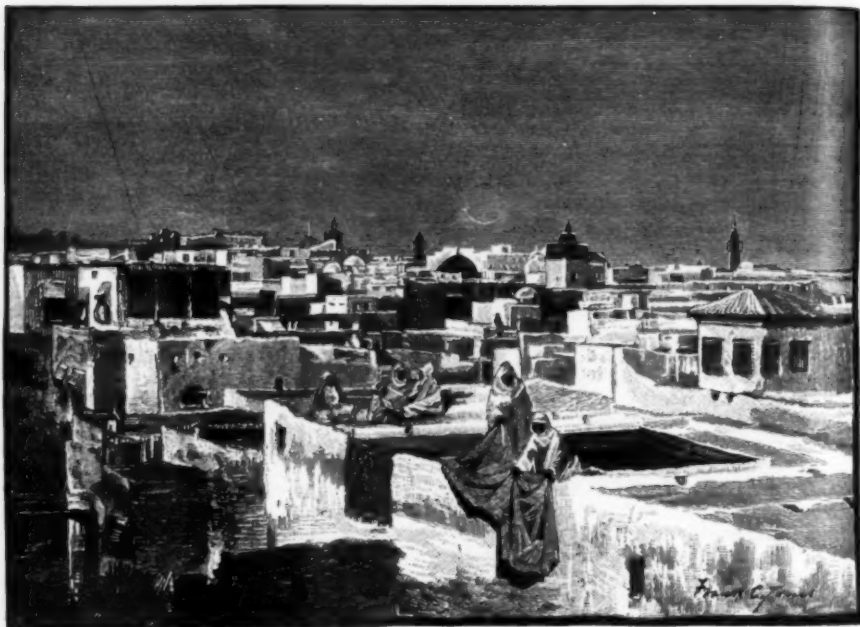
Up to the time of the French occupation, Tunis resembled an oriental state of the mediæval age. European customs had gained little recognition beyond the adoption of the European military uniform. No Mohammedan country is within easier reach of the center of Europe, yet the stream of modern civilization seems to have left Tunis in a sort

of eddy. The only Christian country with which it had relations was Italy, for the bulk of the commerce of the regency was carried on with Genoa and Palermo, with which two steam-ship lines kept up semi-weekly communication.

It was from the deck of one of the Genoan steamers that I first obtained a view of the beautiful Gulf of Carthage. The ruins of that ancient capital were scarcely perceptible on the headland that sloped gracefully to the waters of Lake Bahira. On the bare summit of the hill near Goletta, the present sea-port of the city of Tunis, once stood Birsä, the fortress of ancient Carthage, while the farther hill is now crowned with a chapel, in which lie buried the remains of King Louis IX. of France, who died here during his crusade against Islam. The present harbor of Tunis can be entered only by the smallest sailing-vessels, and passengers who arrive by steamer are transported to the *dogana* (custom-house) of Goletta in small boats. On passing through the *dogana*, our curiosity was first excited by a Tunisian sentinel on duty. The dark-faced warrior was sitting cross-legged in front of his sentry-box, and, like any old woman, was knitting socks. His rifle and a pair of slippers lay at his side. Near by stood an officer, also on duty, who was quietly puffing away at his cigarette. The black uniform of the sentinel was torn in several places, disclosing the fact that the Tunisian army does not wear under-clothing. His bare feet showed that the socks he was knitting were not intended for himself, and I afterward learned the reason for his

diligence. The poor population of the regency is taxed to the utmost to support the Government and army, and the Minister of War annually receives appropriations for maintaining the troops, but this money passes through the hands of so many generals, colonels, captains, and inferior officers that the poor, half-starved privates often do not get any pay for months. Their daily rations are a loaf of bread and half a pint of oil,—just

servants, and the entire court and army; even the state prisoners are brought to Goletta, and remain there so long as His Highness chooses to enjoy his sea-baths. A railroad connects Goletta with the city of Tunis, which lies at the other end of the marshy lake El Bahira. Almost in the center of the lake is a small island, covered with the ruins of an old Spanish castle, one of the few relics of Iberian domination. In



TUNIS FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.

enough to keep them from starving,—and their uniforms are little more than rags. No wonder, then, that the poor fellows endeavor to earn a trifle by knitting, basket-making, and rope-making. The watch-room at the prison of Goletta, which I afterward visited, looked like a workshop or bazaar, the soldiers and sergeants on duty being busily at work at various trades.

Goletta is situated on the sandy shore of the Gulf of Carthage. It is not only the principal port of the regency, but also a much-frequented watering-place, where the Bey resides during the summer months. An imposing fortress bristles with heavy guns, near the charming spot where the ruler of Tunis has his villa. It is the custom in Tunis for the whole Government to accompany the Bey wherever he may go,—the ministers, the

olden times the lake was the harbor of Tunis. Now only the smallest boats can cross from Goletta to the capital, and even these are in constant danger of running aground. The fact is that Tunis, with more than a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, has no sewer system. The surface drainage empties into the lake, and the refuse of the city is dumped into it. By this filling process the lake has become a shallow, pestilential marsh, where thousands of flamingos and other birds find their food. The scenery is essentially African. Mountain-peaks encircle the valley of the lake on three sides. Groups of cypress and palm trees wave their graceful boughs in the breezes; cactus, almond-trees, and prickly-pear are seen in the fields; the air is clear and the sky dark blue. At the south end of the lake may be seen the white cupolas



A STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF TUNIS.

and slender minarets of the capital. The outlines of the picture are so graceful that the Arabs give to Tunis the name "Burnoose (white cloak) of the Prophet."

On first entering Tunis, the traveler would scarcely believe that he was in one of the centers of oriental life. The railway station is situated outside the walls of the Mohammedan city, in the heart of the European quarter. An Italian carriage carries him through European streets to a French hotel, where he finds everything just as he would in Marseilles or Genoa. But as soon as he enters one of the gates of the great wall encircling the ancient city, he is captivated by strange and interesting scenes. Until lately, no Christian was permitted to reside within the walls of the Arabian quarter. The Jews have a quarter by themselves, and a filthy, dark, disgusting labyrinth it is. However, the Arabian quarter is not much better. The streets are somewhat wider and lighter, and the houses, which are two or three stories high, are built in Mohammedan style. The walls are without windows, and closely barred doors add to the lonely, almost desolate, appearance of the streets. Occasionally, people are seen shuffling along in their slippers toward the mosques, of which there are about five hundred in Tunis. The visitor passes through crowded arch-ways and

arcades lined with bazaars. Now and then he finds himself in the court of some Arab inn or caravansary, where heavily laden camels and mules crowd upon each other. A few more steps may take the visitor into some deserted, silent street, where he may meet a heavily veiled woman, covered from head to foot in a winding-sheet or cloak. And on turning a corner he may again find himself in a narrow street, in which men and beasts of burden are so indiscriminately mixed up that he wonders how it is people are not run over or trampled to death by the camels, and how, in a street about eight feet wide, laden camels manage to pass each other. No system whatever seems to have been adopted in laying out the streets of Tunis, unless it was a system of irregularity. In my wanderings through the Arabian quarter I seldom saw an open door or window. Some houses were covered with the most primitive daubs, representing wild beasts and fruits. In a market-place I entered an Arab *café*. The light was dim, for, besides the door, there was only one small opening or window to admit the sun's rays. The roof and upper parts of the walls were blackened with smoke. A low divan ran along the wall, and on this were squatting turbaned Moors. Their slippers lay on the floor in front of them. Some of these stolid-looking orientals were sipping coffee and smoking their *chibouques*

(pipes); very few smoked the *narghile* (water-pipe), which is now little used in Tunis. Others were playing checkers or chess. In the meaner parts of the Arab quarter I saw encampments of Bedouins, who had come from districts bordering on the desert to buy and sell in the market of the capital. Here lived also the water-carriers, pastry-cooks, and men from the oases and towns of the interior, who had come on with the caravans.

fort, the Kasba. The ruins of ancient Carthage were plundered by the Tunisians. In almost every second house may be seen cut stones bearing ancient inscriptions, or fragments of columns and capitals. If Tunis were destroyed, its ruins would be in great part the ruins of Carthage.

The regency does not number more than two and a half million souls, one million of whom are roving Bedouins. All are very poor,



THE HOLY MOSQUE OF KAIRWAN.

Between the Saituna mosque and the old Turkish fort, the Kasba, lies the fashionable quarter of the city. There wide and, what is more remarkable, clean streets are a sure indication that the palace of some great officer is in the neighborhood. The oriental does not understand what taking a walk means. The wealthy drive out in their carriages only to visit each other or to have an audience with the Bey. The merchants and proprietors of the bazaars, as soon as their business is over for the day, return to their homes, which they do not leave until the next morning. Hence, the municipality cleans only those streets where the great and influential people live; it scatters sand in those thoroughfares, and keeps the pavement in repair. The filth and garbage which the sweepers gather here they dump in the poorer streets or into the lake. The finest buildings are found in the neighborhood of the Bey's palace, "Dar el Bey," and of the old Turkish

yet the Bey and the leading officers of the Government live in gorgeous palaces, and spend with a lavish hand the money extorted from the people. In the capital there are several royal palaces, monumental in their proportions, which have been abandoned, and in some cases are merely ruins. Tunisian etiquette requires that no Bey should reside in a palace where one of his predecessors has died. The English, American, French, and German representatives live in some of these abandoned edifices, whose striking Moorish architecture, spacious corridors, and gorgeous halls convey to the visitor a fair idea of their luxuriousness when they were furnished with carpets manufactured in the holy city of Kairwan,* with divans and gauze curtains, and other products of Moorish art. Almost immediately after the burial of a Bey,

* The Beard of the Prophet is preserved in the holy mosque of Kairwan, the city being regarded by the Arabs as one of the four gates of Paradise.



ENCAMPMENT OF BEBOUTIK.

the furniture of his palace begins to disappear. Even the doors and windows are stolen. One palace, called the Mohamedia, which was built in the vicinity of Tunis only forty years ago, by Mohammed Bey, at a cost of twenty millions of francs, is now a complete ruin. The tiles that covered the floor and the walls, and the columns that supported the arches of the doors and the roof, were all taken away and used for other buildings. These ruins are larger than those of the Tuileries at Paris. The present Bey of Tunis, who is the most civilized prince of the Husseinite dynasty, was not contented with the Dar el Bey and the Bardo, the Hammam en Linf, and many other palaces which he inherited, but built a new palace near the Bardo, about an hour's walk from the city.

The Bey's domestic life is as simple and uninteresting as that of an old European bachelor. He is called a woman-hater, and has lived apart from his wife for many years. He is a very religious man, and says his prayers with great regularity. Having very little state business to transact, he has time to gratify his taste for photography, in which he has become an expert. I was presented to the Bey in his summer palace at Goletta. Ostriches roamed at will over the palace-grounds; aids-de-camp, many of them mere boys, were lounging on the divans of the broad veranda; while guards in red-and-gold uniform, armed with long halberds, solemnly paced up and down in front of

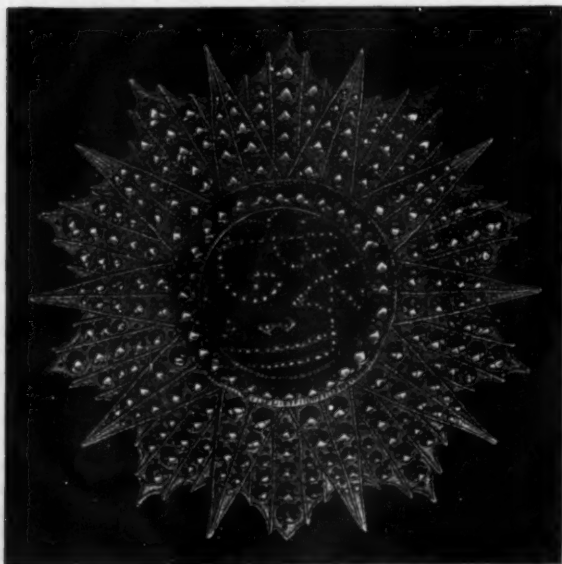
the gate. After waiting a few minutes, my companion, the Austrian consul-general, and myself were ushered into the presence of the Bey. The reception-room was furnished in Parisian style. His Highness, who was seated on a low throne near one of the windows, rose to receive us, made three steps forward, greeted the consul very cordially, and shook hands with me, and then invited us both to take seats. Although he is about sixty-seven years old, his beard and mustache were black. He wore the uniform of a Tunisian general—a dark, military coat with gold lace and heavy epaulettes; red trousers with gold stripes; a *shashia* (red fez) on which was fastened a heavily jeweled clasp, that sparkled with the arms of the Husseinites; and finally a cimeter, with a very costly jeweled hilt, that hung suspended from the shoulder by a gold band. When in full uniform, as, for example, on the last day of Rhamadan, or on the occasion of the reception of newly accredited ambassadors, the Bey wears the insignias of about thirty grand crosses, among them those of the highest orders of England, France, and Germany, which his then prime minister, Mustapha ben Ismail, also possesses. The latter, the adopted son of the Bey, stood near the throne, for no Tunisian subject may sit in the presence of royalty. The dragoman stood between the Bey and us, the Bey speaking in Arabic and the dragoman interpreting in French. He asked me what I thought of his

country, and wished to know what parts had made the greatest impression upon me. I doubt whether the dragoman correctly interpreted my replies, for the Bey nodded his head with an air of complete satisfaction. He had not seen much of his own country, the only long journey he had ever made being to Zaghuan, while he was yet a young man. The audience lasted a long time. Being accustomed to the manners of European courts, where the visitor remains in the presence of the monarch until he himself gives the sign to withdraw, I waited patiently. The Bey looked at me in a grave manner, and so did I at him. The situation seemed very embarrassing. The consul, who sat just behind me, at last succeeded in giving me a sign to rise, as people are not permitted to speak to each other in the presence of the Bey. I rose, and, at the same moment, the Bey came down from his throne. From the prime minister he took the star of his order and fastened it on my breast. At my request he also gave me his photograph, beneath which he wrote his autograph, remarking that I was the first who had ever obtained the latter favor. With that the audience terminated. Afterward, I learned that visitors may stay as long as they please at the Bey's court, and that the less they say the more fashionable they are considered. The foreign ministers and consuls may obtain audiences with the Bey whenever they choose. He has dispensed with etiquette so far as to permit them to come into his

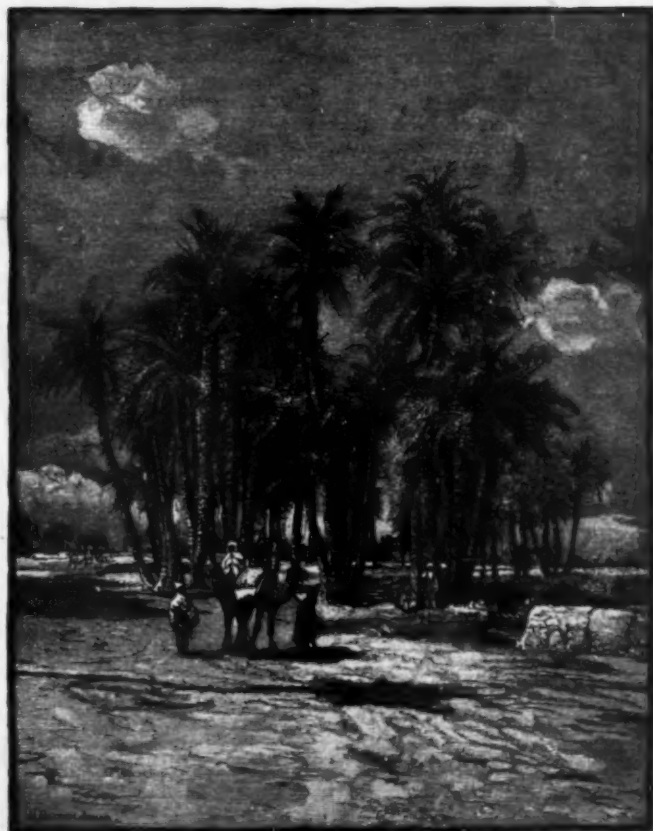
presence in plain frock-coats, and only at the great annual reception during the festival of the Beyram, or at the audience of a newly appointed consul, is the court dress required.

The great audience-chamber of the official palace is an immense hall, with lofty ceiling, and is furnished with carpets and fine tapestry. It would, indeed, be worthy of its name were it not for the half-dozen broken Parisian clocks, damaged vases, and crooked chandeliers that give it a half-dilapidated appearance. But this is an oriental palace, and one has only to open one of the doors that lead from this magnificent chamber to behold filthy passages and shabby, broken walls and pavements. At the farther end of the audience-hall, on a green-covered dais, stands the throne of the Bey, which is a large arm-chair, covered with gilt and embroidery, and surmounted by a baldachin with green curtains. Fine paintings adorn the walls. They are mostly life-size portraits of the European monarchs—including those of Napoleon, Emperor Francis Joseph, and Emperor William. I noticed among them the picture of a Christian saint, painted in the old Italian style, and wondered how it came to be hung in the palace of a Mohammedan prince. The history of the picture illustrates a curious feature of Tunisian life. Most Europeans who reside for any length of time in the Orient become infected with the vanity of decorations, titles, and other social distinctions. They make absurd efforts to obtain bits of

ribbon to fasten in their button-holes and the privilege of wearing a narrow gold border round the cap. Consuls in Tunis wear such caps as insignias of their office. It was principally on the solicitation of Europeans that the Bey's order, *Nishan Iftikhar*, was created; but what the European resident of Tunis chiefly aspires to is a consulship, of no matter how small and insignificant a government. The "*Almanac de Gotha*" and other year-books are carefully studied, and foreign visitors are besieged by these office-seekers. Even little Monaco, of gambling fame, is represented in Tunis by a consul-general, a consul, and a vice-consul, and there are also three or four *clèves consuls* (consular pupils), dragomans, and janizaries attached to the staff. Several years ago, one of the Italian resident physicians, a Doctor Lambroso,



THE DECORATION OF THE BEY.



AN OASIS IN TUNIS.

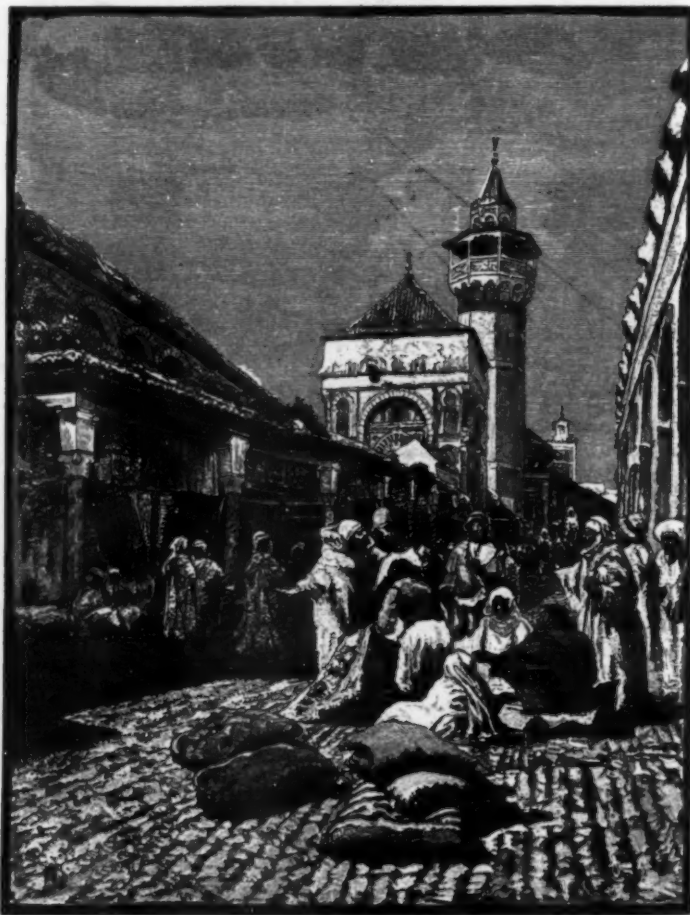
aspired greatly to become a consul, and as all the European states were already more or less worthily represented at the court of Mohammed es Sadock, Doctor Lambroso conceived the idea of becoming consul of the mountain republic of San Marino, the oldest state of Europe, but at the same time the smallest, as it contains not more than seven thousand inhabitants. The political and commercial relations existing between Tunis and San Marino may be easily imagined. Probably few people in either state knew of the existence of the other country. Nevertheless, Doctor Lambroso bought of the small Italian republic the title of consul at Tunis, and one day, accompanied by a glittering staff of vice-consuls, secretaries, and dragomans, he called at the palace and presented to the Bey his credentials. The Bey and his grand vizier received Doctor Lambroso in the same manner as they would have received the em-

bassador of France. The Bey inquired after the health of the chief of state, and expressed a desire to have his portrait. As San Marino has no such person, not even a president, Doctor Lambroso was somewhat embarrassed, but nevertheless communicated the Bey's request to his Government. The desired portrait soon arrived. It was evidently taken from an old church, and represented Saint Marino, the patron saint of the republic. Doctor Lambroso received a high decoration for himself and one for the chief of the republic. In exchange, San Marino sent the Bey the Grand Cross of St. Marino, and this exchange of civilities ended satisfactorily to all concerned.

Mustapha ben Ismail, the Bey's grand vizier at the time of my visit, was the constant companion of his master, and until the French occupation he was the most powerful man in the regency. In his youth he was a hair-

dresser's apprentice. The Bey took a fancy to the handsome youth, and made him his page. When the boy was sixteen years old, the Bey appointed him to a colonelcy; at twenty-two he was a general and commander of the guard, although Mustapha at that time could not read or write, and had never fired a gun or drawn a sword. At the age of thirty he was placed at the head

extensive one-story building, in Italian style, with large windows and green wooden blinds, situated in a large square, not far from the sea-shore. Round the palace were pitched the tents of the Bedouin life-guards of the Bey; the horses, saddled and bridled, were tethered to stakes; while the guards themselves, arrayed in picturesque costumes, with pistols and daggers bristling in their girdles,



BAZAAR AND MOSQUE IN TUNIS.

of the Government, as grand vizier and head treasurer. Upon such a man were conferred the highest orders of European potentates—the decorations which are worn by Bismarck and Andrassy. The impression which the grand vizier made upon me, when I first saw him at Goletta, was not an unfavorable one. His office was in the Government palace, an

lounge in the shade of their tents. The wide vestibule of the palace was crowded with Tunisian civil and military officers. A broad staircase led to the first story, where we entered the office of General Elias, one of the two Tunisian generals who could speak a foreign language, and here we awaited the arrival of the premier. Suddenly, a move-

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A MUSICIAN.

ment among the assembled Bedouins and town Arabs indicated the arrival of His Excellency. A gorgeous state carriage, drawn by four mules in rich harness, and surrounded by officers mounted on mules, drove up in front of the governor's palace. A handsome young gentleman, dressed in European costume, alighted and answered the respectful salams of the crowd by a wave of the hand. It was the vizier. Had I met him in this attire on the Boulevards of Paris, or in the Ringstrasse in Vienna, I should have taken him for a banker's clerk. His appearance was improved immensely when he was dressed in oriental uniform, for thus I had occasion to see him later, during one of the religious festivals. As he ascended the spacious staircase, all the officers and high dignitaries humbled themselves before him.

Mustapha was vain, ignorant, and mercenary, and his rapacity was the talk of the whole regency. He sold high Government offices, and he sometimes appointed illiterate and ignorant Arabs to the most influential positions, which these men sought and held

only for the purpose of robbing their subordinates. He was at the same time the treasurer of the Bey's private income, as well as of the small revenues which the European powers had left to the Tunisian Government for conducting the administration. Most of the sources of revenue had been appropriated for the payment of the Tunisian state debt. How well Mustapha administered the revenue can be seen from the fact that, although his salary was only about thirty thousand francs a year, he had in his possession, on his retirement



SEAL OF THE BEY.

after ten years' service, nearly twenty-five millions of francs, and was regarded as the wealthiest man in the regency. The Bey's influence in the Government was limited almost to confirming the prime minister's orders, by affixing his seal to the documents which Mustapha submitted to him. Every oriental officer and man of business carries his own seal with him, and whenever his signature is required to any document, or even to a letter, this is made, not with a pen, but with a seal. Illiterate men, who do not possess a seal, mark their assent to a written agreement by dipping a finger into ink, and leaving an impress of it on the document. The Bey of Tunis never signs his name;

representatives of foreign governments may not visit the heir, and personally he is quite unknown to them. For a native to show him any mark of attention would be high treason, and such an act by a foreign consul would be regarded as evincing a want of respect for the Bey—every manifestation of regard for the heir being tantamount to an intentional allusion to the transitory power of the Regent, and to his eventual death.

Before the French stepped in, ministers of the regency were mere puppets, manipulated by Mustapha ben Ismail; they possessed no influence whatever, and had little to do. For instance, the Minister of Marine, whose fixed residence is at Goletta, had the assistance



WOMEN OF TUNIS.

his seal is made of a precious stone, and he wears it fastened to a long cord that is wound several times round his neck. When documents are presented to him for his signature, he unwinds the cord and hands the seal to the Keeper of the Great Seal.

The heir-apparent, Sidi Ali Bey, the brother of the reigning *Mushir* (Bey), is a portly person, with a full Turkish-trimmed beard, who possesses the esteem of the Arabs. But he is seldom seen. Oriental etiquette requires that the man who is to succeed the ruler should be completely ignored. No minister or state officer could visit him or communicate with him without running the risk of losing his office or of being exiled. Even the repre-

sents of two admirals and several captains in administering the affairs of his country's navy. I found a gravity and a business-like expression depicted on the countenances of these high functionaries, that led me to suppose they were overwhelmed with the onerous duties and heavy responsibilities of their office. But, in fact, the entire navy of Tunis consists only of two old abandoned passenger steamers, that were purchased from an Italian steam-ship line. One of these men-of-war has been aground for several years in the harbor of Porto-Farina, and the other lies in the mud in the military harbor of Goletta. There is a large naval arsenal at Goletta, which contains a few old iron anchors, a quan-

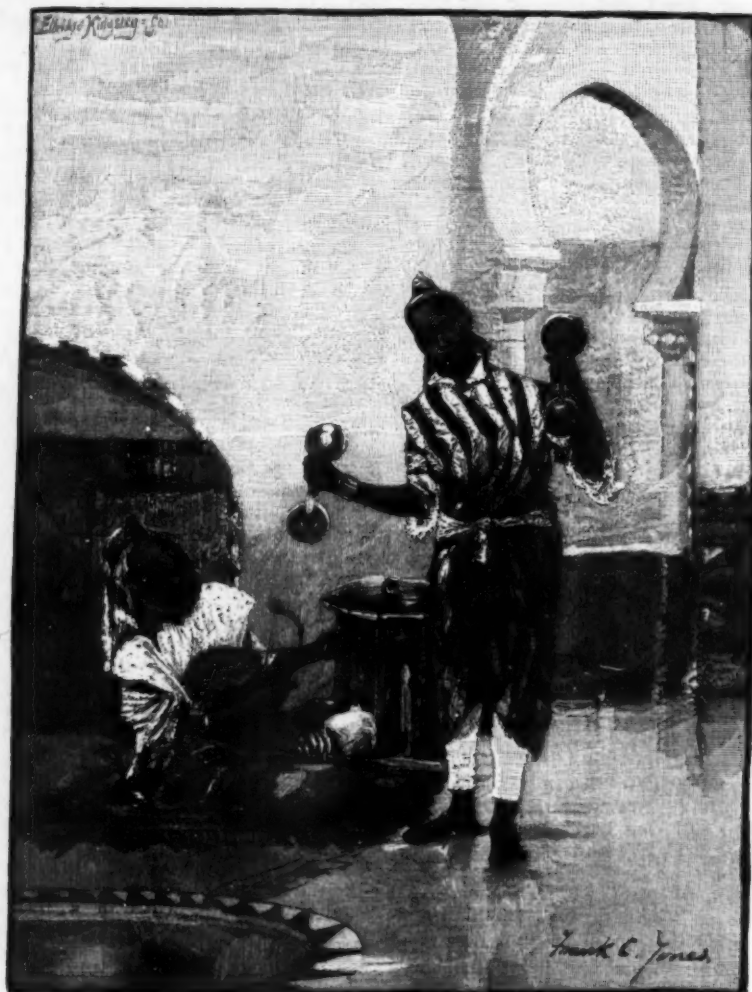
city of rotten ropes, and three or four row-boats. Nevertheless, thousands of francs were annually appropriated for naval purposes! Half of this money, it is commonly believed, found its way into the pockets of the minister, the admirals, and the captains. A part was used in purchasing supplies, which, as soon as they were brought into the arsenal, were sold by the officers, who rarely received a penny of their salaries.

One of the most interesting places in Tunis is the public court of justice, held every Saturday under the presidency of the Bey himself. Thick palace-walls, barred windows, guards, and several cordons of court officers and ministers render it almost impossible for the ordinary Moslem to approach his sovereign, except at the weekly court of justice. In none of the oriental countries bordering on Europe have the mediæval methods of administering justice been so perfectly preserved as in Tunis. There are no regular judges, but the governors of provinces and the commanders of cities are judges within their respective districts. The highest judge in the land is the Bey in person, and an appeal can be made to him from the decision of any *cadi*, or provincial governor. Parties to any suit may refuse to have it adjudged by a bribe-taking *cadi*; they can go to Tunis, and submit their case to the Bey. I attended one of these sessions, and on my way to the palace saw crowds of people flocking thither. The crowd in the palace became a jam, and the broad staircase was thronged. At the stair-landing stood guardsmen in gold-and-red uniforms, armed with *cimeters* and Saracen lances. Even their *fezes* were bordered with gold, and instead of the usual blue tassels hanging from them, they wore bunches of white ostrich-feathers. At last the Bey arrived. The guards presented arms with the *cimeters*, the drummers beat a tattoo, and the waiting multitudes respectfully saluted, by placing the hand successively on the breast, lips, and forehead, while bowing low before their ruler, who with his ministers leisurely ascended the stairs, and entered the hall of justice. At one end of this hall was a platform, on which stood a throne covered with red velvet, bordered with gold. Here the Bey took his seat, while the princes of the house, with the exception of his brothers, ranged themselves on the left. The prime minister, the generals, ministers, heads of departments, the secretary of state, and the court clerks stood at the right of the throne. Back of them was stationed a detachment of the guards. After this medley of generals, Bedouin sheiks, guards, and courtiers had ranged themselves in proper order, a colossal colonel, who, I was afterward told, was the

chief of police, stepped forward into the open space before the throne, and exclaimed in stentorian tones:

"The Prince gives you his greeting, and is ready to administer justice."

A European, in dress-coat and white cravat, immediately came forward and offered the prince a lighted *chibouque*, whose stem was six feet in length and tipped with a diamond-encrusted mouth-piece. The Bey took several whiffs, and was ready for business. Two litigants approached. When within eight paces of the throne they halted, crossed their arms on their breasts, and bowed low. Then the complainant stated his grievance briefly, and the respondent made his defense. The Bey rendered his decision in a few words. Many cases were disposed of in this brief and summary manner. The penalties of the court are fines, imprisonment, *bastinado*, and hanging, but the last-named punishment is now seldom inflicted. Until very recently, Turks and Koolooghis (descendants of Turks) condemned to death had the privilege of being strangled by means of a silk noose, while Moors were beheaded, Arabs were hanged, and Jews were drowned. But several years ago, the hangman's rope was adopted as a uniform method of capital punishment. Imprisonment is nearly as bad, for should the prisoner happen to be a poor man, he may never regain his freedom. The treatment in the Tunisian prisons is barbarous and cruel in the extreme. Wealthy or influential criminals easily get off with the payment of a fine; but the poverty-stricken offender is cast into jail. The prisoners in the capital are fed by the Government, but those in the provincial prisons have to subsist on the gifts of charitable persons. These prisons usually have windows opening upon the street, and food can be thrown in. But public charity in Tunis is a very uncertain source of livelihood, and if a prisoner has no relatives the chances are in favor of his starving to death. Since the officers and policemen receive no pay from the Government, they manage to get their dues from the prisoners themselves. They do not let the prisoners out of their hands until a certain sum is paid for the service of capturing them. But in Tunis it is not so easy to capture a criminal, owing to the large number of places of refuge made sacred by the grave of a saint or a marabout, where the criminal, and even the murderer, is entirely safe. No law, no command of the Bey, could invalidate this ancient custom, and as there are in the city of Tunis not alone houses and yards, but entire streets of refuge, a great many criminals escape the hands of justice. As a rule, the refugees do



FEMALE MUSICIANS.

not remain long at these places; their relatives usually arrange matters amicably with the family of the victim, and also with the police, by paying a certain amount of money.

The Bey sometimes entertains the foreign consular body, and as neither dramatic nor musical entertainments nor—in the complete absence of ladies—court-balls can be given, he resorts to the barbarous and disgusting contortions of the Aissawiah—a religious order instituted about three hundred years ago by Ben-Aissa, a religious maniac and saint of the city of Mequinez. These charlatans and the *almees*, or female dancers,

enliven the Bey's social entertainments. A similar class of entertainments, I was told, amused the wives of the Mamelukes and rich Moors in the harems of Tunis. The downfall of Mohammedan glory may be attributed in part to the exclusion of women from public and even private life, and to their extreme ignorance. The Moslem looks upon woman as an inferior being, unfit to advise him or to share in his pleasures and sorrows. The higher the rank of a Tunisian lady, the less she will be seen in the streets and bazaars. As a rule, only women of the lowest order, beggars, and the wives of the poor country Bedouins, are seen in the

streets, and even these cover their faces with their hands whenever they meet a European. There is a general belief among Europeans that the Koran prescribes that women should be veiled when they appear in public. This is not the fact. The custom is not a religious duty, but a fashion. The chamberlain of an ex-grand-vizier gave me some curious information on this subject. The Pasha's wife was taken sick with small-pox. A European physician was called; guarded by two eunuchs, he was permitted to enter the chamber of the lady. Curtains concealed the bed. The physician insisted upon seeing the face of the suffering woman, but the eunuch refused, giving to the doctor a description of her face. When the doctor asked to see her tongue, her face was covered with a cloth in which a small hole had been cut; through this opening the sick woman showed her tongue. When the physician felt her pulse, her hands and arms were covered, and the doctor was asked to close his eyes while counting the pulse. Witchcraft and the charlatanism of old, cunning women are generally resorted to when women of the harems are sick. Many of the ladies of higher rank live and die without setting foot in the streets, or changing their abode, except once, when they leave the paternal roof to go to the house of their husband and master. With the exception of the nearest relatives, no man ever enters the harem. This is the reason why Moorish houses possess large door-ways, furnished with carpets and divans, for these vesti-

bules serve as general reception-rooms, and all business with the master of the house is transacted there, or in an adjoining chamber. The term "Sublime Porte," in its application to the Turkish Government, grew probably out of this custom, since formerly all state affairs were transacted under the high portal leading to the governmental palace. Should a Moor desire to give an entertainment to his friends at his own house, the women of the harem would be locked up in a distant part of the house. On the contrary, should any of his women desire to pay a visit to the wife of a high dignitary, the carriage is drawn within the walls of the harem-court, all doors and windows are closed, and the women, thickly veiled, conducted to the carriage by eunuchs. The doors of the carriage would then be locked, and the key given to a eunuch to keep until they arrive at their destination. It is well known that an Arab husband first beholds the features of his wife after the marriage has taken place. His mother or a near female relative is generally intrusted with the duty of looking out for a bride beautiful and rich enough to be an ornament of the suitor's household. As a rule the girls possess regular features, deep black eyes with a melancholy expression, thick jet-black hair, and small hands and feet. At twelve and fourteen they are graceful and slender, but female beauty in Tunis is measured by weight, and soon after this age they are fattened for the matrimonial market.

 TO IMOGEN AT THE HARP.

HAST thou seen ghosts? Hast thou at midnight heard
 In the wind's talking an articulate word?
 Or art thou in the secret of the sea,
 And have the twilight woods confessed to thee?
 So wild thy song, thy smile so faint, so far
 Thine absent eyes from earthly vision are.
 Thy song is done: why art thou listening?
 Spent is the last vibration of the string
 Along the waves of sound. Oh, doth thine ear
 Pursue the ebbing chord in some fine sphere,
 Where wraiths of vanished echoes live and roam,
 And where thy thoughts, here-strangered, find a home?
 Teach me the path to that uncharted land;
 Discovery's keel hath never notched its strand,
 No passport may unbar its sealed frontier—
 Too far for utmost sight, for touch too near.
 Subtler than light, yet all opaque, the screen
 Which shuts us from that world, outspread between

TO IMOGEN AT THE HARP.

The shows of sense; like as an ether thin
 Fills the vast microscopic space wherein
 The molecules of matter lie enisled.
 A world whose sound our silence is; too wild
 Its elfin music beats, too shrill, too rare
 To stir the slow pulse of our thicker air.
 A world whose light our darkness is; that lies
 With its sharp edges turned toward mortal eyes,
 Like figures painted on a folded fan—
 The broken colors of some hidden plan.
 The few who but an instant's look have had
 At the spread pattern broadwise have gone mad.
 As in a high-walled oriental street
 A sudden door flies open, and a fleet
 Departing dream the thirsty traveler sees
 Of fountains leaping in the shade of trees,
 So they who once have caught the glimpse divine:
 They have but wet their lips with goblins' wine,
 And, plagued with thirst immortal, must endure
 The visions of the heavenly calenture,—
 Of springs and dewy evening meadows rave,
 While hotly round them shines the tropic wave,
 And the false islands of mirage appear,
 Uplifted from some transcendental sphere
 Far down below the blue horizon line.
 And thirst like theirs is nursed by songs like thine.
 For thou, in some crepuscular dim hour,
 When the weak umber moon had hardly power
 To cast a shadow, and a wind, half-spent,
 Creeping among the way-side bushes went,
 Hast seen, spun like a cobweb 'cross the moon,
 A faint eclipse, penumbral, gone full soon,
 Yet marking on the planet's smoky ring
 A silhouette as of a living thing.
 Or on the beach making thy lonely range,
 Close upon sunset, when the light was strange
 And the low wind had meanings, thou hast known
 A presence nigh, betrayed by shadows thrown
 On the red sand from bodies out of sight;
 Even as, by the shell of curving light
 Pared from the dark moon's edge, the eye can tell
 Where her full circle rounds invisible.

Teach me the path into that silent land.
 Take once again the haunted wires in hand,
 And pour the strain which, waking, thou hast heard
 Whistled when night was deep by some lone bird
 Hid in the dark and dewy sycamore,—
 When thou hast risen and unbarred the door
 And walked the garden paths till night was flown,
 Listening the message sent to thee alone.
 Ah! once again thy harp, thy voice once more,
 Fling back the reflux tide upon the shore.
 All nature grows unearthly; all things seem
 To break and waver off in shapes of dream,
 And through the chinks of matter steals the dawn
 Of skies beyond the solar road withdrawn.
 Oh, flood my soul with that pure morning-red!
 It is the sense that's shut, the heart that's dead:
 All open still the world of spirits lies
 Would we but bathe us in its red sunrise.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

INSTEAD of making his way home at once, Arbuthnot turned up the side of the street on which the Amorys' house stood. As he reached the house, the door was opened, and a man came out and walked down the steps. He was a man with a large frame, a darkly florid complexion, and heavily handsome features. As he passed Arbuthnot he gave him a glance and a rather grudging bow, which expressed candidly exactly the amount of pleasure he derived from encountering him.

Bertha was in the parlor alone. When Arbuthnot entered he found her standing in the middle of the room, looking down at the roses on her gayly painted fan, and evidently not seeing them.

"Well," he began, by way of greeting, "I hope you have been enjoying yourself—with your senators."

She looked up, and made a quick, eager little movement toward him—as if she was more glad to see him than usual.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "I believe I was wishing you would come."

"Thank you," he said, "but the compliment would be greater if you were sure of it."

"I think I am sure of it, now you are here," she answered, "though I don't know at all why I wanted you—unless it was to tell you that I have not been enjoying myself in the least—with my senators."

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied. "Nothing could please me better. They are always too numerous, and lately one is continually meeting them on the steps and being scowled at."

She shut her fan quickly, with a slight frown.

"Why scowled at?" she said. "That would be absurd enough."

"Absurd or not," he laughed, "it is true."

But notwithstanding his laugh, there was no change in her face he did not see.

They had seated themselves by this time, and Bertha was looking at her fan again, and opening and shutting it slowly.

"They are not my senators," she said. "They are Richard's, and—I am getting a

little tired of them, though I should not like to tell him so. When it is warm, as it is to-day, I am very tired of them."

"I should not think it at all improbable," remarked Arbuthnot, dryly. "It has struck me that it would be necessary for the mercury to be several degrees below zero before you would find the one who went out just now, for instance, especially exhilarating."

"He is not exhilarating at all," she said. "Richard likes him," she added, a moment afterward. "I don't know exactly why, but he really seems to admire him. They are quite intimate. I think the acquaintance began through some law business he gave him in connection with the Westoria lands. I have tried to like him on Richard's account. You must remember," she said, with a smile, "I first tried to like you on Richard's account."

"I hope you succeeded better than you will with Planefield," he said.

"I might succeed with him if I persevered long enough," she answered. "The difficulty lies in the perseverance. Richard says I would make a good lobbyist, but I am sure I should not. I could not be persistently amiable and entertaining to people who tired me."

"Don't deplore your deficiencies until it becomes necessary for you to enter the profession," said Arbuthnot. "I don't like to hear you speak of it," he added, with a touch of sharpness.

"I don't deplore them," said Bertha. "And it is only one of my little jokes. But if the fortunes of the Westoria lands depended on me, I am afraid they would be a dismal failure."

"As they don't depend on you," he remarked, "doesn't it occur to you that you might as well leave them to Senator Planefield? I must confess it has presented itself to me in that light."

"It is rather odd," she said, in a tone of reflection, "that though I have nothing whatever to do with them, they actually seem to have detained me in town for the last two weeks."

"It is quite time you went away," said Arbuthnot.

"I know that," she answered. "And I feel it more every day."

She raised her eyes suddenly to his.

"Laurence," she said, "I am not well. Don't tell Richard, but I think I am not well at all. I—I am restless and nervous—and—and morbid. I am actually morbid. Things trouble me which never troubled me before. Sometimes I lose all respect for myself. You know I always was rather proud of my self-control. I am not quite as proud of it as I used to be. About two weeks ago I—I positively lost my temper."

He did not laugh, as she had been half-afraid he would. His manner was rather quiet, on the contrary—it was as if what she said struck him as being worth listening to with some degree of serious attention, though his reply was not exactly serious.

"I hope you had sufficient reason," he said.

"No," she answered. "I had no reason at all, which makes it all the more humiliating. I think I have been rather irritable for a month or two. I have allowed myself to—to be disturbed by things which were really of no consequence, and I have taken offense at things and—and—resented trifles, and it was the merest trifle which made me lose my temper—yes, actually lose my temper, and say what I did not intend to say, in the most open and abject manner. What could be more abject than to say things you did not intend to say? You know I never was given to that kind of thing."

"No," he responded, "it cannot be said that you were."

"It was so—so revolting to me after it was over," she went on, "that it seemed to make me more weak-minded than ever. When you once give way to your emotions it is all going down-hill—you do it again and again. I never did it before, but I have been on the verge of doing it two or three times since."

"Don't go any farther than the verge," he said.

"I don't intend to," she answered. "I don't like even the verge. I resent it with all my strength. I should like to invent some kind of horrible torture to pay myself for—for what I did."

He was watching her very closely, but she was not aware of it. She had arrested his attention completely enough by this time, and the fact made itself evident in his intent and rather startled expression.

"I hope it was nothing very serious," he said.

"It was serious enough for me," she replied. "Nobody else was hurt, but it was serious enough for me—the mere knowing

that for a few minutes I had lost my hold on myself. I didn't like it—I didn't like it!"

There was an intensity in her manner, in her voice, in her face, in her very figure itself, which was curiously disproportionate to her words. She leaned forward a little, and laid her small, clenched hand upon her knee.

"In all my life," she said slowly, "in all my life, I have never had a feeling which was as strong as myself. I have been that fortunate. I have been angry, but never so angry that I could not seem perfectly still and calm; I have been happy, but never so happy that I could not have hidden it if I chose; I have been unhappy—for a moment or so—but never so unhappy that I had the horrible anguish of being found out. I am not capable of strong, real emotions. I am too shallow and—and light. I have been light all my life, and I *will* be light until the end."

"Only the children could make me suffer, really," she said after it,—"only the children, and all women are like that. Through Janey, or Jack, or Meg, my heart could be torn in two, if they were in pain, or badly treated, or taken from me—that is nothing but common nature; but nothing else could hurt me so that I should cry out—nothing and nobody—not even Richard!"

She stopped herself, and opened her fan again.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Why did I say so much then, and say it so vehemently, as if it was of consequence? Nothing is of consequence—nothing, nothing!" And she laughed, and rose and began to take up and set down again some trifles on the mantel.

Arbuthnot still watched her.

"No," he said, "you are quite right—nothing is of consequence really, and the sooner one learns that, the better for one's peace of mind. The worst pain you could have to bear could not last you more than a few score years, and you would get used to it in that time; the greatest happiness you could yearn for would not last any longer, and you would get tired of it in time, too."

"Tired of it!" she echoed. "One could tire of anything in three-score years and ten. How tired one must be of oneself before it is over—how tired! how tired!" and she threw up her hands in a sudden, desperate gesture.

"No," he answered, in a tone whose level coolness was a forcible contrast to her own. "Not necessarily, if one doesn't expect too much. If we take things for what they are worth, and don't let ourselves be deceived by them, there is plenty of rational entertainment to be had by the way. We mayn't like it quite as well as what we set out with ex-

pecting, but we can manage to subsist upon it. I hope I am logical. I know I am not eloquent." He said it bitterly.

"No," she returned, without looking at him, "you are not eloquent, perhaps, but you are speaking the truth—and I like to hear it. I want to hear it. It is good for me. It is always good for people to hear the truth—the bare, unvarnished, unadorned truth. Go on."

"If I go on," he said, still bitterly, "I shall begin to drag myself in, and I don't care to do it. It is natural that I should feel the temptation. I never knew the man yet who could talk in this strain and not drag himself in."

"Drag yourself in as much as you like," she said, even fiercely, "and be an example to me."

"I should be example enough if I said all I could," he replied. "Am I a happy man?"

She turned, and for a moment they looked into each other's eyes—his were stern, hard, and miserable.

"No," she cried out, "you are not. No one is happy in the world!" And she dropped her face upon her hands as she leaned upon the mantel.

"I might have been happier if I had begun right, I suppose," he said.

"Begun!" she repeated. "Does any one ever begin right? One ought to begin at the end and go backward, and then one might make something of it all."

"I didn't make much of it," he said. "I was not as wise as you. I began with emotions and follies and fires—and the rest of it, and the enjoyment I derived from them was scarcely what I anticipated it would be. The emotions didn't last, and the follies didn't pay, and the fires burned out—and that was the worst of all. And they always do—and that is worse still. It is in the nature of things. Look at that grate," pointing to it. "It looked different a week ago, when we had a rainy night and sat around it. We could have burned ourselves at it then if we had been feeble-minded enough to try it—we couldn't do it now; and yet a few days ago it was hot enough. The fire has burned out, and even the ashes are gone."

She stooped down, picked up her fan, and reseat herself upon the sofa. She did not look quite like herself,—her face was very pale but for the two red spots Tredennis had seen on her cheeks when her display of feeling had startled him,—but all at once a change had taken place in her manner. There was a sort of deadly stillness in it.

"We are a long way from my temper," she said,—a long way."

"Yes," he replied, "about as far as we could get in the space of time allowed us—and we have been a trifle emotional."

"And it was my fault," she continued. "Isn't it time I went somewhere cool and bracing? I think you must admit it is."

"Yes," he said, "it is time. Take my advice, and go."

"I'll go," she said, steadily, "the day after to-morrow. And I'll not go to Fortress Monroe. I'll go into the mountains of Virginia—to a farm-house I know of, where one has forests and silence, and nature—and nothing else. I'll take the children, and live out-of-doors with them, and read to them, and talk to them, and sew for them when I want anything to do. I always was happy and natural when I was sewing and doing things for them. I like it. Living in that simple, natural way, and having the children with me, will rest and cure me if anything will on earth—the children always—the children —"

She stopped and sat perfectly still; her voice had broken, and she had turned her face a little away.

Arbuthnot got up. He stood a moment, as he always did before going, but he did not look direct at her, though he did not seem to avoid her in his glance.

"It is the best thing you can do," he said,—"the very best thing. You will be thoroughly rested when you come home, and that is what you need. I will go now—I hear Richard, and I want to speak to him alone."

And by the time the door opened and Richard stood on the threshold, he had reached him and turned him around, throwing his arm boyishly over his shoulder.

"You are just in time," he said. "Take me into the museum, or the library. I want to have a confidential chat with you."

And they went out together.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE following day Richard presented himself to Tredennis in the morning, looking a little disturbed and scarcely in such excellent spirits as usual.

"Bertha and the children are going away to-morrow," he said. "And if you have no other engagement, you are to come and dine with us this evening and say good-bye."

"I have no other engagement," Tredennis answered. "I shall be glad to come. They are really going to Fortress Monroe to-morrow?"

Richard threw himself into a chair with a rather discontented air.

"They are not going to Fortress Monroe at all," he said. "They are going to bury themselves in the mountains of Virginia. It is a queer fancy of Bertha's. I think she is making a mistake. She won't like it, really, when she tries it."

"If she needs rest," said Tredennis, "certainly the mountains of Virginia——"

"The mountains of Virginia," interrupted Richard, "were not made for Bertha. She will tire of them in a week. I wish she would not go!" he said, with the faintest possible touch of petulance.

"You will miss her very much, of course," said Tredennis.

"Oh yes, I shall miss her. I always miss her—and I shall miss her specially just now."

"Just now?" said Tredennis.

"Oh," said Richard, straightening himself somewhat and clearing his slightly knitted brow, "I was only thinking of two or three plans which had half-formed themselves in my mind. I was looking at it from a selfish point of view, which I had no right to do. I suppose things might wait—until she comes back."

"Are you going with her?" said Tredennis.

"I!" exclaimed Richard. "No, I could not do that. My business would not allow of it. I have more than usual on hand just now. I shall run down to see them once a week, if possible. I must confess," with a laugh, "that I could not make up my mind to three months of it. Bertha knows that."

Taking all things into consideration, he bore the prospect of his approaching loneliness very well. He soon began to speak of other matters, and before he took his departure had quite recovered his usual gayety. As he talked, Tredennis regarded him with some curiosity.

"He has a fortunate temperament," he was thinking. "He would have been happy if she had remained, but he is not unhappy because she goes. There are men who would take it less lightly—though, after all, he is the one to be envied."

Tredennis did not feel that he himself was greatly to be envied. He had said that she ought to go, and had been anxious and unhappy because she had not gone, but now that she was going he was scarcely happier. There were things he should miss every day. As he remembered them, he knew he had not allowed himself to admit what their value had been to him. The very fact that they had not been better

friends made it harder. From the first he had been aware that a barrier stood between them, and in the interview which had revealed to him something of its nature, he had received some sharp wounds.

"There was truth in what she said," he had often pondered since, "though she put it in a woman's way. I have resented what she has said and done, often enough, and have contrasted it bitterly with what I remembered—God knows why! I had no right to do it, and it was all folly, but I did it and made myself wretched through it—and she saw the folly and not the wretchedness."

But now that her presence would no longer color and animate the familiar rooms, he realized what their emptiness would be. He could not endure the thought of what it would be to go into them for the first time and sit alone with Richard—no bright figure moving before them, or sitting in its chair by the table, or the window, or the hearth. The absence of the very things which had angered and disturbed him would leave a blank. It would actually be a wretchedness to see no longer that she often chose to be flippant, and mocked for mere mocking's sake.

"What!" he said, savagely. "Am I beginning to care for her very faults? Then it is best that she should go."

But his savageness was not against Bertha, but against himself and his weakness.

When he arrived at the house in the evening, he found Bertha in the parlor with Jack and Janey, who were to be allowed to share the farewell dinner.

As she advanced to meet him with a child on either side, he was struck by certain changes which he observed in her dress and manner. She wore a dark, simple gown, her hair was dressed a trifle more closely and plainly than usual, and there was no color about her. When she gave him her hand, and stood with the other resting on Jack's shoulder, her eyes uplifted to his own, he was bewildered by a feeling that he was suddenly brought face to face with a creature quite strange to him. He could not have said that she was actually cold and reserved, but there was that in the quiet of her manner which suggested both reserve and coldness.

"I have allowed the children to stay downstairs," she said, "and they are to dine with us if they will be good. They wished very much to see as much of you as possible—as it will be some time before they return—and I think they will be quiet."

"If you will seat one on each side of me," said Tredennis, "I will keep them quiet."

"You are very kind," she answered, "but I should scarcely like to do that."

And then she returned to her seat by the window, and he sat opposite her on the end of a sofa, with Janey leaning against his knee.

"You are not going to Fortress Monroe?" he said.

"No," she replied. "I am going to the Virginia mountains."

"I should think that would be better," he said, putting an arm around Janey.

"I thought so," she answered, "upon reflection. I am not as strong as I should be, and I think I dislike ill-health even more than most people do."

She held Jack's hand, and spoke in a quiet tone of common things—of her plans for the summer, of the children, of Richard; and Tredennis listened like a man in a dream, missing the color and vivacity from her manner as he had known he should miss her presence from the rooms when she was gone.

"Tell Uncle Philip something of what we are going to do," she said to Jack. "Tell him about the hammocks, and the spades we are to dig with, and the books. We are to live out of doors and enjoy ourselves immensely," she added, with a faint smile.

"Mamma is going to play with us every day," said Jack, triumphantly. "And we are going to lie in our hammocks while she reads to us and tells us stories."

"And there will be no parties and no company," added Janey. "Only we are to be the company."

"And Jack is to take care of me," said Bertha, "because I am growing old and he is so big."

Jack regarded her dubiously.

"You haven't any wrinkles," he said.

"Yes I have, Jack," she answered, "but they don't show." And a little laugh broke from her, and she let her cheek rest against his dark love-locks for a moment in a light caress.

Glancing up at the colonel's face at this juncture, Janey found cause in it for serious dissatisfaction. She raised her hand, and drew a small forefinger across his forehead.

"Uncle Philip," she said, "you are bad again. The black marks have come back, and you are quite ugly—and you promised you would try not to let them come any more."

"I beg your pardon, Janey," he answered, and then turned to Bertha. "She does not like my black face," he said, "and no wonder. I am rather an unfortunate fellow, to have my faults branded upon me so plainly that even a child can see them."

There was a touch of bitterness in the words and in his manner of uttering them. Bertha answered him in a soft, level voice.

"You are severe upon yourself," she said.

"It is much safer to be severe upon other people."

It was rather cruel, but she did not object to being cruel. There come to most women moments when to be cruel is their only refuge against themselves and others, and such a moment had come to her.

In looking back upon the evening when it was over, the feeling that it had been unreal was stronger in Tredennis's mind than any other. It was all unreal from beginning to end—the half-hour before dinner, when Arbuthnot and Richard and the professor came in, and Bertha stood near her father's chair and talked to him, and Tredennis, holding Janey on his knee and trying to answer her remarks lucidly, was aware only of the presence of the dark, slender figure near him, and the strange quiet of the low voice; the dinner itself, during which Richard was in the most attractive mood and the professor was rather silent, and Arbuthnot's vivacity was a little fitful at first and afterward seemed to recover itself and rise to the occasion, while Bertha, with Jack on one hand and Janey on the other, cared for their wants and answered Richard's sallies and aided him in them, and yet was not herself at all, but a new being.

"And you think," said the professor, later in the evening, when they had returned to the parlors,— "you think that you will like the quiet of the mountains?"

"I think it will be good for me," she answered, "and the children will like it."

"She will not like it at all," said Richard. "She will abhor it in ten days, and she will rush off to Fortress Monroe and dance every night to make up for her temporary mental aberration."

"No, she will not," said Arbuthnot. "She has made preparations to enjoy her seclusion in its dramatic aspects. She is going to retire from the world in the character of a graceful anchorite, and she has already begun to dress the part. She is going to be simple and serious and a trifle severe—and it even now expresses itself in the lines and color of her gown."

She turned toward him, with the sudden gleam of some new expression in her eyes.

"How well you understand me!" she said. "No one else would have understood me so well. I never can deceive you, at least. Yes, you are quite right. I am going to enjoy the thing dramatically. I don't want to go, but as I feel it discreet I intend to amuse myself, and make the best of it. I am going to play at being maternal and amiable, and even domesticated. I have a costume for it, as I have one for bathing and dining and making calls. This," she said, touching her dress, "is part

of it. Upstairs I have a little mob-cap and an apron, and a work-basket to carry on my arm. They are not unbecoming, either. Shall I run up into the nursery and put them on, and show them to you? Then you can be sure that I comprehend the part."

"Have you a mob-cap and an apron?" asked Richard. "Have you, really?"

"Yes, really," she answered. "Don't you remember that I told you that it was my dresses that were of consequence, and not myself? Shall I go and put them on?"

Her tone was soft no longer—it was a little hard, and so was the look which half hid itself behind the brightness of the eyes she turned toward him.

"Yes," he answered. "Put them on and let us see them."

She turned round and went out of the room, and Arbuthnot followed her with a rather anxious glance. The professor stirred his tea as usual, and Tredennis turned his attention to Janey, while Richard laughed.

"I have no doubt she has all three," he said. "And they will be well worth seeing."

They were worth seeing. In a few minutes she returned—the little work-basket on her arm, the mob-cap upon her head, the apron around her waist, and a plain square of white muslin crossed upon her bosom. She stopped in the door-way, and made a courtesy.

"There ought to be a curtain, and somebody ought to ring it up," she said. "Enter the domestic virtues."

And she came and stood before them, her eyes shining still, and her head erect, but—perhaps through the rather severe black and white of her costume—seeming to have a shade less color than before.

"I did not make them for this occasion," she said. "They have appeared before. You don't remember them, Richard, but I had them when Jack was a baby—and a novelty. I tried being maternal then."

"Why, yes," said Richard, "to be sure I remember them—and very becoming they were, too."

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I knew they were becoming!"

She turned and fronted Tredennis.

"I hope they are becoming, now," she said, and made her little courtesy again.

"They are very becoming," he answered, looking at her steadily. "I like them better than—the silks and brocades."

"Thank you," she said. "I thought you would—or I would not have put them on. Jack and Janey, come and stand on each side of me while I sit down. I have always congratulated myself that you were becoming. This is what we shall be constrained to do

when we are in Virginia, only we shall not have the incentive of being looked at."

"We will make up a party," said Richard, "and come down once a week to look at you. Planefield would enjoy it, I am sure."

"Thank you," said Bertha. "And I will always bring out the work-basket, with a lace-collar for Meg in it. Lace-collars are more becoming than small aprons or stocking-mending. Do you remember the little shirt Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was making for her boy, and which was always produced when she was in virtuous company? Poor Rawdon was quite a big boy, and very much too large for it, by the time it was finished. I wonder if Meg will be grown up before she gets her collar."

She produced a needle, threaded it, and took a few stitches, bending her head over her task with a serious air.

"Does it look as if I had done it before?" she said. "I hope it does. I really have, you know. Once I sewed on a button for Richard."

But she did not sew many minutes. Soon she laid her work down in the basket.

"There!" she said, "that is enough! I have made my impression, and that is all I care for—or I *should* have made my impression if you had been strangers. If you had not known me, you would have had time to say to one another: 'What a simple, affectionate little creature she must be! After all, there is nothing which becomes a woman so well as to sit at her work in that quiet, natural way, with her children about her!' Come, Jack and Janey, it is time for you to say good-night, and let me make a pretty exit with you, in my mob-cap and apron."

She took them away, and remained upstairs with them until they were in bed. When she came back she did not bring the work-basket, but she had not taken off the cap and handkerchief. She held an open letter in her hand, and went to Richard and sat down by him. Her manner had changed again entirely. It was as if she had left upstairs something more than the work-basket.

"Richard," she said, "I did not tell you I had had a letter from Agnes Sylvestre."

"From Agnes Sylvestre!" he exclaimed. "Why, no, you didn't! But it is good news. Laurence, you must remember Agnes Sylvestre!"

"Perfectly," was the answer. "She was not the kind of person you forget."

"She was a beautiful creature," said Richard, "and I always regretted that we lost sight of her as we did after her marriage. Where is she now, Bertha?"

"When she wrote she was at Castellamare.

She went abroad, you know, immediately after her husband's death."

"He was not the nicest fellow in the world, that Sylvestre," said Richard. "He was not the man for a woman like that to marry. I wonder if she did not find out that she had made a mistake?"

"If she did," said Bertha, "she bore it very well, and it has been all over for more than two years."

She turned suddenly to Tredennis.

"Did not you once tell me——" she began.

"Yes," he replied. "I met her in Chicago, and Mr. Sylvestre was with her."

"It must have been two or three weeks before his death," said Bertha. "He died quite suddenly, and they were in Chicago at the time. Do you remember how she looked and if you liked her?—but of course you liked her."

"I saw her only for a short time," he answered. "We talked principally of you. She was very handsome, and had a sweet voice and large, calm eyes."

Bertha was silent a moment.

"Yes," she said next, "she has beautiful eyes. They are large and clear like a child's, but they are not childish eyes. She sees a great deal with them. I think there was never anything more effective than a way she has of looking at you quietly and directly for a few seconds, without saying anything at all."

"You wonder what she is thinking of," said Arbuthnot. "And you hope she is thinking of yourself and are inclined to believe she is, when there are ten chances to one that she is not at all."

"But she generally is," said Bertha. "The trouble is that perhaps she is not thinking exactly what you would like best, though she will never tell you so, and you would not discover it from her manner. She has an adorable manner—it is soft and well-bred, but she never wastes herself."

"I remember," said Tredennis, "that I thought her very attractive."

Bertha turned more directly toward him.

"She is exactly what you would like," she said,—"exactly. When I said just now that her way of looking at people was effective, I used the worst possible word, and did her an injustice. She is never effective—in that way. To be effective, it seems to me, you must apply yourself. Agnes Sylvestre never applies herself. Trifles do not amuse her as they amuse me. I entertain myself with my whims and with all sorts of people; she has no whims, and cares only for the people she is fond of. If she were here to-night, she

would look calmly at my mob-cap and apron and wonder what I meant by them, and what mental process I had gone through to reach the point of finding it worth while to wear them."

"Oh," said Arbuthnot, "I should not think she was slow at following mental processes."

"No," answered Bertha, "I did not mean that. She would reason clearly enough, after she had looked at me a few moments and asked herself the question. But in talking of her, I am forgetting to tell you that she is coming home, and will spend next winter in Washington."

"Congratulate yourself, Laurence," said Richard. "We may all congratulate ourselves. It will be something more to live for."

"As to congratulating myself," said Arbuthnot, "I should have no objection to devoting the remainder of the evening to it, but I am afraid——"

"Of what?" demanded Bertha.

"Oh," he answered, "she will see through me with her calm eyes. And as you say, she never wastes herself."

"No," said Bertha, "she never wastes herself. And, after all, it is Colonel Tredennis who has most reason to congratulate himself. He has not thrown away his time. I am obliged to admit that she once said to me of you, 'Why does he throw away his time? Does he never think at all?' Yes, it is Colonel Tredennis who must be congratulated."

It was chiefly of Agnes Sylvestre they talked during the rest of the evening.

"She is a person who says very little of herself," was Bertha's comment, "but there is a great deal to say of her."

And so there seemed to be. There were anecdotes to be related of her, the charm of her beauty and manner was to be analyzed, and all of her attributes were found worth touching upon.

It was Tredennis who took his departure first. When he rose to go, Bertha, who was talking to Arbuthnot, did not at first observe his movement, and when he approached her she turned with an involuntary start.

"You—are going now?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "I wish you a pleasant summer and all the rest you require."

She stood up and gave him her hand.

"Thank you," she replied. "I shall be sure to have the rest."

It scarcely seemed more than the ordinary conventional parting for the night; to Tredennis it seemed something less. There were only a few words more, and he dropped her hand and went out of the room.

He had certainly felt that this was the last, and only a powerful effort of will held in

check a feeling whose strength he would have been loath to acknowledge.

"Such things are always a wrench," he said, mentally. "I never bore them well."

And he had barely said it when he heard Bertha cross the parlor quickly and pass through the door. He had bent to take up a paper he had left on the hat-stand, and when he turned she was close to him.

Something in her look was so unusual that he recognized it with an inward start. Her eyes were a little dilated, and her breath came with soft quickness, as if she had moved rapidly and impulsively. She put out both her hands with a simple, sudden gesture, and with an action as simple and unpremeditated he took them and held them in his own.

"I came," she said, "to say good-bye again. All at once I seemed to—realize that it would be months before I—we saw you again. And so many things happen, and ——" She stopped a second, but went on after it. "When I come back," she said, "I shall be well and strong, and like a new person. Say good-bye to this person," and a smile came and went as she said it.

"A moment ago," he answered, "I was telling myself that good-byes were hard upon me."

"They—they are not easy," she said.

This at least was not easy for him. Her hands were trembling in his clasp. The thought came to him that perhaps some agitation she wished to hide had driven her from the room within, and she had come to him for momentary refuge because he was near. She looked up at him for a second with a touch of desperation in her eyes, and then he saw her get over it, and she spoke.

"Jack and Janey will miss you very much," she said. "You have been very kind to them. I think—it is your way to be good to every one."

"My opportunities of being good have been limited," he said. "If—if one should present itself," and he held her hands a little closer, "you won't let me miss my chance, will you? There is no reason for my saying so much, of course, but—but you will try to remember that I am here and always ready to come when I am called."

"Yes," she said, "I think you would come if I called you. And I thank you very much. And good-bye—good-bye."

And she drew her hands away and stood with them hanging clasped before her, as if she meant to steady them, and so she stood until he was gone.

He was breathing quickly himself when he reached the street.

"Yes," he said, "the professor was right. It is Arbuthnot—it is Arbuthnot."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN he passed the house the next day, they were gone. The nursery windows were thrown open, and he fancied that the place wore a deserted look. The very streets seemed empty, and the glare of sunshine whose heat increased with every hour added to the air of desolateness he imagined.

"It is imagination," he said. "And the feeling will die away all the more quickly because I recognize the unreality of it. By to-morrow or the day after, I shall have got over it."

And yet a week later, when he dropped in upon the professor, one sultry evening, to spend an hour with him, his old friend found cause for anxious inspection of him.

"What," he said, "the hot weather begins to tell on you already! You are not acclimatized yet, that's it. You must spare yourself as much as possible. It doesn't promise well that you look fagged so soon. I should say you had not slept well."

"I don't sleep well," Tredennis answered.

"You are working too hard?" said the professor; "that is it, perhaps."

"I am not working hard enough," replied Tredennis, with a slight knitting of the brows. "I wish I had more to do. Leisure does not agree with me."

"One must occupy oneself!" said the professor. He spoke half-absently, and yet with a touch of significance in his tone which—combined with the fact that he had heard the words before—caused Tredennis to glance at him quickly.

He smiled slightly, in answer to the glance.

"Bertha?" he said. "Oh, yes, I am quoting Bertha. Your manner is not as light as hers, but it reminded me of her in some way—perhaps because I had a letter from her to-day, and she was in my thoughts."

"I hope she is well," said Tredennis, "and does not find her farm-house too dull."

"She does not complain of it," the professor answered. "And she says nothing of her own health, but tells me she is a little anxious about Janey, who does not seem quite herself."

Tredennis looked out into the darkening street. They were sitting by the opened window.

"She was not well when she went away," he said, a trifle abstractedly.

"Janey?" asked the professor, as if the idea was new to him. "I did not know that."

Tredennis roused himself.

"I—was thinking of Bertha," he said.

"Oh, of Bertha," said the professor, and then he lapsed into a reverie himself for a few

moments; and seemed to watch the trees on the street without seeing them.

"No, she was not well," he said, at length, "but I think she will be better when she comes back."

"The rest and quiet——" began Tredennis.

"I think she had determined to be better," said the professor.

"Determined?" repeated Tredennis.

"She has a strong will," returned the professor, "though it is a thing she is never suspected of. She does not suspect herself of it, and yet she has relied upon its strength from the first, and is relying upon it now. I am convinced that she went away with the determination to conquer a restlessness whose significance she is just awakening to. And she deliberately chose nature and the society of her children as the best means of cure."

"Do you think," asked Tredennis, in a low voice, "that she will get over it?"

The professor turned to look at him.

"I don't know," he answered, with a slight tone of surprise. "Why did you fancy I would?"

"You seem to understand her——" said Tredennis.

The professor sighed.

"I have studied her so long," he replied, "that I imagine I know what she is *doing*, but you can't safely go beyond that with women—you can't say what they are *going* to do—with any degree of certainty. They are absorbingly interesting as a study, but they are not to be relied on. And they rarely compliment your intelligence by doing what you expect of them. *She* has not done what I expected. She has lived longer than I thought she would without finding herself out. A year ago she believed that she had proved to herself that such an emotion—as this was impossible to her. It was a very innocent belief, and she was entirely sincere in it and congratulated herself upon it." He turned to Tredennis again with a sudden movement and a curious look of pain in his face. "I am afraid it's a great mistake," he said.

"What?" Tredennis asked.

"This—this feeling," he said, in a tremulous and troubled voice. "I don't mean in her alone, but in any one, everywhere. I am not sure that it ever brings happiness really in the end. I am afraid there always *is* an end. If there wasn't, it might be different; but I am afraid there is. There are those of us who try to believe there is none, but—but I am afraid those are happiest who lose all but their ideal. There are many who lose even

that, and Fate has done her worst by them." He checked himself, and sank back in his chair.

"Ah!" he said, smiling half sadly. "I am an old man—an old man—and it is an old man's fancy, that the best thing in life is death. And Fate did not do her worst by me; she left me my ideal. She had gray eyes," he added, "and a bright face like Bertha's. Perhaps, after all, if I had won what I wanted, I should not feel so old to-night, and so tired. Her face was very bright."

He had not been wholly well for some days, and to-night seemed fatigued by the heat and languor in the air, but he was somewhat more hopeful when he spoke of Bertha than he had been.

"I have confidence in the strength of her will," he said, "and I like her pride and courage. She does not give way to her emotions; she resents them fiercely, and refuses to acknowledge their power over her. She insists to herself that her restlessness is nervousness, and her sadness morbid."

"She said as much to me," said Tredennis.

"Did she?" exclaimed the professor. "That is a good sign; it shows that she has confidence in you, and that it is a feeling strong enough to induce her to use you as a defense against her own weakness. She would never have spoken if she had not believed that you were a sort of stronghold. It is the old feeling of her girlhood ruling her again. Thank Heaven for that!"

There was a ring at the front-door bell as he spoke, and a moment or so later it was answered by a servant; buoyant feet were heard in the hall, and paused a second on the threshold.

"Are you here, Professor?" some one inquired. "And may I come in?"

Professor Herrick turned his head.

"Come in, Richard," he said; "come in, by all means." And Amory entered and advanced toward them.

The slight depression of manner Tredennis had fancied he had seen in him on the last two occasions of their meeting had disappeared altogether. He seemed even in gayer spirits than usual.

"I have come to tell you," he said to the professor, "that I am going away for a short time. It is a matter of business connected with the Westoria lands. I may be away a week or two."

"Isn't it rather a long journey?" asked the professor.

"Oh, yes," he replied, with no air of being daunted by the prospect—"and a tiresome

one, but it is important that I should make it, and I shall not be alone."

"Who is to be your companion?"

"Plane-field—and he's rather an entertaining fellow, in his way—Plane-field. Oh, it won't be so bad, on the whole."

"It is Plane-field who is interested in the lands, if I remember rightly," suggested the professor.

"Oh, Plane-field?" Richard replied, carelessly. "Well, more or less. He is given to interesting himself in things, and by Jove," he added with a laugh, "this promises to be a good thing to be interested in. I shouldn't mind if I —"

"My dear Richard," interposed the professor, "allow me to advise you not to do so. You'll really find it best. Such things rarely end well."

Richard laughed again.

"My dear Professor," he answered, with much good-humor, "you may rely upon me. I haven't any money of my own."

"And if you had money?" said the professor.

"I think I should risk it. I really do. Though why I should say risk, I hardly know. There is scarcely enough risk to make it exciting."

He was very sanguine, and once or twice became quite brilliant on the subject. The great railroad, which was to give the lands an enormous value, was almost an established fact, everything was being laid in train: a man influenced here, a touch given there, a vigorous move made in this direction, an interest awakened in that, and the thing was done.

"There isn't a doubt of the termination," he said, "not a doubt. It's a brilliant sort of thing that is its own impetus, one might say, and the right men are at work for it, and the right woman—"

"Were you going to say women?" asked Tredennis, when he pulled himself up somewhat abruptly.

"Well, yes," Richard said, blithely. "After all, why not? I must confess to finding the fact lend color and vivacity to the thing. And the delightful cleverness the clever ones show, is a marvelous power for or against a thing, though I think the feminine tendency is to work for a thing, not against it."

"I should like to know," said Tredennis, "how they begin it."

For a moment he thought he did not know why he asked the question; but the self-delusion did not last long. He felt an instant later that he did know, and wished that he did not.

"In nine cases out of ten," Richard replied, giving himself up at once to an enjoyable

analysis of the subject,—*"in nine cases out of ten, it is my impression they begin with almost entire lack of serious intention, and rarely, if ever, even in the end, admit to themselves that they have done what they are accused of. Given a clever and pretty woman whose husband or other male relative needs her assistance: why should she be less clever and pretty in the society of one political dignitary than in that of another, whose admiration of her charms may not be of such importance? I suppose that is the beginning, and then come the sense of power and the fascination of excitement. What woman does not like both? What woman is better and more charming than Bertha, and Bertha does not hesitate to admit, in her own delightful way, that there must have been a fascination in the lives of those historical charmers before whom prime ministers trembled, and who could make and unmake a cabinet with a smile."*

"What," was the thought which leaped into Tredennis's mind, "do we begin to compare Bertha with a king's favorite!" But he did not say it aloud—it was not for him to defend her against her husband's lightness, and were they not her own words, after all? And so he could only sit silent in the shadow of his darkening corner and knit his heavy brows with hot resentment in his heart, while Richard went on:

"There are some few who make a profession of it," he said, "but they do not carry the most power. The woman who is ambitious for her husband, or eager for her son, or who wishes to escape from herself and find refuge in some absorbing excitement, necessarily is more powerful than the more sordid element. If I were going in for that kind of thing," he went on, settling himself in his favorite graceful, lounging posture, and throwing his arm lightly behind his head—"if I were going in for it, and might make a deliberate choice, I think I should choose a woman who had something to forget—a woman who had reached an emotional crisis—who was young and yet who could not take refuge in girlish forgetfulness, and who, in spite of her youth, had lived beyond trusting in the future—a woman who represented beauty, and wit, and despair—(the despair would be the strongest lever of all). There isn't a doubt of it that such a woman, taken at such a turning-point in her existence, could move—the world, if you like—the world itself," and he arranged himself a trifle more comfortably, and half-laughed again.

"But," suggested the professor, "you are not going in for that sort of thing, my dear Richard."

"Oh, no, no," answered Richard, "but if I were, I must confess it would have a fascination for me which would not permit of my regarding it in cold blood. I am like Bertha, you know—I like my little drama."

"And, speaking of Bertha," said the professor, "if anything should happen while you are away —"

"Now, really," said Richard, "that shows what a careless fellow I am! Do you know it never once occurred to me that anything could happen. We have such an admirable record to look back upon, Bertha and I, though I think I usually refer the fact to Bertha's tact and executive ability—nothing ever has happened, and I feel that we have established a precedent. But if anything should happen, you had better telegraph to Merritsville. In any ordinary event, however, I feel quite safe in leaving Bertha in your hands and Tredennis's," he said, smiling at the large shadow in the corner. "One is always sure, in the midst of the ruling frivolity, that Tredennis is to be relied on."

He went away soon after, and Tredennis, bidding the professor good-night, left the house with him.

As they passed down the steps, Richard put his arm through his companion's with caressing friendliness.

"It wouldn't do you any harm to take a run up into Virginia yourself, once in a while," he said. "You have been losing ground since the heat set in, and we can't submit to that. We need your muscular development in its highest form, as an example to our modern deterioration. Kill two birds with one stone when you have a day's leisure—go and see Bertha

and the children, and lay in a new supply of that delightful robustness we envy and admire."

"I should be glad to see Bertha," said Tredennis.

"She would be glad to see you," Richard answered. "And while I am away, it will be a relief to me to feel that she has you to call upon in case of need. The professor—dear old fellow—is not as strong as he was. And you—as I said before—one naturally takes the liberty of relying on your silent substantiality."

"Thank you," said Tredennis. "If it is a matter of *avoirdupois* —"

Richard turned quickly to look at him.

"Ah, no," he said. "Not that—though being human, we respect the *avoirdupois*. It's something else, you know. Upon my word, I can't exactly say what, but something which makes a man feel instinctively that he can shift his responsibilities upon you and they will be in good hands. Perhaps it is not an enviable quality in oneself, after all. Here am I, you see, shifting Bertha and the children off on your shoulders."

"If I can be of any use to Bertha and the children, why not?" said Tredennis, tersely.

"Oh, but one might also say 'Why?'" returned Richard. "We haven't any claim on you, really, and yet we do it, or, rather, I do it, which speaks all the more strongly for your generosity and trustworthiness."

"And you will be away —?" Tredennis began.

"Two or three weeks. It might be more, but I think not. We separate here, I think, as I am going to drop in on Planefield. Good-night, and thanks."

"Good-night," responded Tredennis, and they shook hands and parted.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF PRAXITELES.

COULD we be carried back to that era toward the close of the fifth century B. C., when the great men of Athens—Phidias, Sophocles, and Socrates—were passing away, we should find younger men rising to fill their places in carrying on the great mission of Hellenic culture. We should find that, as the fourth century dawned, the gifted sculptor Scopas was gaining fame, and that Cephisodotus, the father of the celebrated Praxiteles, was already in his prime, while his greater son was probably in his infancy. Although, through such men, the chain remained unbroken which united the earlier to the later times, yet great changes had come over the

Greek state and people, which left their impress on art. The civil war which had ravaged the land for nearly thirty years (431-405 B. C.) had humbled the victorious Athens of the Periclean age. In the midst of her other troubles a frightful plague had visited her, smiting a large part of her population, and counting among its victims many of the greatest and best men, including Pericles himself. This sudden calamity could not fail to have had a demoralizing effect upon the survivors. Agony and despair engendered the spirit of selfishness; through dread of the fatal contagion, the well neglected to care for their dying friends, and even the rites

of burial, which were held to be most essential and sacred in those days, were neglected. Thucydides laments, "The manly race of old Athens is swept away, and a worse one left behind." But this race, thus looked upon as worse by the older generation, developed many powers which had been lying dormant, and in what concerned philosophy and art proved itself to be by no means an unworthy heir of the former glory. Outward circumstances had radically changed with regard to the patronage of art, since, after the costly and humiliating war, the Athenian state remained a mere shadow of her former self. Her stores of gold and silver, which had seemed inexhaustible under the wise rule of Pericles, were now gone. The islands and cities which had paid their annual contributions into her coffers now refused their tribute, and her colonies, another important source of wealth, were in the hands of her enemies. The history of Athens from 400 B. C. was no longer the record of successful aggression, but of a struggle to maintain her own independence. Her patriots, indeed, sought to raise her to the place she had once occupied, but their efforts were spasmodic; and after each vain endeavor the city sank back, politically weaker than before, and more prone to give herself up to pleasures, abundantly provided by wily politicians who were in search of public favor. Consequently, during this century, Athens, as a state, offered little stimulus to great and monumental works. The Periclean age, with its costly temples and chryselephantine statues,—thank-offerings from a grateful people,—found no counterpart in the city now lying humbled before her jealous neighbors and enemies. Her sculptors, in consequence, were forced to look for commissions to private individuals, or to foreign states. While, in the olden time, the abodes even of great men like Miltiades, Themistocles, and Pericles had been simple, and the temples of the gods alone ornate and costly, now few temples were built, and the rich vied with one another in the magnificence of their dwellings, provoking the bitter reproaches of Demosthenes in an oration to the Athenians. That the private patronage of the arts was on no mean scale, appears also from the upbraidings of the orator Isæus to Dicaëgenes, who allowed dedicatory offerings, which he had inherited and valued at three talents (\$3540), to be left scattered about unconsecrated in the studios.

But the fame of Athenian culture had reached other shores, and this fact, in connection with the lull in public spirit in Athens itself, doubtless explains the custom prevailing during this century, among well-nigh all

the Athenian sculptors whose names are preserved to us, of leaving their city at some time in their lives to find employment elsewhere. Indeed, the most celebrated works by Scopas and Praxiteles, the two great Athenian masters of the fourth century, were executed for Asia Minor. Thus Athens, by her very misfortunes at home, was made to share with the outside world a part of the best of her great inheritance. Monuments, whether in gold, marble, or terra cotta, since found in Bœotia, Asia Minor, the remote Crimea or Southern Italy, all show the prevailing spirit of this Attic art. The Peloponnesian war not only opened up this wide sphere of activity to Athenian artists, but also caused great changes in the character of the people, which were reflected in subsequent works of art. The repeated and radical revolutions in the state could not but shake their faith in the old constitution, and the great misfortunes befalling them led each man to look to his own interests, regardless of the public weal. The gods, they easily came to believe, had deserted them, or even proved false, by giving at their oracles responses which had brought disaster in their train. Hence, it is not strange that trust in the older concrete gods became weaker, and that beings of a more abstract nature, such as Fortune (Tyche), Peace (Irene), and Riches (Plutus), came to enjoy equal honors with them, while minor gods played a more important part.

The Phidian age, with its sublime golden colossi of Zeus, Athene, and Hera, has now been left behind, and from the Olympian heights of majesty and repose the road slopes downward, through ravishing vales among the haunts of men and scenes of quiet, peaceful beauty, which have a charm which is their own, though they may be less sublime. In the former age the individual was merged in the whole, the private weal was subservient to the state; but now the individual man attained complete development, and many a character of rich beauty and symmetry sprang out of the new soil. Broader culture and altered circumstances were favorable to the unfolding of thoughts and forms, such as would have been inconceivable during the earlier sublime age. Indeed, this unfolding in society was in keeping with the whole tendency of the Greek mind, which unrolls before us in its literature a continual passing from the outer life to the inner, until finally the drama paints not actions, but the struggles of the soul which give rise to them, and finds her strength in the whole play of human passion. Thus slowly, and after many struggles, the old myths were worked over into broadly

human outlines; that which once repelled by its crudity and barbarism was made to quiver with noble human passion. The pathos of human sorrow, joy, and despair, and all the other emotions which move the heart and urge to action, pressed into the foreground. The storms of passion now beat even over the heights of Olympus, and the gods themselves are seen battling the tempest. The severer tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* yield in the people's preference to the pathetic power of *Euripides*, who tears the veil from before the dwelling of the gods and immortal heroes, and reveals them as human beings like those about him, affected by the varying shades of joy and sorrow, from the wild passion of a *Phædra* to the desperate broodings of a *Medea*. In its outer forms, daily life had become more agitated. While *Pericles* had always appeared before the assembled people with unruffled mien, and sought to keep their temper quiet even in the fire of his eloquence, holding his voice and movements so under control that the very folds of his loosely hanging garment remained unchanged, those who came after him excited the people, and with violent gesticulations strode to and fro before their hearers, vehemently throwing their arms about them. The dignity and reserve characteristic of the earlier day had left its impress on art; but, with the change in the views and habits of society, this older art could have been retained only as a stereotyped and lifeless form. And so, as poetry assumed a more human character, sculpture also descended from its heights, and, assuming more familiar forms, held more intimate communion with men in their varying emotions. Fully to appreciate what is expressed in the sublime forms of *Phidian* art, fully to enter into their spirit and the devotion which produced them, something seems to tell us that we must be Greeks. But not so with this art of the fourth century; its ideal conceptions of rarest freshness and beauty come to us expressing traits common to all humanity, and addressing us to-day as strongly as they did the Greeks of old. This change in the conceptions of people and sculpture is evident in the choice of subjects, and in the different mode of treatment. Pious offerings were still to be made—no longer, however, mainly to the highest gods, but to those of a more human character. Thus, instead of *Zeus*, *Athene*, *Hera*, and their peers, we meet the fluctuating throng in which we see the forms of the maternal *Demeter*, proud *Niobe*, charming *Aphrodite*, bewitching *Eros*, raving *Bacchantes*, and pleasure-loving *Dionysus*. Here every familiar chord of human feeling is touched, and these

Greek forms of more than two thousand two hundred years ago express our joy, our sorrow, and our pleasure. To this changing panorama, with its varying charms of mood and feeling, the Attic sculptors of this time added an elegance and a captivating grace of form, stimulated by the lighter spirit of the people, not met before. After the stern days of the Peloponnesian war, there had developed among the Athenians an unwonted desire for what was pleasurable and diverting. This appears from many laws then made, in contrast to the severe heroic spirit of the older age. Even military discipline was relaxed and armies were disbanded, in order that the soldiery might return to Athens to share in public festivals. The surplus of the state income, which had in former times gone into the war fund, was now diverted to these festivities, and about 353 B.C. a law was passed making it punishable with death even to propose defraying war expenses with this money.

How the sculptors of this age caught its changing spirit, and with what exquisite grace and nobility they gave expression to what is pleasurable in art, will be shown in considering the forms created by *Praxiteles* and his contemporaries, whether they are found in humble vase-paintings or in imposing temple-statues. In their hands, the beautiful womanly *Aphrodite* will draw admirers around her, as well as the sublime but stern *Hera* or imperious *Athene*; the mild *Apollo* will be more gracious though less imposing than the supreme, almighty *Zeus*. But while swerving from the paths of their predecessors, the ideal tendencies of the earlier age are inherited by the later Athenian artists. No harsh realism disturbs the dream-land in which they live. *Apollo* singing to the notes of his lyre is not some particular lyre-player, but the very personification of musical inspiration. *Hermes* is no youth whom we chance to meet buried in pleasant thoughts—he is the incorporation of all that is possible of joy and beauty in the soul, caught and made eternal in marble. Thus, while the *Phidian* ideals of the highest gods were deserted, this later art was equally ideal in its bent, catching and expressing the momentary or lasting emotions of the soul in varied forms, and so widening and deepening the current of eternal beauty. As *Plato* and *Aristotle* in this century towered above the crowd of minor philosophers, so *Scopas* and *Praxiteles* represented the highest attainments in sculpture.

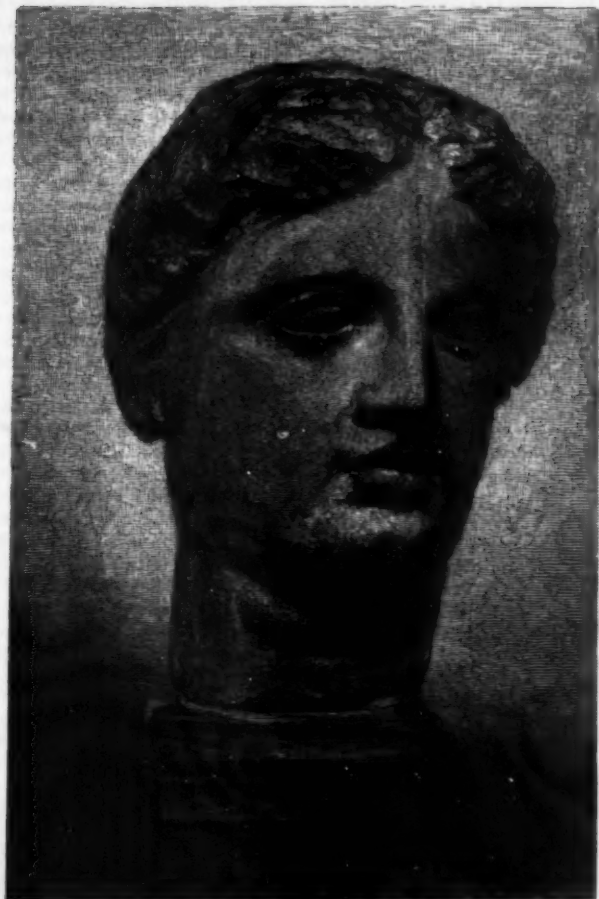
Praxiteles came of no mean family. His father, *Cephisodotus*, was connected by marriage with the renowned general, *Phocion*, and was besides a sculptor of repute, his works being in demand not only in Athens,

but also in the Peloponnesus. But the gifted son, born about one hundred years after Phidias (probably about 400 B. C.), was to eclipse the glory of his father, from whom, however, he doubtless received much, as a comparison of their works will show. Praxiteles appears, also, early to have enjoyed the acquaintance of his senior, the Parian Scopas, who made Athens his home about 375 B. C. If we are to believe the reports of the ancients, the career of Praxiteles was a very long one, and seldom was paralleled in productiveness and in the variety of his creations, nearly three-score works being mentioned as the fruits of his genius. They were scattered far and wide, many of them in different parts of Greece and Asia Minor. From this fact it is inferred that the life of Praxiteles, like that of many of his fellow sculptors, was spent partly in his native land and partly in the opulent Ionian satrapies of the Orient. How long he lived we are not told, but he probably witnessed the crushing blow given to the liberties of his country by Philip, 338 B. C. He may have watched the growing power of the young Alexander, although there is no evidence that, like some of his compatriots, he ever engaged in the service of that monarch. In a statue of Aphrodite, the gracious goddess of love and beauty, antiquity seems to have recognized the masterpiece of Praxiteles. Her statue at Cnidus is said to have made that sea-port town so attractive that people flocked thither from all parts to view the beautiful marble goddess. She stood in a shrine built purposely for her, and surrounded by shade-trees which formed a favorite resort for admiring strangers and citizens. But this statue has perished, although fondly cherished by the Cnidians. It was seen in its beauty by Lucian about 150 A. D. All that remain to us are feeble echoes of its grace, to be gathered from its effigy on a Cnidian coin, struck in honor of Plautilla, and from a few marbles, which fall far short of inspiring such rapturous descriptions as those of the ancients who saw the original, but which may suggest its beauty. Among these, a small head in Parian marble, recently discovered at Olympia and still there, is most attractive, showing more of what must have been the distinctive quality of the art of Praxiteles than the numerous indifferent copies discovered in Italy. This face has the long, oval shape, the high, pointed forehead, and the surface instinct with life so characteristic of Greek female heads from the fourth century B. C. Like so many ancient works, although only half life-size, it is made up of several pieces of marble, the back part of the head having been fastened on by a layer of cement, which is still to be seen. The

hair is sketchily treated, and was probably painted or gilded, as we know was often done, and forms a beautiful contrast to the skin and eyes, which are rendered with such exquisite finish and airy softness that we forget they are in obdurate marble. In the gentle turn of the head, the hair simply but gracefully surrounding the brow, and the eyes full of liquid tenderness, we seem to divine Aphrodite's true womanliness and power of love.

Although the original of this masterpiece of Praxiteles, the Cnidian Aphrodite, is lost, there is one group by him, of which less was said in antiquity, that has by good fortune been preserved to us. This is the youthful Hermes bearing on his arm the infant Dionysus, to be seen to-day at Olympia, where it was noted seventeen hundred years ago by Pausanias.* On the morning of May 8, 1877, while the German excavators were busy among the temple foundations, they suddenly came upon a marble statue a little more than life-size, lying on its face before a broken pedestal. Their feverish delight can scarcely be imagined as, on raising it, they recognized the very figure that Pausanias had described as executed by Praxiteles, nor would it be easy to conceive their joy on finding that the face, unlike that of most antique heads when unearthed, was perfect. How narrowly had this youth in the fine bloom of early manhood escaped a tragic fate! Precipitated from its pedestal upon its face, the figure had fortunately fallen upon a soft deposit of powdered brick: thus the delicate features had been protected, and, although a fine moss had gathered on the cheeks, the exquisite torso of the statue was not seriously marred. But the god's shapely marble legs and a part of the pedestal had been ruthlessly broken off and dragged away. Happily, one of the sandaled feet was dropped within the inclosure of the temple columns, and was found there only twenty-five centimeters below the surface, trodden into the earth. The god's right hand, raised on high and holding some object, perhaps a bunch of grapes, has not yet been discovered, and, as the excavations are completed, it is doubtful whether we shall ever be favored with a sight of the missing parts. Rude hands had, likewise, torn away the babe Dionysus from Hermes's arm. Its head was found dropped on a pile of rubbish, about eighty meters distant from the temple, and its little body was built into a wall in another and remote part

* [For a special and extremely valuable study of the Hermes, as elucidating the thought, life, and art of its time, see pamphlet by Dr. Charles Waldstein, of New York, now a professor at the University of Cambridge, England.—EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE.]



HEAD FROM THE TEMPLE OF HERA NEAR ARGOS.*

of the *altis*, while the draped legs were left to cling to their seat in the god's strong arm, and one little hand to press his shoulder. Thus enough of this group remains to make the identification unmistakable. Such beauty and grace is here transmitted to us, that we cannot fail to have some appreciation of the master's power in his still more famous works.

In the faith of the Greeks, Hermes, the Latin Mercury, was, after Apollo, the second youthful deity of Olympus. He delighted to be present when speedy relief was needed, as in the case of infant deities robbed of their parents. So he saves the babe Æsculapius, plays nurse to the young Hercules, and has especial care of the infant Dionysus when his mother Semele is consumed by the thunderbolts of

Zeus. It was he who found for it a mother's love in the nymphs of Nysa. In this priceless statue, found at Olympia, Praxiteles shows us this Hermes, both watching over and playing with his baby brother. Full of childish enthusiasm, the little one almost springs from the strong arm on which it sits, and, tipping its head to look up into the face bending over it, reaches out the left hand beseechingly for the grapes which the elder brother holds tantalizingly on high, while with the right it presses the strong shoulder for support. How deep and tender the thought expressed here! Watchful love, childish confidence and glee, a revelation, as it were, of the sweetest and noblest in human nature, in forms of hitherto unconceived beauty and

*This head is a work of "The Phidian Age," and was described in the article of that name published in the February number of this magazine.

strength. On the curling locks—which are of a darker tone, indicating the presence of color—there once rested a wreath, perhaps of ivy, in metal, as appears from the depression in the back hair. The wonderful freedom, almost sketchiness, with which the hair is executed, may at first sight seem careless, but note how this very free treatment brings out the subtle, smooth texture of the skin, in a manner so peculiar to marble. Indeed, throughout the statue, the master's power of making marble speak its mellow language is apparent; it will be more evident on comparing this statue with ancient works in bronze, such as, for instance, the celebrated Siris bronzes, or the figure of a youth from Tarentum, which are in the British Museum. In these bronzes we see the lines are more sharply defined, and the details distinctly worked out, the strong reflections and shiny surface of opaque bronze requiring greater precision in treatment than translucent marble. By some it is supposed that the form of this face of Hermes may be traced back to that given at an earlier date by Myron to his athletes, but that, in this statue of the god of the athletes, Myron's conception has been clothed with new beauty by the later Praxiteles, the oval of the face being longer and more graceful, and the eyes more deeply set. Across the noble forehead there passes a thoughtful line, dividing a strong projection, which is most prominent over the nose, but disappears in the eyebrows. The eyes, deeply imbedded beneath the brows, at once bewitch us. Their upper lids arch proudly, but the lower ones, as if preparing for a smile, glide gently up on to the ball, in liquid lines of almost feminine grace. Most fortunately, the nose is preserved in its perfect lines to the tip. A comparison with the restored and sadly disturbing nose of the Venus of Melos will show what a piece of good fortune it is that we have a perfect face from an original Greek statue, and that statue the work of Praxiteles. Other lines producing beautiful effects are those from the outer corner of the eye to the ear. The temples, instead of swelling outward and forming a broad setting for the eye, as in representative Teutonic faces, here retreat directly. Most characteristic in this face are the quivering lines of the mouth, ready at any moment to break into a smile, and the playful dimple in the chin. The neck is columnar, and the shoulders broad and masculine, as becomes the sturdy athlete, but the graceful bend of the body, caused by the god's leaning on the tree at his side, brings out curves at the hips which greatly intensify the grace of this manly form. Throughout are seen the strongly pronounced

muscles, and yet the gently flowing skin above all melts the whole into exquisite harmony. Thus, while approaching in grandeur the so-called Theseus of the Parthenon, this Hermes far surpasses it in bewitching beauty. Only about the right knee is there apparent any of the lingering severity of earlier art. But, strange enough, the back of this otherwise perfect statue has been left unfinished. The chisel-strokes, varying from very fine to broad and deep, show the different stages of the work. How to explain this strange fact still remains a puzzle. But these unfinished parts are of value, as teaching us that Praxiteles used the same shaped tools as those employed by the sculptors of to-day. The child is small in comparison with Hermes, and yet his form does not express early infancy, as it would in modern art. The skull is small, and covered with long, well-arranged curling locks, bound by a band; the face is child-like, but has not the chubby, fat cheeks of babyhood. The form is too firm for infancy; the draping around its limbs is like that worn by older gods. This disproportionate smallness of the child may be intended to give greater prominence to the main figure of the group, to which all eyes are irresistibly drawn. The peculiarities of the child's form may also be explained, perhaps, by a glance at the vases and sculptures of the same era.



HERMES WITH THE CHILD DIONYSUS, BY PRAXITELES.
(OLYMPIA.)

from which it appears clearly that the infant form, with its melting, varying roundness, had not yet been attempted in marble, but was to be developed by a later generation. The master has wrought a wonderful contrast to the quiet form of Hermes by the arrangement of the drapery hanging over the tree at his side, and which in itself is covered with varying and broken lights and shades. It seems to be the god's thick woolen chlamys, with a border, sewed as it might be done by a modern sewing-machine, and quite different from the fluted edge of the Parthenon drapery. Its surface is, moreover, covered with wrinkles, likewise never seen in the Parthenon marbles, but which make the drapery intensely real; even the break of the folds at the corners is more angular than in that of earlier drapery. The peculiar beauties of this Hermes appear still more striking when compared with what we have of that which went before in Greek art. A glance at the sweet but impersonal faces of the Parthenon frieze, and then at the features of Hermes, so full of "capable tenderness," will reveal to us the new realm into which Praxiteles had entered.

There is a head in Parian marble, so akin in spirit and workmanship to the Hermes that we would fain associate it with the great master. It was discovered by Mr. Newton in 1858, at Cnidus, where the Aphrodite of Praxiteles was the center of all other attractions, and it now forms one of the choicest treasures of the British Museum. From neighboring inscriptions and the dress, there can be no doubt that Demeter, in Greek myth the mourning mother, is represented in this seated figure, which, alas! has suffered cruelly at the hands of Time. But enough remains for us to be moved by the look of maternal tenderness in this face, dispelling any impression that Greek art was cold and unimpassioned. Combined with this sweet mellowness there is an expression of the sorrow of her who anxiously sought her lost daughter Core, so gently told, however, in the quiet, peaceful lines of her face, that we scarcely know where it lurks. A matronly veil, severely simple, intended for covering, not ornament, falls over her head and long curls; her age is that of one who has passed the bloom and freshness of early youth, but upon whose face, though sorrow has left its impress, the years have not yet traced their furrows. The manner in which this sorrow is expressed is a fascinating study, as is well pointed out by Professor Brunn. It is a fact of daily observation that, when deep and long-continued sorrow and emotion are felt, the eyes become sunken, the adipose tissues in which they are imbedded diminishing in

volume, especially under the outer corners. This we see in Demeter's gentle face, which, however, does not have a haggard, painful look. Again we notice that, in life, when the mind is anxious the eye turns away, involuntarily, from near objects, and gazes forward and upward, as into an unseen and dreaded future; when the emotion is intense, or momentary, the eyebrows are strongly knitted, and the eyelids are convulsive in their lines. But Demeter's chastening sorrow has become a part of her being, and her lower lid moves only slightly upward at the inner corner over the eyeball, which is also raised, instead of looking forward, as does Zeus in his placid benignity, or gently downward, as does Hermes in pleasant thought. The curve of her eyebrows, indicative of sorrow, is also so subtle as scarcely to be perceived, but just in front of her temples we notice that the skin of the otherwise calm, high forehead is drawn up, forming a slight swelling, such as in nature ensues after long weeping. In life, moreover, it is no uncommon thing, when weeping is at hand, to see the mouth open and contract, the upper lip become pointed and raised, while the corners hang down. But how subdued these lines in Demeter's face. Her lips, slightly opened and drawn forward, sink at the corners, but so softly that at times it seems as though a smile of maternal love hovered about the mouth. Moreover, the mellow surface of this Madonna-like head is radiant with light and feeling, enhancing its benignity, and resembling the surface of Praxiteles's Hermes. If the Hermes presents incomparably the emotions of joy, this Demeter in the same inimitable manner reveals the softness and tenderness of grief. We do not know how many human passions Praxiteles, Scopas, and their contemporaries caught and made eternal in marble forms. But their scope, according to the ancient writers, was great, touching every chord of the heart, and was expressed in forms varying from the bewitching grace of the sorrowing Niobe family to the sweet sentiment of Eros, the abandoned ease of the satyrs, or the obese fullness of the aged Silenus. But, as we have seen, most of the masterpieces of the fourth century B. C. have disappeared, and we must look for witnesses of its art to humble monuments,—modest tombstones lining the highways about Athens, many of which have been given back to us by recent excavations. Although the names of most of the sculptors who executed these humbler marbles are not preserved to us, and the men and women honored by them are unknown to fame, still the spirit manifested in these unpretending sculptures brings us very near to the inner-



HERMES WITH THE CHILD DIONYSUS.

most life of the Athenians of old, and gives us rare glimpses of family devotion and private virtue. Still more, they show us the spirit of the art of that time, transforming by its magic wand of ideality all that is limited and fleeting into enduring forms, which appeal to our common humanity, and are possessed of a sweetness greater than that of the sculpture which preceded and more delicate than that which followed.

But, before wandering among the ruined homes of the dead, now eagerly explored in search of antiquities, and gazing upon the figured marbles there placed by surviving friends, let us turn aside for a moment to look into an ancient house of mourning. The dying person, having covered his face, breathes his last. Friends close the eyes and mouth of him

whose soul has gone to join the shades of the departed, the women and next of kin wash and anoint the body with perfumed oil, wrapping it in garments usually of white, as though decking it for a feast, and which by Solon were limited to three in number. Then preparations are made for the first of the three principal acts of burial, the solemn *prothesis*, or lying in state. The body is placed on a rich couch in the front vestibule of the house, in view of the street—a custom still observed in modern Greece. If it is a man, a wreath of leaves is placed upon the brow, but if a lady, born to riches, a diadem of gold; while upon that of her poorer sister one of painted terra cotta takes its place. Holy water, brought from a neighboring house, is placed at the door for the purification

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HEAD OF THE HERMES.

of those who pass out, a similar custom being retained among the Greeks of to-day. The nearest relations, female servants, invited friends, and hired singers now surround the solemn bier. The next of kin raises the wail of mourning, whose refrain is echoed by the whole company. A quaint painted clay tablet, discovered in Athens and preserved there, pictures for us one of those funeral scenes, the house being indicated, as was usual in ancient art, by a simple pillar at the left side of the painting. The family are gathered about the rich couch on which lies the dead. His mother is foremost among the women, laying one hand on his pillow, and having the simple word "*meter*" inscribed by her side. The inscriptions tell us what each figure is, and we see that grandmother, younger sisters, father, and brothers are all there, the female members of the family standing about the head and sides of the couch and the males at its foot. The latter, with arms thrown out as if keeping time, and mouths opened as if singing, seem to be chanting the sad wail so often read of, and which consisted of responses, the strophe and antistrophe, while the women, with hands raised to the head, the ever-recurring and significant gesture of mourning, seem to be awaiting their turn to take up the dirge. Such scenes, intended to impress by their sadness, but often grotesque through the artist's lack of skill, are rarely found except on earlier vases. In later times, wedding and other scenes were represented, likewise, to decorate the tomb, and, even where the dead appears, a different spirit becomes evident. In a scene on a beautiful vase now in Athens, the heart-rending grief is not represented, but friends sadly conscious of their loss stand about the bier, one at the head having a fan, as if to keep off flies, while little winged forms, representing, it is thought, the fluttering, unseen spirit of the dead, hover about the group. Instead of such painful scenes, the vases of a more highly developed art in Athens show friends, sitting in silent thought at the grave, or speaking with a traveler along the highway, who pauses to drop a word of comfort to the mourners. Again, and most frequently, as in the exquisite painting now in Athens, friends come to deck the tomb with sacred sashes, or to pour out sweet ointment from vases, such as this very scene decorates. One beautiful woman, seated on the steps of the tomb, is giving gentle expression to her sorrow by letting down her full locks. On either side approaches a sympathizing friend, each bringing a basket with gifts for the grave. One holds out an alabastrum in her right hand, and in both baskets are sashes, to be added to those

already decorating the steps of the grave, and small vases, doubtless full of sweet-scented unguents, to be poured out to the dead or hung on the monument, from the top of which springs a full growth of acanthus. In glancing over the paintings, even on these humble ointment-vases, we see shining out brighter and brighter that beautiful spirit, so evident in Greek culture, which ennobles all it touches. Here the heart-rending mourning of friends is turned into the representation of their sweet offices of devotion to the memory of the dead, while their nobler thoughts come, as a matter of course, to be expressed in nobler forms.

But, to return to the ancient house of mourning: the first sad duty accomplished, the second one is undertaken. The night passed, the procession leaves the house before the rising of the sun, in order that the rays of Helios may not touch the dead, banished to dwell in the shades of the under-world. The course of this solemn train in winding through the narrow streets was fixed by law, and it was forbidden that the mourners should give violent expression to their grief by tearing their cheeks with their nails. A woman bearing a vase for the sacred libations at the grave heads the procession, and slaves of the house, or, if the dead is a man of note, chosen citizens, bear him, or horses draw the open hearse upon which he lies, while mourners, accompanied by the music of flutes, keep up their sad wail. Before the dead walked the men of the funeral train, while behind followed the nearest female relatives, all clad in somber robes of black or gray, and, as a principal sign of mourning, having the hair of the head cut short, some of the locks being placed in the hand of the dead or laid beside him in the grave. Having called the departed by name for the last time, thus taking a solemn farewell, and having placed in the mouth the coin to fee the inexorable ferryman Charon, the friends lower the body into the grave. When necessity required, as in the case of those dying of a pestilence, cremation took the place of burial. Coins for the dead have been found, of which there is a most interesting example in the British Museum. It is a small silver coin, still united to the jaw-bone, which was found in a beautiful urn from a tomb in Athens. With it was found a small but exquisitely modeled figure of a siren, kneeling on a rock and tearing her long hair in expression of intense grief. This is now to be seen beside the coin. A burial scene is also preserved to us on an ancient vase, where four slaves let the body down into the grave. Then, as excavations have shown, the body was surrounded with vases, vessels, and small images. In one grave near Athens, which was opened under

the eyes of Benndorf, were found more than a dozen graceful and gayly painted small vases arranged in several rows over the body of the dead. The numberless figurines found at Tanagra and elsewhere testify to the lavishness with which the dead were surrounded with statuettes. Some of them seem to have reference to the gods of the underworld and their worship, while the larger part appear to have been intended to make sociable and habitable the last home of the departed. In children's graves have been found toys, many of which are to be seen in the British Museum; and, in like manner, favorite garments and food are said frequently to have been laid away with the dead. If a large number of bodies were to be interred, as was the case after battles, the same solemn ceremonies were performed, and, in addition, a funeral oration was pronounced, which in Athens was spoken only over those who had fallen in war. After the funeral ceremonies all the relatives gathered again in remembrance of the dead, and for the first time partook of food, as did Niobe in mythic times. This custom obtained also in other lands, for David observed it after the death of his child; and it seems to be echoed in modern Greece in the portioning out of food among the relatives on the evening after the funeral. While these ceremonies were thus strictly observed, corresponding care was taken with the place of burial. This, in earliest times, was in the dwelling itself of the deceased, as may be gathered from ancient writers and from more than a hundred graves found among the houses of the oldest part of Athens. The great highways without the city walls became, however, the usual places of sepulcher, where burial monuments lined the way, recalling to the passer-by the memory of departed generations. Thus, beyond the Dipylum, the broadest and finest of the gates of Athens, along the roads over which the traveler passed on his way to the busy harbor or to the sacred shrines at Eleusis, were the tombs of many private families, as well as distinguished statesmen, like Pericles and his compatriots. Here each battle-field, except sacred Marathon, was represented, and monuments were erected over the bodies of the fallen, piously brought to this spot. When the remains could not be recovered, memorial tombs were erected for the lost. Here, as we gather from exquisitely colored paintings on numbers of vases discovered recently in Athens, friends decorated the grave with signs of victory, which were gayly colored sashes or fresh wreaths. For this purpose was often used the evergreen ivy, sacred to Dionysus, god of the mysteries, in whom the Greeks

recognized the idea of new life, or sometimes the deep-colored rose which sprang from the blood of Adonis, or the acanthus. Around the most important tombs were planted groves of cypress, poplar, willow, and elm, sacred to Core, the goddess who passed the winter months in the cheerless under-world, and took her place again in Olympus with returning spring.

These monuments of the dead, with their precincts, were regarded as consecrated spots, and to disturb them was an act of sacrilege, to prevent which stringent laws were passed. They seem to have been regarded as temples erected to the dead, just as the temples proper were often the tombs of the gods, and so graves became the scene of many religious offerings. Offerings of slain beasts were brought to appease the lower gods and make easy the reception of the departed, who, it was believed, until they had tasted of blood in which there was life, would not rest from wandering in darkness and pitiable unconsciousness. Upon the anniversary of death and other stated days, further offerings of food and drink were brought to the graves. Traces of these customs have been found in many tombs, while a trace of this ancient rite seems still to exist in certain parts of Greece, in the custom of pouring libations of dark wine upon graves on anniversary days. The care of the ancients for the last dwelling of their loved ones did not, however, end here. The tombstones were washed and anointed with sweet-smelling sacred oil; upon them also were hung garlands of flowers and vases of perfume, these love-offerings being accompanied by prayers to the gods. Thus it is said by Plutarch, in his life of Aristides, that the *archons*, once every year, washed and anointed the tombstones of those who fell in the battle of Platæa, and it is a well-known fact that there was in Attica, also, a yearly festival for the dead, an ancient All Souls' Day. Scenes similar to these here described are represented on the vases discovered in Attic tombs, and of these vases the Metropolitan Museum at New York has interesting specimens. Still more of these are shown in Benndorf's superb illustrated work, *Griechische und Sicilianische Vasenbilder*, and many are preserved in the British Museum. In vases from Southern Italy, the dead are represented as seated in their little temples, receiving libations and offerings from friends. The monuments about which friends once thus gathered, performing their solemn rites, were of different sizes, shapes, and styles, varying with the locality, the wealth of the people, and the times. Thus in the rich satrapies of Asia Minor they were often extensive structures, such as the



THE DEMETER FROM CHIDOE. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)

so-called Nereid monument from Xanthus. Often they attained colossal size, like the celebrated mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and called into play for years the activity of distinguished sculptors like Scopas. In Greece, the tomb-monument appears much less pretentious, but even there great variety in form prevailed, the fierce lion of Chæroneia towering above the warriors of the unhappy battle-field being in strong contrast with the humbler monuments of private persons.

The opportunity offered to the Greek sculptors in their sacred monuments was far more limited, as far as space was con-

cerned, than that enjoyed by the Egyptian sculptor, but they learned to improve that opportunity, and came in the fourth century, B. C., to perpetuate with their chisel that which was beautiful and sacred in life. Glancing over the vast array of intensely interesting relics, we find that, while sculptured tombstones from the olden time were numerous in Attica, it is a remarkable fact that almost none are preserved from the fifth century, B. C.—that great age of triumph over the Persians, when temples were built, and colossal chryselephantine statues were erected to the gods. About 400 B. C., sculptured tomb-

stones began to appear in Athens, and were erected in great numbers down to later times. Their form changed, however, monuments of the rich being made more imposing than in older times. The confined space of the older monuments—doubtless due to Solon's laws restricting extravagance, became more ample, the tomb being frequently modeled after the front of a temple, having a pediment, supported usually by two pilasters, between which were placed figures in relief, seated or standing, as if occupying the temple. These tombstones, having at first figures about half life-size, grew larger, until they attained a heroic size. But the law made by Demetrius Phalereus, toward the end of the fourth century, again restricted them. The chapel-like form of the tombstone was derived, doubtless, from their sacred character, for the pediment was a holy symbol, pertaining to the house of the deity, and not used about the dwellings of mortals. This shape was advantageous for the artist, since it gave him a retreating background for his figures. In the monuments from the earlier part of this century, these are in very low relief, but as they increase in size, the relief becomes higher, until the figures seem to be full statues, leaning against the wall. This appears on comparing the quiet monument of Hegeso, having much of the simplicity of the Parthenon frieze, with that of the two Athenian ladies, Dimetria and Pamphile, now in Athens. Frequently, the number of figures represented does not correspond with the number of persons mentioned in the inscription, and it would seem that the work was often not originally intended for any particular family or individual, but was made suitable for one by the addition of an appropriate inscription. The heads are often made of separate pieces of marble subsequently affixed; this occurs even in reliefs of the best period, as illustrated on a slab found in 1861, and it is an interesting fact that often painting and sculpture are combined on the same monument. Sometimes the grave was adorned with a simple column or standard, surmounted by the figure of a siren, with the head and body of a female and the legs and wings of a bird, a lyre being frequently borne on the arm. We are at a loss to know whether these birds represented to the Greeks the singing of the funeral dirge, or whether, as poetry tells us, they were thought to attach

themselves to the souls wandering over the asphodel fields of Hades, instructing the dead in the laws of the gods. By their music, we are told, they banished all memory of earthly things from the minds of the deceased, and filled them with love to the eternal and divine. When placed on the graves, the sirens would thus become the symbol of never-ending lament for the dead, and at the same time of comfort for the survivors, who were reminded that their loved ones were in safe keeping. Sophocles called them the daughters of Phorcys, who sing the ways of Hades; and Euripides called them the winged virgin daughters of earth, sent by Core to comfort



COLOSSAL SOLID MARBLE TOMBSTONE VASE. (ATHENS.)

the mourner with their plaintive music. Such was the simple but significant decoration over the grave of the great Sophocles himself, and a huge siren of Pentelic marble, playing a shell-lyre, was discovered outside the Dipylum at Athens, and is now in the museum of the Theseum. Others appear simply in relief in the pediment of the monument, sometimes tearing their hair, but usually playing upon various musical instruments. Of the

double flute, is unmistakable, and forms a strange but significant contrast to the familiar every-day scene taking place below. More unique than the siren, and only recently understood, are those half-figures placed upon the grave, one example of which, to be seen in Athens, is most effective, though the hair and other parts are left unfinished. A veiled woman here appears before us, visible only to the waist. Her hand, fingering her veil, and her bended head, give an expression of sorrow which is more impressive than any gesture of violent grief, and must have been most touching, as it looked down from its ancient monument upon the passer-by on the highway.

Continuing our wanderings among the abodes of the dead, we shall find that still another favorite and beautiful monument in Attica in

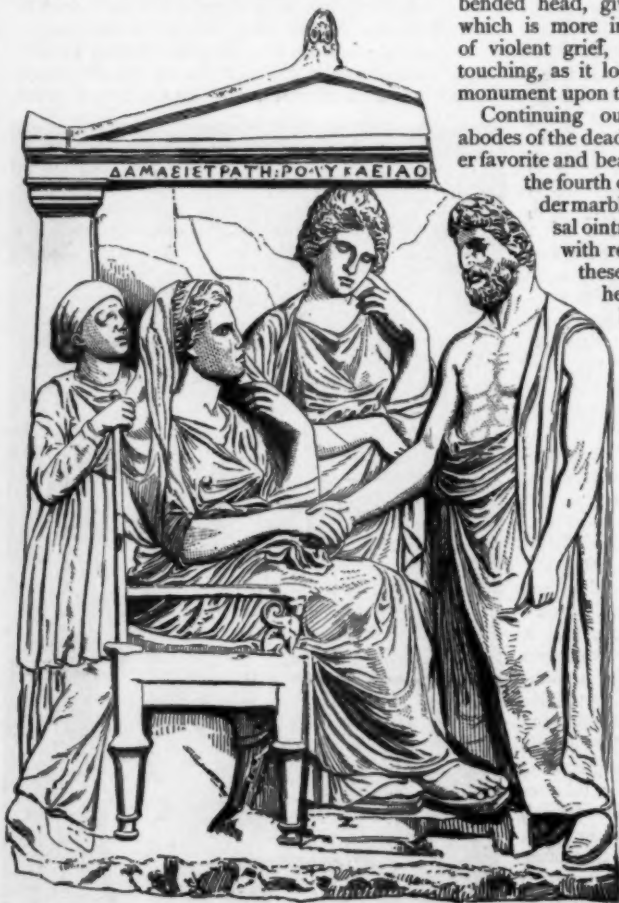
the fourth century, B. C., was a long, slender marble vase, in the shape of a colossal ointment-vase, its body decorated with reliefs. On one side of one of these vases, Myrrhine, a beautiful

hesitating figure, is led away by Hermes, and on the other

side, a curious play on the part of some sculptor deserves notice. In addition to the high relief surrounding the front of the vase, and representing a mounted youth, and others on foot, there is scratched in under the handle of the vase a relief of such grace in composition and execution, that we wish the sculptor had followed out his fancy and finished his sketch. In these outlines, we see seated one of those beautiful Athenian women, so often represented as busied with their toilet, who, while looking at something in her raised right hand, seems to listen to a remark concerning this object made by a young girl leaning confidently on her shoulder.

Turning now to the numerous reliefs on tomb-

stones, we find in them a most pleasing variety, although the range of subjects is narrow. The sculptors do not tire of representing nearly the same scene over and over, but it is done with such exquisite variations that the subject seems always new. These scenes may be broadly classed in two great divisions—those which are reminiscences of



TOMBSTONE INSCRIBED DAMASISTRATE AND POLYCLEIDUS. (ATHENS.)

latter class, one of the best-preserved examples is a small tombstone found in Athens, but now belonging to the Berlin Museum. Here we see, above the lady busy with her bracelet, and the attentive maid, two sirens facing one another. Although somewhat rudely executed, still the earnestness with which one of the sirens strikes her lyre, and the other blows her

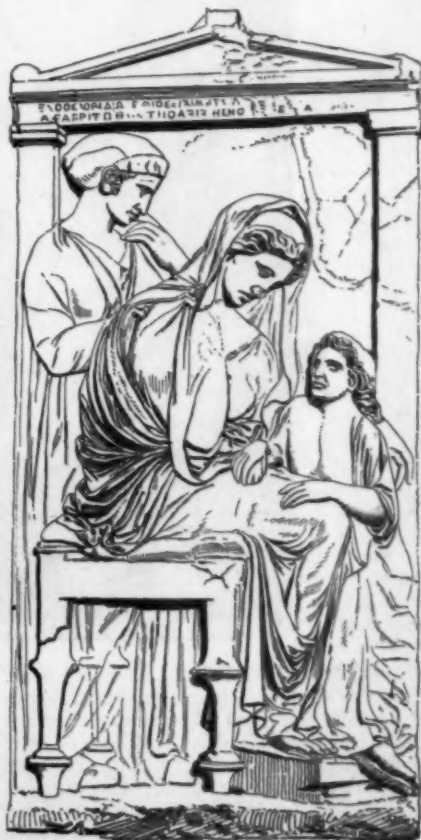


TOMBSTONE, PROBABLY OF A YOUTHFUL HUNTER. (ATHENS.)

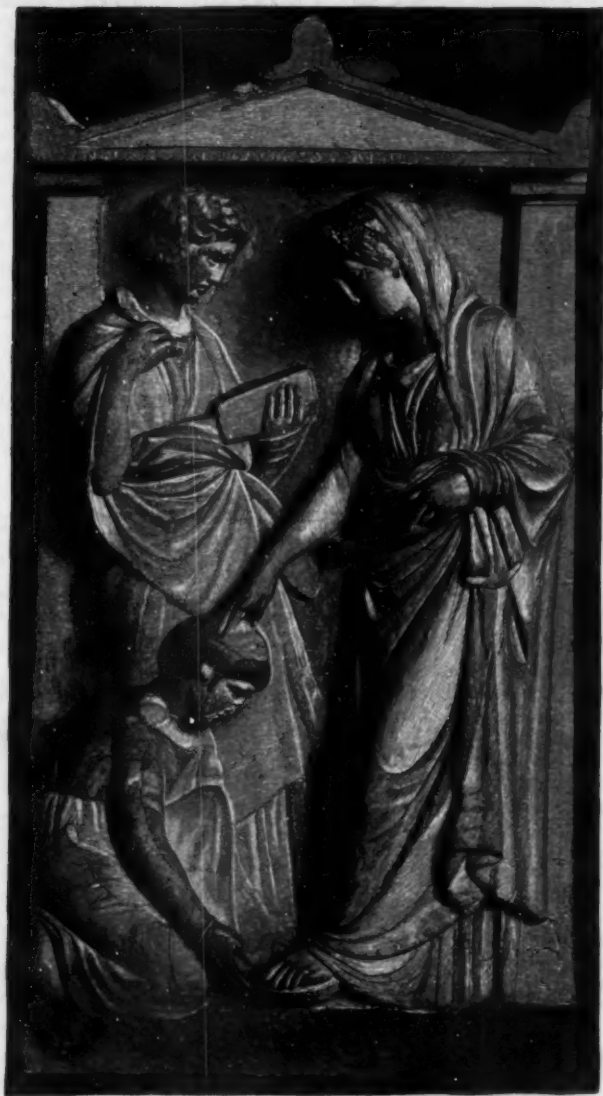
life, giving us not actual portraits of the dead, as in earlier and later times, but their common affections, favorite occupations, or general traits in representations of ideal form; and those of the second class, which seem to have been developed toward the close of the fourth century, in which the dead are represented as heroes, and are worshiped by their families and kin. To the former class belong those vigorous reliefs which show us a strong youth engaged in close combat with an enemy. In some cases the relief shows the manner in which the dead came to his end. If he was a shipwrecked sailor, he may be represented as seated sadly on the shore in front of his ship. Oftener, however, the scene is taken from daily occupations, from family gatherings, or sports in the wrestling-school. Of wonderful perfection in composition and execution is a tombstone now in Athens, the figures of which are of heroic size. A glorious youth, in the full vigor of early manhood and the very picture of life, sits at ease on his mantle, which is thrown carelessly over a slab, surmounting two steps. He looks quietly out into the world, apparently undisturbed by the earnest gaze of the draped older man, who, with one hand thoughtfully resting on his beard, and the other clasping a long cane, forms a speaking contrast to the freedom and unconsciousness of his happier young companion. In one hand the youth

holds a short, knotty club; his little attendant quietly sleeps at his feet, while on the other side his vigilant hound keeps watch, with nostrils to the ground. Unhappily, no inscription accompanies this grand monument to tell us whom its noble forms commemorate, or who was the artist whose masterly hand executed a work which has outlived the fleeting years and memories of his age, to be a joy to later generations.

Another large class of tombstone scenes, and one in which remarkable tenderness of feeling is exhibited, represents the family and friends gathered about the chair of one of their number, who is always larger than the rest, looking into one another's faces and joining hands. In a relief at Athens which, the inscription tells us, represents Damasistrate and Polycleidus, the latter holds the hand of the beautiful lady, who is seated. While she looks affectionately into his



TOMBSTONE IN ATHENS REPRESENTING MOTHER, CHILD, AND SERVANT.



TOMBSTONE OF AMENCLEIA, DAUGHTER OF ANDROMENOS. (ATHENS.)

face, she fingers her veil and seems to speak. Even the servant, in long sleeves and housecap, behind her chair takes an eager interest in the conversation, while the friend or sister in the background stands sadly, with head bent forward and one finger resting suggestively against it. What a poem on friendship we may read in these simple, speaking gestures, and how can we sufficiently admire a people who made these common,

every-day scenes the vehicle of expressing so much that is noblest and best in our nature.

A mother's love could scarcely be more touchingly told than in another relief in Athens, where a figure bends gently forward over her child and embraces it with her left arm, while with the right hand she holds her matronly veil in place. Here the servant is evidently a quiet sympathizer in the family sorrow.

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TOMBSTONE INSCRIBED HEGESO, DAUGHTER OF PROKEMOS. (ATHENS.)

Thus we see that, if family gatherings are depicted, there are no violent signs of sorrow, but many of domestic peace and joy, tinged with faint suggestions of sadness, infinitely more elevating and ennobling than unbridled lamentation. Where ladies appear busied with the toilet, in every case there is so much dignity and grace about the whole that it does not appear a trivial act, but the expression of woman's nature, needing love, and instinctively seeking to win it by beautifying her person. Such is the tombstone, now in Athens, of Amenocleia, daughter of Andromenos the Athenian. She appears standing

within her little temple-like chapel, steadying herself on the servant's kerchiefed head, and holding one foot out, in order that the latter may arrange her sandal, in which operation the lady seems much absorbed. Opposite her stands another, apparently higher in station than the kneeling maid. She wears no cap or long sleeves, but appears as richly attired as Amenocleia herself. In her hand she holds ready the casket, which has often been looked upon as a sacred incense-holder; but the frequent recurrence of reliefs in which the lady lifts from the box a veil shows clearly that it is not connected with religious

rites, but simply with the toilet, and contains articles of personal adornment.

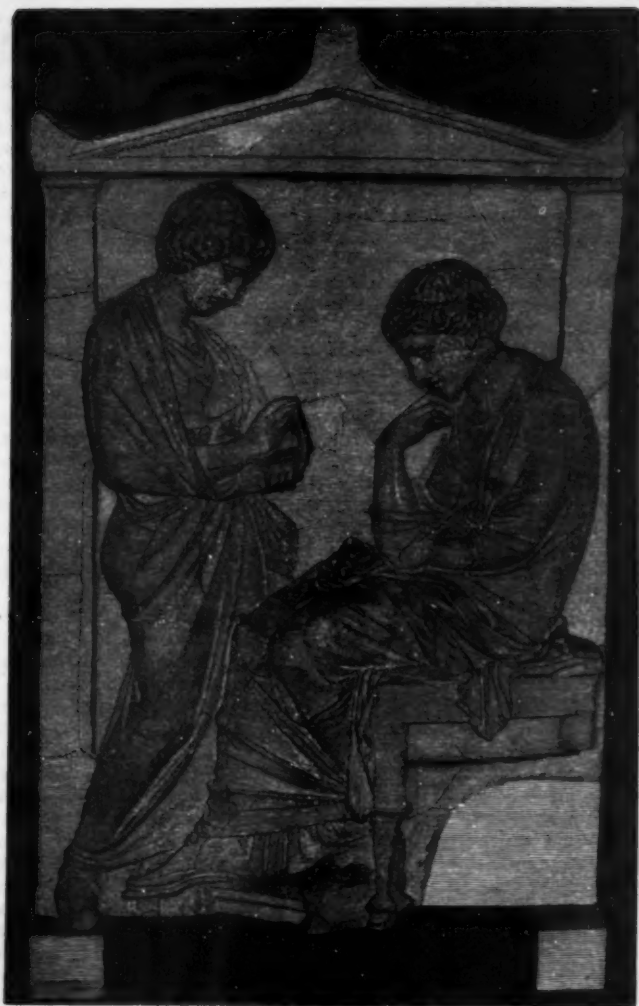
In the toilet scene on the tombstone from Athens now in Berlin, a seated lady, wearing large round ear-rings, a band in her hair, and a veil almost dropping from the back of the head, appears clasping about her wrist a bracelet, which she may have taken from a casket held by her no less graceful companion. The latter has ready also a fan, and seems much pleased with the adornment of the lady who is seated. The sirens above them alone remind us that this scene concerns those who have entered the realms of the dead. A comparison of two of the most beautiful of the toilet scenes will show the change which seems to have led to the decided expression of sadness in the tombstones of later date, even when such a simple scene appears. The older of these reliefs, one of the noblest monuments of its kind, discovered but a few years ago, and now in Athens, once stood over the grave of Hegeso, daughter of Proxenos. It is of Pentelic marble, in the form of a small temple with pediment. Between its pilasters there appear in profile two beautiful women. One is seated on a graceful chair, with feet resting on an artistic footstool, usually the sign of rank in ancient Greek sculpture. She looks with a gentle, womanly expression at some object she has taken from a casket, which is held open by a companion standing before her. The striking contrast between these two figures is significant. The one that is seated is richly clad, a veil falls over her head, and a short-sleeved chiton, buttoned over the shoulder, drapes her graceful form; her feet are sandaled, her hair is elaborately arranged, being gathered behind into a sling-like head-dress; two fillets wind through the wavy front-locks, which are separated from the forehead by a low diadem. The unaffected elegance of this lady "to the manner born" is evident in the easy pose, the bended head, and the graceful, dainty play of the fingers, while becoming simplicity marks the servant who holds the casket. A long chiton with tightly fitting sleeves, the garment of the foreign barbarian, clothes in easy, plain folds this smaller form, whose feet are entirely covered by shoes. Her beautiful face is so like that of her mistress that the two might be taken for sisters, were it not for the outward signs of distinction in rank. In this relief we have a high-born Athenian lady occupied with her toilet, furnishing another proof of the fondness of the Greeks for scenes of life rather than of death on their tombstones. Before this relief could be seen by competent judges, it had been thoroughly washed by its ignorant own-

ers, and the last traces of color, which once gave it the necessary finish in detail, had been entirely obliterated. In the base there is still a round hole, which doubtless often received the libations brought to the tomb of Hegeso by her kindred. In determining the age of this relief, the exquisite grace, devoid of all luxurious fullness, and the mere shadow of emotion flitting over these faces, as well as the harmonious adherence to true relief, remind us forcibly of the style and treatment of the Parthenon frieze. Nothing more is expressed than the noble, beautiful character of the persons as they are absorbed without affectation in the attractions of the toilet.

By way of comparison, let us turn to that other relief, now in the Piræus, found there in the vast necropolis. We are struck by the similarity in composition and general treatment. But the spirit breathed by this relief is different; the casket is only reluctantly opened, and the lady to be adorned sits bent with sadness, quite absorbed in thought, but little inclined to interest herself in its contents. Such is the gentle pathos of her pose that we seem to be able to divine her thoughts, and the sadness of life cut short takes possession of our souls.

While some have looked upon these scenes on tombs as representing the happy reunion in Elysium, and its occupations, the larger number of the students of antiquity consider the subjects of these reliefs as but the simple, unaffected mirror of Athenian life, with no mysterious reference to the hopes and joys of another world, such as were usually portrayed in Roman times. The absence of individuality, the strongly conventional type in the figures of these tombstones, is further explained as the expression of a peculiarity in the Greek civilization of that time, which regarded humanity in broad classes, and emphasized general characteristics. Thus, in their art, the man was represented in his traits as athlete, warrior, or husband, and the woman as maiden, wife, or mother. But the tendency was constantly asserting itself, more and more, to clothe with sensible form the various emotions and most subtle moods and feelings. How able the sculptors of this time were to express intense emotions, as well as the quieter ones, and yet to preserve the ideal type in faces and forms, appears from the spirited reliefs which once decorated the regal tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, some of which are now in the British Museum. Very similar to these marble reliefs, in spirit and form, are two bronzes now in the British Museum, which, although only seven inches high, deserve the most careful notice on account of their grandeur of style. These are

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TOMBSTONE FOUND IN THE PIRÆUS.

the celebrated bronzes of Siris, two groups in high relief, which once served as ornaments to a piece of armor, covering the buckles by which the breastplate and back-piece of a cuirass were united at the shoulder. These little bronzes were discovered in Southern Italy, within a small ruin near the ancient Grumentum (Saponara) and the river Siris. The fact that they were found in the vicinity of the spot where, about 280 B. C., Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, first gave battle to the Romans, nearly losing his life on account of the splendor of his armor, has led to the con-

jecture that these fragments were a part of the spoils of that engagement, and possibly the very armor of Pyrrhus himself. But that they were found within a ruin seems to indicate that they came either from a tomb or from a temple, where they had made part of a votive offering. They were purchased by the British Museum for £1000, and have been greatly admired, on account of the superiority of their workmanship and their masterly composition, as well as the passion displayed in the small faces. The subject of both groups is the same—that of a combat between a war-

rior and an Amazon. In the plate the female warrior has fallen on one knee, and her antagonist, a bearded and helmeted hero, has caught her by the hair,—a group calling to mind some figures in the frieze of the Mausoleum. Although the action is the same in the two reliefs, there is no monotonous repetition. The surface is modeled with great refinement as well as breadth. In Thorwaldsen's judgment, "these bronzes afforded the strongest possible proof that in art majesty is not dependent upon mere mass, since," as he says, "these diminutive works are truly great, while many modern colossal figures are, notwithstanding their size, petty and mean." This bronze possesses an additional charm in the pleading, sorrowful expression of the fallen Amazon, as well as in the stern, unrelenting face of the warrior, in whose overhanging brows vengeance seems to brood. The passionateness expressed, as well as the grouping, suggests to the mind the school of Scopas. A glimpse at the workmanship heightens our admiration of these ornaments. The bronze is not cast, but hammered out, like modern *repoussé* work, to an unrivaled thinness, and with great surety. The parts less convex are generally more massive, and more furnished with metal than those which have a greater projection. Where the relief is very strong, as in the heads, the plate is reduced to the thinness of a sheet of paper, and on the reverse we observe cavities nearly an inch deep. Remembering the difficulties attending this process, the accuracy of blow and knowledge of form required to bring out the exquisite anatomical details here seen, we cannot enough admire the artist's skill, while, if we remember that it was bestowed not upon a statue but upon armor, we realize how deeply the spirit of true art had permeated every handicraft.

We may not unfitly close this short survey of some of the marbles and bronzes of the fourth century before our era, by a glimpse at that national monument which marks a great crisis in the world's history, when the liberties of Greece were crushed in the battle of Cheronea, August 7, 338 B. C. On the Boeotian plain, spread out at the foot of Mount Parnassus, thirty thousand Macedonians, led by Philip and his son Alexander, then only eighteen years of age, met and annihilated the combined forces of Thebes and Athens. So terrible was the conflict, and so bloody the hand-to-hand fight, that the river which winds through the plain received the name of Hæmon, the stream of blood. When the battle seemed hopeless, three hundred heroic Theban youth, the "sacred band," threw

themselves into the conflict, but in vain, the whole number falling before the enemy. Over their common grave a grateful people raised a colossal monument, a lion of gray Boeotian marble. Into this grave we are privileged reverently to gaze, since, two thousand one hundred years after that battle, it has been opened, and the brave youths have been found as they were piously laid away, side by side, still showing the marks of the hopeless struggle. Cruel lance-points still pierce both thighs of one, another has his chin fearfully crushed, and a third his skull. This solemn tomb is again to be closed, and the brave dead left to rest in peace. Above them the Greeks propose to raise again the monument, placing upon it the lion, which, with its pedestal, will once more tower up thirty-nine feet against the blue sky of Greece, as Pausanias saw it centuries ago. He noticed the lion, and explained its presence as referring to the courage of the fallen, but the inscription, he says, is lacking, "Because, as I believe, fate has not crowned their bravery with the reward it deserved." The monument to these brave men, the lion, has also suffered. Later generations, thinking treasure might be concealed within, laid a mine and blew its colossal form into many fragments. Modern travelers have often passed by the spot where these were half-hidden in the earth, and Professor Mahaffy tells us he found wild bees at work in the mouth of the upturned head, while the honey-comb clung to the teeth. These scattered fragments, with the exception of one paw, have, however, been recovered, but it will be no slight matter to bring them into their places again. The paws, recently discovered, measure more than three feet in length, and the weight of the head is estimated at not less than four and a half tons. The back of the lion was left quite rough, but the utmost care was lavished upon the neck and belly, doubtless because these parts were most exposed to view. The head, of which there is a cast in the British Museum, is thoroughly natural. The jaws do not fiercely yawn upon the beholder, but between the slightly opened lips the teeth are shown, and the eyes seem directed on some near but hated object. The pupils are indicated by deep round cavities in the eye, over which swell powerful muscles. The idea embodied in this majestic beast seems to be that of a lion who, rising, growls at the enemy in low but ominous tones. It is thus a fit emblem of undaunted courage, and adds one more witness to the ability of the sculptor of the age of Praxiteles to render eternal the noblest emotions.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A FEW years ago it was a maxim with critics that, in writing about the productions of a man of genius, it was necessary to take into account the circumstances of his parentage, country, education, and all the more important facts of his environment. Lately there seems to have begun a reaction against this doctrine. We are told that it is only a man's work which should interest us—that we have no concern with his life. This is a hard saying, and yet it must be owned that the practice of looking into a writer's personal history may be carried too far. What should be a criticism may develop or degenerate into a chapter of social gossip, or a collection of casual anecdotes. This is one danger, and there is another danger lest, in getting together facts, we may suppose ourselves to be accounting for such an unaccountable thing as genius. M. Taine, the famous French historian of English literature, is rather apt to fall into this trap, and to think that, when he knows all about the water-sheds, rain-fall, climate, and vegetables of a country, he can explain the genius of a country's poets. Now, millions of us live under virtually identical conditions of climate, scenery, and so forth, but poets are rare in twenty millions of men. Yet even after making these deductions from what may be called the personal and historical method of literary criticism, that method has great advantages. In the first place, it is readable. As long as we are human beings, we are likely to care about the personality and the fortunes of people who have given us great thoughts and noble pleasures. Again, a man's environment does, to a distinct and obvious extent, affect his productions. Take the subject of this essay, Mr. Matthew Arnold. The earnestness of his morality would not be exactly what it is if he had not been at Rugby when "moral thoughtfulness was the chief characteristic of Rugby boys," as one of them is said to have confessed. The airy petulance of his manner, his "educated insolence," as Aristotle defined wit, would not be what it is, but for his training in that great school of this kind of humor, Oxford. Lastly, his poems, in a hundred places, plainly confess the feelings of a child of the mountains, of one whose years have often been spent in the shadows of Wordsworth's hills, and by the margins of his lakes. For this reason, because so much of the outer world in which he has lived

lives again, and immortally, in his verse and prose, I venture to write of Mr. Arnold in what may be called a personal and historical manner. There is this further excuse, that the method is the method of one whom Mr. Arnold has often called his master—the French critic, Sainte-Beuve. Once more: Mr. Arnold has always been himself a writer who introduced the personal element into his criticism. He has not spared "the cock of Lord Elcho's hat, one of the finest things we possess." He has described Dr. Russell, the "Times" correspondent, mounting his horse at Versailles during the Franco-German War, with the old Emperor holding the beast's head, and the Crown Prince at the stirrup. He has chaffed Mr. Frederick Harrison about his patent guillotine, and Mr. G. A. Sala about a presumed alcoholic anodyne against the painful reflection that life is a dream. He has spared neither bishops, nor peers, nor dissenters, neither Mr. Newman, nor Mr. Cattell, nor the Bishop of Gloucester, nor my Lord Shaftesbury. Hence, it may be inferred that he, at least, does not consider men and their work as two quantities irreconcilably apart. And there is little risk that a critic who has derived much pleasure from Mr. Arnold's verse, and much instruction from his prose, will venture on statements or researches of an impertinent kind. So with this apology for the method of our essay, we may go on to examine Mr. Arnold's writings and career.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, the son of the famous Dr. Arnold, head-master of Rugby, was born at Laleham, on the Thames, in 1822. Dr. Arnold was of a Suffolk family, and Suffolk is not a district that has produced many poets. But though the world knows Dr. Arnold best as a moralist, a historian,—above all, a disciplinarian,—the vein of poetry, of delight in the beauty of heroic actions and passions, and in the charm of nature, was very strong in his character. Laleham itself, which Dr. Arnold calls "this dear place," where the first six years of his son's life were passed, is no unfit cradle for the childhood of a poet. It lies, surrounded by trees, on a green bank of the Thames, opposite the old town of Chertsey, to which Abraham Cowley, the poet, withdrew from the bustling little London of the seventeenth century. The ancient Chertsey bridge, the great pool with its lasher, always foaming, and fresh, and cool on the shady side where the willows dip to the stream,—these, with the

clear back-waters, the trailing green water-weeds, the cool-rooted irises, the purple loosestrife, make the Thames very beautiful at Laleham. The banks are bordered here and there with poplars of great age and height, and from a boat in the streams of the back-waters you have a glimpse of low blue hills, such as are rare in the lowlands of England. Whether the influence of this country helped to make the boy who was born in it a poet (and an angler), it is not possible to say. But the Arnolds soon went from the pleasant Thames (1828) to Rugby, where the country is by no means so varied and beautiful. Laleham, said Dr. Arnold, was "like a place of premature rest." Rugby was a place of labor and of matter-of-fact. Dr. Arnold, though not precisely a sentimentalist, felt the necessity for something more of natural beauty than the midland flats could give, and made a home for summer and the holidays at Fox Howe, in Westmoreland. We may quote the Doctor's description of the place,—of a country so gracious and sweet that it seems the natural home of grave and pastoral poets:

"Our Westmoreland house [this was written in 1833] is rising from its foundation, and, I hope, rearing itself tolerably in *auras æthereas*. It looks right down into the bosom of Fairfield—a noble mountain which sends down two long arms into the valley, and keeps the clouds reposing between them, while he looks on them composedly with his quiet brow; and the Rotha, *purior electro* [more clear than amber], winds round our fields just under the house. Behind we run up to the top of Loughrigg, and have a mountain pasture in a bason on the summit of the ridge, the very image of those *salmus* [glades] on Cithæron where *Cædipus* was found by the Corinthian shepherd. The Wordsworths' friendship is certainly one of the greatest delights of Fox Howe, the name of our little estate."

Here, then, was a very proper home for a boy who was to be a poet, and whose poetry is haunted by the music of Rotha,—that stream clearer than amber,—and by the influence of Wordsworth, his father's friend. That poet was now, it may be said, beyond the reach of sneers and mockery, and was declining into a serene and peaceful age, in which poetry, nature, affection, were a threefold thread of happiness. Dr. Arnold says (1833):

"As far as scenery goes, I would rather have heath and blue hills all the year than mountains for three months and Warwickshire for nine, with no hills either blue or brown, no heaths, no woods, no clear streams, no wide plains for lights and shades to play over; nay, no banks for flowers to grow upon, but one monotonous undulation of green fields, and hedges, and very fat cattle."

Yet, at Rugby, among the green hedges, and fields, and fat cattle, Dr. Arnold's sons received most of their education. The out-of-door aspect of the school life; the cricket and

foot-ball in the close; the bird-nesting, bathing, and fishing; the enmities and friendships; the serious shadow which religion threw, now and then, across the merriment of boyhood, have been described, for the delight of all boys, in Mr. Hughes's "Tom Brown's School-days." It is enough to refer to "Tom Brown" for that section of Mr. Arnold's biography, and to Mr. Clough's letters for the state of mind of at least one school-boy who was, and remained, the friend of Mr. Arnold.

Mr. Arnold, on leaving school, where he won the prize-poem, was elected to a scholarship at Balliol. Under the mastership of Dr. Jenkins, an eccentric and despotic but practical man, Balliol had become the hardest-working college in the University. The scholarships were thrown open to general competitions, and were the first prizes which attracted ambitious boys from the public schools. Even now the Balliol scholarships are the most difficult to win. But, in 1840-44, they were held by a really remarkable set of young men, whom Principal Shairp, himself a Balliol scholar of the time, has commemorated in an interesting poem. The following passage describes how Mr. Arnold,

"Wide-welcomed for a father's fame,
Entered with free, bold step that seemed to claim
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.
So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or half a-dream, chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, scrap of Béranger.
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows,
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay."

I do not like "jaunty."

The Oxford of Mr. Arnold's undergraduate years was very much what Oxford has always been. The majority of undergraduates lived in it "as in a great country-house"—a place full of amusements, riding, boating, cricket, and lounging. The memories of those pleasant days live perennially in the exquisite poem of "The Scholar Gipsy." (Poems. 1853.) Mr. Arnold was not distinguished, as far as I am aware, like many of his school-fellows, for success on the river or the cricket-field. If he pulled in the Balliol eight, or played in the eleven, tradition has retained no record of his exploits. Tradition, at college, has a very short memory and is very capricious in her choice of favorites. When the writer was an undergraduate at Balliol, fifteen years ago, the rooms which Mr. Clough was said to have occupied were shown to the inquiring freshmen. They were quaint and tiny garrets, in the roof of the old quadrangle which has since been pulled down (indeed, it was then tumbling down rapidly), and has been replaced by the

present amazing structure, so much more remarkable for point than for feeling. Tradition, in the person of an exceedingly old and venerable college servant, had some recollection of Mr. Swinburne, the youngest in the trinity of Balliol poets who won general reputation. But Mr. Arnold, in my time, was already professor of poetry; and pious tradition, following the advice of Freya in the "Saga," asked no questions about what he had done "in the morning of time." As a poet

"Breathed on by the rural Pan,"

to quote his own line in "Verses written in Kensington Gardens," it may be presumed that he preferred long rides and walks in the beautiful country, at a distance from Oxford, to the routine of the place—the dusty drive to Cowley marsh and cricket, the severe pull, twice a day, up and down the racing-course, from the Barges to Iffley Lock, and the mournfully monotonous "grind" around the parks and up Headington Hill. Perhaps the majority of undergraduates see little of Oxford scenery, except as displayed in these narrow circles—unless, indeed, they are hunting-men, or take enormously long walks on Sundays. But the author of "The Scholar Gipsy" must have known the "stripling Thames" as far up as Bablockhithe, as well as at Bagley Wood (now a preserve), or near the ruined abbey of Godstow, not far from the town. To Godstow, which is now a mere shell of gray, ivy-clad walls, with a large pig-sty in the sacred ground, was borne the body of Fair Rosamond, after her murder by the jealous Queen at Woodstock. The country has a curious kind of sentiment, that lingers, like the ivy and the water-weeds, about the old brown wooden bridges and the wandering streams of the divided Isis. Much is changed in all that quiet country. Woods that were open are closed, and large placards warn trespassers that they will be prosecuted. The Scholar Gipsy, if he had wandered into Bagley Wood, would have been arrested by the game-keeper of St. John's College, and all strollers are suspected of hostile intentions to pheasants.

"In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks."

In one of Mr. Clough's letters occur the words, "M. has gone fishing when he ought to be reading." It is a very fortunate thing for us that "M." frequently went out fishing,—

"And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd,"

—when he ought to have been reading. And, probably, it was fortunate for Mr. Arnold that he had an abundant lightness of heart in these undergraduate years. Oxford was in one of her hot fits of theological discussion when he was a scholar of Balliol. These hot and cold fits alternate curiously. In my own time, the stir caused by the Broad Church and "Essays and Reviews" was subsiding. We floated on the swell of that stormy sea, over which a queer kind of Anglican Hegelianism poured its smoothing oils. Probably something new in heresies or philosophies has come in since then, Mr. Herbert Spencer's ideas having had time to become a little threadbare, and his star, as the Rev. Joseph Cook beautifully says, inclining "behind the Western pines." In Mr. Arnold's undergraduate years, Oxford "was stirred to its depths by the great Tractarian movement. Dr. Newman was in the fullness of his popularity, preaching at St. Mary's, and in pamphlets, reviews, and verses continually pouring forth eloquent appeals to every kind of motive that could influence men's minds." Mr. Clough took all these things much too hard for his happiness. "Before he had attained his full intellectual development, he examined, and, in some degree, drew conclusions concerning the deepest subjects that can occupy the human mind."

"His piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground,"

says Mr. Arnold, in "Thyrsis." Probably Mr. Arnold did not take these things too hard, and very likely he "went out fishing," instead of, like Cardinal Newman, discussing the nature of apostolical succession while walking round and round Christ Church meadows, between the Cherwell and the Isis. Religious thought, religious controversy, have moved away from those old fears about lapsing into the Monophysite heresy which frightened Newman into the Church. And there was, perhaps, little reason to fear that Mr. Arnold would be driven either to Rome or into the arms of the Monophysites.

"For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
Shewed me the high white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire,"

writes the poet, in "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse." But, in trying to understand Mr. Arnold's thought, it is necessary to remember that his youth was passed in this heated air of discussion about politics, religion, and the relation of church to state. The mark of his father's influence abides in his attachment to the ancient and beautiful Estab-

lished Church. The spirit of the undergraduate who by no means allowed speculation to sober his spirit of enjoyment, survives in the wit and high spirits which make Mr. Arnold's writings on theology almost as readable as the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal. Even in these earliest years, the poet and critic was absorbing the experience, testing the ideas, which are the matter of his writings. He gained something better at Oxford than the academic distinctions which dozens of men obtain every year. Like Mr. Clough, Mr. Arnold did not obtain a first-class in the final examination. Like many men who have afterward become distinguished, as Dean Stanley and Mr. Ruskin, he obtained the English prize-poem, the "Newdigate." This is the prize which every one who can turn a line competes for, and which almost every one professes to despise. People scarcely write prize-poems in earnest, and one writer who has since made himself heard of in literature succeeded in pleasing the examiners with a poem which was of the nature of a practical joke. Yet, somehow, the prize-poem generally goes to good men. Mr. Arnold's topic was "Oliver Cromwell," and, with his ideas about Puritanism, the theme seems uncongenial. The poet was chiefly impressed with the contrast between the love of freedom in Cromwell, a native of a flat, commonplace country, and the same sentiment in men born within sound of the voices of the mountains and the sea:

"All Freedom's mystic language—storms that roar
By hill or wave, the mountains or the shore—
All these had stirred thy spirit, and thine eye
In common sights read secret sympathy;
Till all bright thoughts that hills or waves can yield
Deck'd the dull waste and the familiar field;
Or wondrous sounds from tranquil skies were borne
Far o'er the glistening sheets of windy corn:
Skies that, unbound by clasp of mountain chain,
Slope stately down, and melt into the plain;
Sound, such as erst the lone wayfaring man
Caught, as he journeyed, from the lips of Pan;
Or that mysterious cry that smites with fear,
Like sounds from other worlds, the Spartan's ear.
While, o'er the dusty plain, the murmurous throng
Of heaven's embattled myriads swept along."

Though Mr. Arnold did not obtain a first-class, he was consoled, like Mr. Newman and Clough, by an Oriel fellowship (1845). In those days, the fellowships of Oriel were the highest prizes which Oxford had to offer to junior men. The college was, I believe, the first to throw its fellowships open to all members of the University, and thus often reversed the verdict of "the schools,"—that is, of the public examiners. Men were chosen for their ability, rather than for their knowledge of minute points of detail in Aristotle, Herodo-

tus, and Thucydides. A man might be elected even if he had forgotten how the Egyptians showed their veneration for the dead—yes, even though he hastily answered that "they showed it by making their parents into mummies." From this point, where his preparation for the work of life may be said to have ended, and the period of production to have begun, we need not follow the personal career of Mr. Arnold. His profession, apart from literature, that "good staff and poor crutch," as Sir Walter Scott called it, has been Education.

As an inspector of schools he has written on education in France, Germany, and England. And when Mr. Arnold asserts that Ireland will never be happy while the English middle classes are educated in their favorite and most worthless private schools, one feels inclined to reply, "*Vous êtes orfèvre, M. Josse*,"—"You are a public-schoolman, and the prophet of public schools."

Mr. Arnold's first volume of poems ("The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems, by A."; London, Fellowes, 1849) was published in the same year as Mr. Clough's "Ambarvalia." Mr. Arnold's volume was remarkable for its rare perfection within the limits imposed on himself by the author. He was already "the surest-footed of poets." Here, one might say, is nothing not complete and accomplished, nothing tentative, nothing uncertain, nothing fantastic, and nothing imitative. The influence of Greek literature and of Wordsworth may, indeed, be traced—the former showing itself in the calmness and repose of the work, the latter in the poet's view of nature, as the companion and instructor of man. But there is already apparent in Mr. Arnold's verse a certain resignation, "a sad lucidity of soul," an acceptance of life as worth living on its own merits, without regard to the possibility of a future, to which Wordsworth's piety did not attain. This resignation is a singular feature in the work of a man so young, of a poet writing at an age when doubt, if it exists, generally begets discontent and revolt. The beautiful poem of "Resignation" is suggested by one of those long mountain walks described by Dr. Arnold in a published letter—a walk retraced in manhood, ten years after it had been enjoyed in boyhood:

"Once more we tread this self-same road,
Fausta, which ten years since we trod;
Alone we tread it, you and I,
Ghosts of that boisterous company."

The moral of the melancholy follows:

"The world in which we live and move
Outlasts aversion, outlasts love";

and in this general life the poet finds his answer to all questions, and his ceaseless consolation in

"That Life, whose dumb wish is not missed
If birth proceeds, if things subsist:
The Life of plants, and stones, and rain:
The Life he craves; if not in vain
Fate gave, what chance shall not control
His sad lucidity of soul."

These lines seem to express the gist of Mr. Arnold's "criticism of life," as expressed in poetry, and these are the thoughts which later he put into the mouth of the world-weary philosopher, Empedocles. But one does not look in his verse, nor in that of any other poet, for the criticism of life alone, but for pictures of life, for melody of language, for shapes and sounds of beauty. And these are to be found without stint in this little volume of a hundred and thirty pages. Here appeared for the first time "Myrcerinus," the story of that old Egyptian king, mentioned by Herodotus, whose virtue was rewarded by the gods with a brief span of existence, and who balked them by devoting that span to enjoyment:

"Six years—six little years—six drops of time!
Yet suns shall rise, and many moons shall wane,
And old men die, and young men pass their prime,
And languid Pleasure fade and flower again;
And the dull Gods behold, ere these are frown,
Revels more deep, joy keener than their own."

"The Strayed Reveller" is another gem of this volume—a scene in Circe's island, where a youth has lost himself, and meets the goddess and her captive Odysseus. About these things every one can speak only for himself, but I do not know anything else in English verse so full of the spirit of Greece as "The Strayed Reveller" and some of Mr. Arnold's other poems on classic themes. His persons seem to look at life and at death with the kind of calm, the enjoyment of all mortal experience, the grave smile of resolution, which we admire in the figures on the Greek sepulchral *stelæ*. In these monuments death itself is treated only as an incident like another, and the man who is to die stoops to caress his hounds, or takes his wife's hand for the last time, and turns to ride the horse of Death that waits at his door, with no sadder emotions than if he were starting for a day's sport in the hills. The Greeks looked at life as the gods are said to do in "The Strayed Reveller":

"The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see, below them,
The earth and men."

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Reared proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind."

These unrhymed lines, in which Mr. Arnold has usually chosen to reproduce the intangible grace of the Greek choruses, seem to me to come like the last echoes of the antique world. Another poem, not less beautiful, in the earliest volume, is "The Sick King in Bokhara," with its admirable pictures of the hot Eastern life in Central Asia—a district which, for some reason, appears to have had much interest for the poet. Another piece, "To My Friends Who Ridiculed a Tender Leave-Taking," became the germ of the poems called "Switzerland,"—the poems of "Marguerite" in the edition of 1853,—which have their epilogue in "The Terrace at Berne," written ten years later and first published in "New Poems" (1867). In the verses "To My Friends" is the exquisite picture:

"Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
Her soft face, her hair, around,
Tied under the archest chin
Mockery ever ambushed in.
Let the fluttering fringes streak
All her pale, sweet, rounded cheek.
Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick! thy tablets, Memory!"

This set of verses is almost the only poetry which Mr. Arnold has dedicated to the passion of love. One might wish, perhaps, that the influence of Goethe were rather less perceptible in them, and they would be more pleasant reading if "The Terrace at Berne" had never been written, after that ten years' interval in which "young men pass their prime." The singular melancholy which life among the mountains engenders, and the charm of Senancour, the morbid French solitary, who wrote "Obermann" during the Revolution, do not appear in Mr. Arnold's first volume, but have left a deep mark on the verses in the volume of 1853. The most generally attractive poem of the first volume is, without doubt, "The Forsaken Merman," which it is impertinence to praise after the gorgeous eulogy by Mr. Swinburne: "The song is a piece of the sea-wind, a stray breath of the air and bloom of the bays and hills. Its mixture of mortal sorrow with the strange, wild sense of a life that is not after mortal law, the child-like moan after lost love mingling with the pure outer note of a song not human, the look in it as of bright, bewildered eyes with tears not theirs and alien wonder

in the watch of them, the tender, marvelous, simple beauty of the poem, its charm, as of a sound or a flower of the sea—set it, and save it apart from all others in a niche of the memory." In leaving the volume of 1849, one cannot but remark how certain lines in it hang in the memory, perhaps after a reader has forgotten their source. Such lines are this from "Resignation"—

"Where Orpheus and where Homer are";

and this, from "Stagirius," in which Love is spoken of as

"Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea."

If no more than fragments like these were left of Mr. Arnold's poems (and as evil a fate has befallen some of the Greeks), a competent critic of the far-off future would be able to say that the author of them was, in the truest sense, a poet. They have the unmistakable *cachet* of genius for verse.

Mr. Arnold's second volume of poetry, like his first, was published anonymously as "Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems, by A." (London, B. Fellowes, 1852). These verses resembled their predecessors in austere tone of thought, in a simplicity and perfection of expression which only the study of Greek models can give, and can give only to a few, and in a singular felicity in the delineation of nature. The most important poem in the volume deals with the last day and night of the Sicilian poet-philosopher, Empedocles. We may with probability assign B. C. 480-470 as the period of Empedocles's activity. He came of a noble house, and his grandfather had won a victory at Olympia with a four-horse chariot—an event at least as important in Agrigentum as the success of "Iroquois" in New York. Though born of a noble house, Empedocles was a friend of the democracy, which he aided in recovering and maintaining its liberty. The throne, or rather the *tyrannis*, was offered to him; he declined, and presently the people, with accustomed gratitude, drove him out of Agrigentum. About his death various legends are current; Mr. Arnold has adopted that which makes him leap into the burning crater of Etna. Empedocles was an orator of the highest skill. He also professed magical arts, the power of raising and calming the winds, and of causing rain and drought. In a surviving fragment he boasts of the almost divine honors which were paid to him in the cities of Sicily. But we must make large allowances for the superstitious tales which a later credulity foisted into the legend of Empedocles. He lived in the age of Herodotus, while

Greece was still credulous, but when credulity was on the wane. Long afterward, after Christ, in the age of Alexandrian mystics, Greek philosophy fell back on the illusions of its childhood, and then, probably, the miracles were inserted into the legends of Empedocles and Pythagoras. As to the philosophy of Empedocles, preserved in fragments of his poetry, space does not permit us here to examine it at any length. "Empedocles, however earnestly he deplores it, finds on all sides in the present world strife and alternation, and his whole philosophy aims at the explanation of this phenomenon. His theories are confused by the presence of mythical abstractions like Love and Hate." This is the man, majestic, accomplished, the friend of his kind, the baffled philosopher, the baffled democrat, whom Mr. Arnold chose as his hero. He thought of Empedocles as wandering

"—between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

On the one side, as a prophet and a healer, Empedocles appeared to belong to the former heroic age

"Where Orpheus and where Homer are."

As a philosopher intent on solving the riddle of the world, he belonged more to the future age of Plato and Aristotle. In the poem he is represented as deeply conscious of failure, weary and ashamed of his repute for magical art, and inclined to rest in a philosophy of resignation. But his weariness overcomes him: he reckons up the possible chances of a future which may be a repetition of the dismal past, and, at length, buoyed up by a kind of returning mysticism,—

"—it hath been granted me,
Not to die wholly, not to be all enslav'd,"—

he rushes into the bosom of the elements and leaps into the crater of Etna and the "sea of fire." The very slight dramatic interest of the poem is found in the discussions between Empedocles and Parmenides, the superstitious *Wagner* of this Sicilian *Faust*. The charm of the work will be found partly in the long monody in which Empedocles unfolds his ultimate philosophy of resignation—"too near neighbour of despair," and in the beautiful lyric interludes of Callicles, the young harp-player, who tries, like David before Saul, to charm away the melancholy of Empedocles with his music. From the monody of Empedocles we may quote these lines on a future life—lines full rather of the resolution in face of gods and men which marked our Scandinavian fathers than of any feeling natural

to Greece. The old Northmen, when they had lost faith in Odin, and had not yet pleased their kings by worshiping "the White Christ," trusted to nothing but their own strength and courage, that had never failed them here, and in the hereafter—if there were a hereafter—would be no less trustworthy. Like them, Empedocles is contemptuous of future hope or fear:

"Fools! that so often here
Happiness mocked our prayer,
I think, might make us fear
A like event elsewhere—
Make us, not fly to dreams, but moderate desire.

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done,
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes—
That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

"Not much, I know, you prize
What pleasures may be had,
Who look on life with eyes
Estrang'd, like mine, and sad:
And yet the village-churl feels the truth more than you—

"Who's loath to yield his life
Which to him little yields:
His hard-task'd, sunburnt wife,
His often labour'd fields;
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew."

Thus the philosopher finds life worth living for the sake of its common experiences, being, at the lowest, a treasure of delight in comparison with the nothingness that was the day before we were born. It is a philosophy, I think, for a man whose "back is at the wall," who is hardest pushed by doubt and by the misery in the world. But let us turn from the philosopher to the pastoral poet, to the boy Callicles, singing in Sicilian glades with a voice as sweet and in measures more various, with a vision as true, an instinct as divine, as the Daphnis or the Thyrsis of Theocritus. I confess to an admiration of the songs of Callicles so enthusiastic,—their melody, their sweet pictures of the beautiful life of gods and men in Sicily so charms me, carrying one happily away to a land of pure air, clear water, fragrant pine-forests,—that I do not care to try to praise them, still less to attempt to restate their beauty in lumbering prose. The two most beautiful passages appear to me to be the song of Cadmus and Harmonia, and the song of Marsyas. In both of these Mr. Arnold has done what so many of our poets have failed to do,—he has seen Greek mythology with

the eyes of a Greek. To us the naked stories of a king and queen changed into serpents, of a shepherd flayed by Apollo for failing in a musical contest, seem savage and strange. Writers like the author of "The Epic of Hades" try to screw some Christian morality into the Greek legends. Marsyas is represented as consoled for his skinning by an unselfish artistic pleasure in the triumphant melodies of his cruel conqueror. If modern writers do not thus intrude a high-flown modern moral, they try to allegorize the legends away into some fable about the Dawn, or the Night, or the wind in the reeds of the dry water-course. But to the poets of Greece their own myths were so familiar, and were seen through such a soft summer air of childish memories, that (except in the case of the most horrible legends of all) they handled them as if they had been obvious harmless incidents and subjects. As in sculpture the Amazon warriors fall and die in battle, beautiful in death, and more lovely than pitiful, so it was in poetry; pity scarcely intruded into a charmed land of repose, where neither curiosity nor morality was in place. To illustrate this Greek repose, and thus wealth of beauty that comes in where only horror seemed to reign in the naked myth, I must find room for Callicles's song about Apollo and Marsyas—the story of the skinning:

"Oh, that Fate had let me see
That triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre,
That famous, final victory
When jealous Pan with Marsyas did conspire;

"When from far Parnassus' side
Young Apollo, all the pride
Of the Phrygian lutes to tame,
To the Phrygian highlands came.
Where the long green reed-beds sway
In the rippled waters grey
Of that solitary lake
Where Mæander's streams are born;
Where the ridg'd pine-wooded roots
Of Messogis westward break,
Mounting westward, high and higher,—
There was held the famous strife,—
There the Phrygian brought his flutes,
And Apollo brought his lyre.
And, when now the westering sun
Touched the hills, the strife was done,
And the attentive Muses said,
Marsyas! thou art vanquished.
Then Apollo's minister
Hanged upon a branching fir
Marsyas, that unhappy Faun,
And began to whet his knife.
But the Mænads, who were there,
Left their friend, and with robes flowing
In the wind, and loose, dark hair
O'er their polished bosoms blowing,
Each her ribbon'd tambourine
Flinging on the mountain-sod,
With a lovely, frighten'd mien,
Came about the youthful God.
But he turn'd his beauteous face

Haughtily another way,
 From the grassy, sun-warm'd place,
 Where in proud repose he lay,
 With one arm over his head,
 Watching how the whetting sped.
 But aloof, on the lake-strand,
 Did the young Olympus stand,
 Weeping at his master's end;
 For the Faun had been his friend.
 For he taught him how to sing,
 And he taught him flute-playing.
 Many a morning had they gone
 To the glimmering mountain lakes,
 And had torn up by the roots
 The tall crested water-reeds
 With long plumes, and soft, brown seeds,
 And had carved them into flutes,
 Sitting on a tabled stone,
 Where the shoreward ripple breaks."

The landscape of the last eight lines seems to me almost unapproached for felicity in English poetry. Those lines about the Mænads, with their "lovely, frightened mien," were the first of Mr. Arnold's that I ever read. They were set to be rendered into Latin elegiacs, at a Balliol scholarship examination, and, though I did not attempt the elegiacs, the beauty of the poetry haunted me till I found the whole passage in "Empedocles," where it was republished in 1866, among "New Poems." Mr. Arnold withdrew the volume of 1852, after a small number of copies had been dispersed. He conceived that the situation of "Empedocles" was "morbid," and that the description of it must be "monotonous." And, therefore, the poem was withdrawn, and mere scraps of it, with a number of its shorter companions, were republished in 1853. The poems of 1853 were introduced by a remarkable essay on the functions of poetry, one of Mr. Arnold's earliest contributions to criticism. He is, perhaps, more widely renowned as a critic than as a poet, but that is not because he is "one of the fellows who has failed" in original composition. It will already have been made plain that we consider his poems by far his most important and most permanent contribution to literature. It will, therefore, be well to examine all his verse (very little of it has seen the light for many years) before considering his criticisms of life, of religious thought, and of literature. But we may pause to remark on Mr. Clough's review of his friend's earlier poems—a review published in an American periodical. In the tribute which Mr. Arnold paid to Mr. Clough at the close of his "Lectures on Translating Homer," he said "he had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised. Those who knew him well had the conviction that, even with time, these literary arts would never be his." Mr. Arnold might have added that Mr.

Clough had not yielded to another literary temptation—what he admired he had not overpraised. Every reviewer, especially every young reviewer, knows the temptation to speak too enthusiastically of poems that are new, and the work of contemporaries and friends. Mr. Clough spoke, as we see now, almost too diffidently about "The Strayed Reveller" and "Empedocles on Etna." He talks of "the music of the boy Callicles, to which he chants his happy mythic stories, somewhat frigidly, perhaps." In "Tristram and Iseult" he finds "the mist of more than poetic dubiousness." If "Tristram" is "dubious," what is to be said of Mr. Brown-ing's "Sordello" or "James Lee"? He found even the dubious mist better than the "pseudo-Greek inflation" of "Empedocles." Generally, Mr. Clough demanded a clearer and more consistent moral thoughtfulness, and denounced "the dismal cycle of a rehabilitated Hindoo-Greek theosophy." There was more of purpose, a better "tone and matter," he seems to have held, in the work of Alexander Smith. Such is the vanity of criticism. Who is right—Mr. Clough with his petition for more morality, or the critics of to-day who blame Mr. Arnold for asking poetry to give men "a criticism of life"? As to the poetic merits of Alexander Smith, an excellent man whose name should never be mentioned without respect, the world seems to have made up its mind. He is not likely to be well known as a poet to the next generation. Apparently, Mr. Arnold wrote his poems for the generations that were to succeed rather than for that which was exactly contemporary with himself.

The chief additions to the "Poems" of 1853 (Longman's, London) were "Sohrab and Rustum," and "The Scholar Gipsy." Perhaps, in their separate styles, these, with "Thyrsis," the sequel to "The Scholar Gipsy," are the works of Mr. Arnold which his admirers know and like best. "Sohrab and Rustum," the tale of the fatal combat which the old Persian chief and his unknown son wage against each other, approaches more nearly, I think, to the spirit and manner of Homer than does anything else in our English literature. The strong, plain, blank verse is almost a substitute for the hexameter. The story is told with Homer's pellucid simplicity, with his deep and clear-sighted sympathy with all conditions of men, with his delight in Nature as man's friend and life-long companion. The spirit of the narrative, too, is Homeric, and the fall of the young warrior, in the pride of his beauty and strength, his death assuaged by resignation to fate and by consciousness of a courageous strife, are subjects of the sort that often moved the

singer of the Iliad to his most moving strains. The similes are, in spirit, directly borrowed from Homer. The Ionian compares Nausicaa, the princess of Phæacia, to a tall palm-tree growing by Apollo's shrine. And Sohrab is compared to

"Some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight, dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound."

But I must leave "Sohrab and Rustum," being already much tempted to quote the whole of the concluding passage, beginning:

"But the majestic river floated on."

The reader will appreciate these exquisite lines far better in the context, where the description of the course of Oxus, and his final rest where

"— the new-bathed stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea,"

rounds off the tragedy of Sohrab, as "our little life is rounded with a sleep." So,—the poet suggests without saying it,—so the lives of men, be they long and victorious, or broken in their first fight, end at last, like the river's course, in a repose that is not without its triumph.

"The Scholar Gipsy," a poem founded on the tradition that a lad in the University of Oxford wandered away with the gipsies, in search of their strange lore, and still haunted the fields and water-side, has, perhaps, one defect. It is a poem that cannot, or can scarcely, be enjoyed to the full by any but children of the old and beautiful university seated at the meeting-place of Cherwell and Isis. I know that I probably esteem Scott's poems too highly, because so many of them are friends that speak to me of home; of peaceful green hills, and waste places of the shepherds; of familiar ruined towers; of streams where I know every stone that shelters a trout; of moors where, in childhood, I have half-hoped to hear the fairy brides ring, or have dreaded the sudden apparition of the Red Spirit of the solitude. No one can sit down to criticise coldly verses that are such old acquaintances, and, if Scott's poems are the intimates of one's childhood, "The Scholar Gipsy" is like a college friend. Most Oxford men who read it must be moved at remembering the days when they, too, went gipsying.

"We'll go no more a-roving,"

says the saddest of songs. Too many of his readers must say, with the poet:

"Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here;
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick,
And with the country folk acquaintance made,
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.

"Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.

Ah me! this many a year

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!

Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart

Into the world and wave of men depart;

But Thyrsis of his own will went away."

Strangers across the Atlantic may be careless of our Oxford fields; they are like Proserpine in "Thyrsis"—

"But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard,
Her foot the Cumnor daisies never stirred."

Therefore it must suffice to say that the landscape of the Oxford poems—"The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," the "monody to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough"—is unequaled even by the Greek and Swiss and Westmoreland pictures in Mr. Arnold's other poems. All readers of poetical sensibility must feel their charm, but the sketches of deserted lashers, of the Cumnor hills, above all, of the "white and purple fritillaries," must necessarily appeal most to men who knew these places in their youth, and gathered fritillaries with some Thyrsis of their own.

The bibliography of Mr. Arnold's poems is uncommonly confusing. In the edition of 1853, many pieces from "The Strayed Reveller" and "Empedocles" were reprinted. Another "series" was given to the world in 1855 (Longmans, London). This contained more pieces from the volume in which "Empedocles" was first published, and also "Balder Dead," a poem on the most famous legend of Norse mythology. "Balder" is conceived and executed in the same style as "Sohrab and Rustum," and, perhaps in a slighter degree, has the same excellence—the same simplicity and grace and vigor. But the fate of the young man moves us more, I think, than even the fate of the young god in whom the learned Dr. Bugge sees—not, perhaps, with much reason—a myth reflected from Christianity.

In 1855, Mr. Arnold was still a young man, and much more poetry might have been expected from one who had begun so well. But it was rather ominous that he had, for some years, given the world so little that was new—that he had been breaking up and resetting the old gems. Possibly we may attribute his long silences either to an increasing fastidiousness,—for where is his "Lucretius, an Unpublished Tragedy," which once supplied him with a quotation for a motto?—or perhaps the cares of the world, and the deceit-

fulness of criticism, and his interest in church and dissent, in education and the Irish Land Laws, may have subdued his muse, and made him "give to sermons what was meant for song." His "*Merope, a Tragedy*" (Longmans, London), was published in 1858. This is a tragedy in the Greek manner, on a topic which had already been handled by Euripides, Cardinal Richelieu, and Voltaire. The play of Euripides is lost; that by Richelieu may possibly be known to Mr. Saintsbury, who knows everything. As to Voltaire's serious poems, we may almost say of them, as he did of Dante's,—“their fame is likely to increase, for no one ever reads them.” Thus modern readers may probably agree that Mr. Arnold, more than was possible for Voltaire, restores to us the lost drama of Euripides. His "*Merope*" is, as Mr. Swinburne says, “a work of steady aim and severe success.” But the success is somewhat limited. "*Merope*," a play on the Greek model, was attempted in the hope of satisfying that curiosity and interest about Greek art, that "nameless hope," which Mr. Arnold believed to exist even in the minds of those who have been brought up among the productions of the romantic school. But the Greek drama was, as Mr. Arnold recognizes in his admirable preface to "*Merope*," the child of peculiar social and theatrical conditions. We cannot, even at Harvard or Balliol, hope to bring back those conditions—that immense theater under the open air, filled with religious listeners, the whole population of a city. Now it seems improbable that any drama, not written to be acted, will ever have a strong dramatic life. Thus "*Merope*," like "*Erechtheus*" and "*Atalanta*," remains an interesting experiment rather than a natural English poem. The character of Polyphontes, the would-be honest tyrant, is excellently drawn. There is a beautiful chorus, too, illustrating what we have already said about Mr. Arnold's power of treating Greek mythology. The myth in question, that of Arcas and Callisto, is of the sort which prevails among red Indians and Australian black fellows. The Arcadians were a bear stock, as your Iroquois were bears, or wolves, or turtles. They believed that they were descended from a she-bear, which had once been a woman. The she-bear and her son were changed by the gods into stars (as is common in the legends of Mandans and Murri, Eskimo and Ahts), just when the hunter-son was about to shoot the animal-mother. Could any story be less Greek in spirit than this old fragment of fable, handed down by generations after generations of Arcadian priests? Mr. Arnold takes the legend as a Greek might have taken what

was too familiar to seem crude, and fills it with human feeling, till the savage legend becomes softened and beautiful. But, in spite of the merit of many passages,—the beautiful description of the drowning of the Prince of Arcady, for example,—"*Merope*" is never likely to be one of Mr. Arnold's more popular pieces. The preface contains, perhaps, the briefest and most lucid account ever yet given of the nature and aims of the Greek drama, and of the functions of the chorus.

Mr. Arnold's last appearance as a poet is, unhappily, an event of fourteen years ago. His "*New Poems*" (Macmillan and Co., London) were published in 1867. They, like most of his later volumes, are full of reprinted pieces. "*Empedocles*," in its entirety, heads the list. It was restored to English literature at the request of Mr. Robert Browning. The most remarkable additions are "*Thyrsis*," the Oxfordshire poem of which we have already spoken; "*The Terrace at Berne*," a somewhat sad and even cynical epilogue to the "*Poems for Marguerite*"; "*Dover Beach*," a piece equally admirable for thought, imagery, and music. In addition to these are the lines on Heine's grave, with the famous address to England as "*the weary Titan*." The stanzas on Obermann, the melancholy recluse who sought refuge in Switzerland from his own despair of the world and from the tempest of the French Revolution, are among Mr. Arnold's most admired and admirable poems. Not less often in our minds are the majestic and musical "*Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*." In the silent, ultimate retreat of men broken in the strife with the world, the poet is awed and charmed, but charmed in vain, by the repose which the Church offers to all who will come to her, and be hers. The charm is vain; other creeds have promised to take upon them the weight of the world, and to fight man's battle with the powers of earth and heaven. They have promised and they have not fulfilled, and every temple is the scene of a broken covenant:

"Not as their friend, or child, I speak.
But as, on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths, and both are gone."

Is this the conclusion of the whole matter,—are we of modern times to wander forever, like the companions of Panurge in Rabelais, among the ruinous fanes and broken altars of the Isle of the Macraones? The poet has here no answer to give:

"Our fathers watered with their tears
This sea of time whereon we sail;
Their voices were in all men's ears
Who pass'd within their puissant hail.
Still the same ocean round us raves,
But we stand mute, and watch the waves."

After all, this is only the wonderful and musical expression of one despondent hour. This is not the conclusion of the whole matter. Mr. Arnold does not by any means stand mute, but has been communicating to the world very freely his ideas about religion, the Bible, education, society, literature, the newspapers, and the condition of Ireland. His poetry, on the whole, to use his own words about Greek tragedy, aims at producing a sentiment of sublime acquiescence in the course of fate and in the dispensations of human life. In prose he has been able to say, more definitely, what he thinks as a critic of life, literature, and society. Not long since, in a preface to Mr. Ward's "Anthology of English Poets," Mr. Arnold spoke of poetry as if it might become a substitute for religion. Now, if we allow the word religion to include authoritative speaking on the interests of man's spirit and on the conduct of his life, Mr. Arnold's own experience bears hardly upon his argument. As long as he wrote poetry alone, the great public did not much mark him. I doubt if the Lord Mayors (our official patrons of literature) ever heard of Mr. Arnold, or asked him to dine with Mr. Sala, in the days when he was only a poet. But as soon as he began to talk about religion, morality, education, and literature in prose, the great public heard him, though not very gladly. As soon as he began to criticise the middle classes and their teachers—the newspapers—the middle classes and the newspapers pricked up their ears and listened, with many interruptions and remonstrances, to what he had to tell them. He spoke to them in a new voice to which they were not accustomed. He did not merely glorify England and everything English. He looked outside our country and our literature, to France, Germany, Italy. He employed a strain of humor and sarcasm, which has an extraordinary power of irritating his victims.

I believe Mr. Arnold has done us a great deal of good. The self-sufficiency of this country, our belief in our enterprise, trade, intelligent middle classes, jealous dissent, right of free speech, and so forth, were, fifteen years ago, perfectly incredible and intolerable. Events have since taken a good deal of our conceit out of us. Sadowa, Sedan, Isandhlana, and Majuba have opened the eyes of many of us. Ireland and the East have taught us a few lessons of self-distrust. But Mr. Arnold

has kept on enforcing the lessons. He will not let us rest for an hour in the delusion that our newspapers utter the voice of unmitigated wisdom; that our free speech is necessarily true or instructed speech; that our middle classes, or lower classes, or upper classes, are educated on sound principles; that our dissenters are living and working in a pure spirit of generous and liberal and genial Christianity. All our Dagon he has blasphemed. Our popular writers, our popular theologians, our popular philosophers, our popular philanthropists, he has touched with his irreverent wit. "These be thy Gods, O Israel!" he has cried, and the idols look as decrepit as "that twice-battered god of Palestine," or the superannuated Olympians in Bruno's satirical tract. In this pious and universal crusade, I do not mean that Mr. Arnold has always had right on his side. He has said things that seemed cruel, or otherwise indefensible. He has made the dissenters writhe with impotent desire to smite, controversially, this cool and agile opponent. Many people, doubtless, have quite shut their senses against him—like the adder who, says St. Augustine, thrusts the tip of his tail into one of his ears and lays the other in the dust. But even these deaf ones know and feel that the bubbles of British optimism are being pricked. They are less comfortable than of old among their idols. They may never repent and be converted, but their children, and their kinsmen are beginning to listen to Mr. Arnold, and to try to winnow the wheat from the, perhaps, too copious "chaff" which he offers the public.

Mr. Arnold's first appearance as a critic was in the field of literature. We have already spoken of his interesting prefaces to "Merope" and a volume of poems. In 1857, his University recognized his merits by giving him almost the only official position in criticism which England has to offer. He was appointed to the Chair of Poetry in Oxford. The chair has been filled by Warton and Keble, in times when the lectures were delivered in Latin. Now the lecturer addresses his audience in English. He is appointed for a period of five years, generally extended to ten. Since Mr. Arnold's day the chair has been held by Sir Francis Doyle and Principal Shairp. The position, with its chance of influencing young men, seems an enviable one. But there are so many compulsory lectures at Oxford, and attendance thereon is such a weariness, that many, even of the undergraduates who care for literature, seldom go. I never, I am ashamed to say, availed myself of the opportunity of listening to Mr. Arnold, because his lectures were delivered in the afternoon, when cricket or the river seemed

more attractive than Apollo's lute. The first fruits of his appointment were two sets of "Lectures on Translating Homer" (Longmans, 1861, 1862). These are full of just and penetrating criticism. They also have the marks of Mr. Arnold's critical manner. He takes a few points, such as the nobility, simplicity, and speed of the Homeric manner; to these he constantly returns, enforcing his text by repetition. Again, he frequently uses ridicule and irony. Professor Francis Newman had just published a translation of the *Iliad*, stuffed with odd criticisms, and written in the meter of "Yankee Doodle." This unlucky translation was Mr. Arnold's butt, and he kept provoking his audience to mirth as inextinguishable as that of the Homeric gods, by reference to Mr. Newman. That poet spoke of "dapper-greav'd Achæans," of "Hector of the motley helm," and his heroes were "sly of foot and nimble"; while Helen was made to call herself "a mischief-working vixen"! These served Mr. Arnold as examples of the individualism, the whimsical eccentricity, of the English literary character, nor was he ill-pleased if he found Mr. Newman calling "a fine calf" a "bragly bulkin." The natural result was that Mr. Newman thought Mr. Arnold's judgment effeminate. But, on the whole, the genius of English literature has sided with Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Newman's is not the standard translation of Homer. As to Mr. Arnold's own theories on a point which it were out of place to discuss here, I agree with his premises, but cannot accept his conclusions. He admirably characterizes the genius of Homer, and then he tells us that English hexameters are the proper meter for the English translator. But it is rarely possible to scan Mr. Arnold's own English hexameters with certainty, nor is one's opinion altered by those of Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Clough, or Mr. Stedman. Hexameters seem foreign to the genius of English verse.

A large familiarity with foreign literature and Continental criticism has enabled Mr. Arnold to widen the scope of contemporary English literature. The judgments of French and German authors are now tolerably well known to the British reviewer; there is a free trade in ideas. Many Englishmen keep us acquainted with foreign opinion, while M. Scherer, M. Taine, and others enable France to understand what is being done and said in England. When Mr. Arnold published his "Essays in Criticism" (1865) this free trade was much more restricted. French, especially, was comparatively neglected. One of the recurring periods in which the French reacts on the English intelligence was just beginning, and Mr. Arnold helped the new move-

ment. He tried to raise criticism from its low estate—described by Wordsworth as "an inglorious employment." It can hardly be denied that his efforts have been successful, and that we have now a more studious, learned, disinterested, and careful sort of reviewers than of old. Mr. Arnold tried his best to make critics feel that their duty is to see things as they are. A poet is now rarely reviled because his opinions, as a private citizen, are Radical, or Tory; because he lives at Hampstead, or in Westmoreland; because he goes to church, or stays away. A somewhat higher standard has been set, even for journeyman-work, and, as far as an English looker-on can judge, American literature, too, has benefited by this increased earnestness of purpose, and this growing desire for wider and clearer knowledge. Our affection for ridiculous whims—about the Christian theology concealed in Homer, about the Jewish origin of our race, or its Egyptian affinities—is not extinct by any means; but Mr. Arnold's ridicule has helped to diminish this national failing in literature, in politics, in religion; he has succeeded in making many converts to the belief that, after all, we are not a "chosen people," that all our prejudices are not inspirations. He had the audacity to say that our "atmosphere" tells unfavorably even on men of genius, and "may make even a man of great ability either a Mr. Carlyle or else a Lord Macaulay." This was flat blasphemy fifteen years ago; but now there are but few readers but will acknowledge that the pleasure and instruction they derive from Mr. Carlyle's and Lord Macaulay's works are marred by their want of repose, by their obtrusion of eccentricities and personal peculiarities of style. Nay, we may go further, and hint that our "atmosphere" of insular eccentricity has harmed Mr. Arnold himself. "Physician, heal thyself," we might say, and regret some escapades of flippancy and, one might almost say, irreverence, which mar certain passages of Mr. Arnold's theological writings. But we are looking at the good his literary criticism has done,—at his wide appreciation of excellence, at his honest determination to state his own opinion, and not to be misled by a blind admiration even of Shakspeare, even of Burke, even of Shelley, even of Keats. After much reading, for example, of Mr. Ruskin, nothing can be more salutary than a return to Mr. Arnold's clearer and colder intellect,—not incapable of freaks, but occasionally indulging in them with an ironical knowledge of their true nature—not with a belief that they are "supremely" precious inspirations.

To any reader whose time for study is scanty, and who wishes to secure an adequate

impression of Mr. Arnold as a critic, one would especially recommend the volume of "Essays in Criticism." It contains the germs of all his later critical work, and his ideas and manner are there presented in the most engaging way. In purely literary matter there are the studies of Heine, Joubert, and the two Guérins. Mr. Arnold has never excelled these productions; in charm of style, in novelty of idea, in the attraction of a pleasant personality, they are matchless among his works and in the English literature of his time. In the papers on the Guérins, too, we have the earliest expression of his sympathy with the Celtic element in literature, with that "magical" sweet, and melancholy mood which perhaps the modern world owes to an ancient race, that has lost its lands, and almost lost its language, but never lost its rare, incommunicable gift of poetry. A fuller study of this topic is presented in Mr. Arnold's "Celtic Literature," a remarkable addition to what the world, as apart from specialists, knows about this topic. In the paper on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, he sufficiently indicated the nature of what we might call "the Celtic mood." It has a strange melancholy brightness and beauty, like that of a golden autumn day among the hills and lochs and birch-woods of Western Scotland.

And the Celtic mood has a singular nearness to nature. Any one can feel its charm who has listened to the pleading accents of a Gaelic song. That music is the music of a natural people—a *natur volk*. I have heard such a song, in Scotland, from a Gaelic poet; and shortly afterward have listened to another chant—a song of the wild folk of the Melanesian Islands. The two were strangely alike, and seemed to move one with the pathos of a people whose day is passed, whose glories are little more than a myth, but who have never lost their intimate sense of nature, and never been corrupted by the world. Mr. Arnold's Celtic studies, and his essays on the two French poets, brother and sister, have in their prose a touch of this old melody, and a sweetness derived from an elder day. In his essay on "Spinoza and the Bible," again, we seem to see the germ of his later and voluminous writings on religion, of his attempt to take theology and the Bible out of the range of a hard and too conjectural scientific criticism, and to bring them into the softer and more sympathetic air of literature. That attempt may not be wholly successful; something different seems to me to be needed both by the scientific and the ordinary reader. In spite of his sympathy with humanity, humanity still appears to be out of sympathy with Mr. Arnold's effort to purify its religion. Lastly, in

the preface, and in other parts of the "Essays in Criticism," we find the first of Mr. Arnold's humorous attacks on what he calls the "Philistinism" of his countrymen—or their arrogance, ignorance, and habit of mistaking mechanical means for ends. There is here a passage which one cannot help quoting—partly because it is so characteristic, partly because it is so appropriate to the flutter caused among us by a recent (June 30) murder committed on the Brighton Railway:

"My vocations led me to travel almost daily on one of the Great Eastern lines—the Woodford Branch. Every one knows that Müller perpetrated his detestable act on the North London Railway, close by. The English middle class, of which I am myself a feeble unit, travel on the Woodford Branch in large numbers. Well, the demoralization of our class,—which (the newspapers are constantly saying it, so I may repeat it without vanity) has done all the great things which have ever been done in England,—the demoralization of our class caused, I say, by the Bow tragedy, was something bewildering. Myself a transcendentalist (as the *Saturday Review* knows), I escaped the infection; and day after day I used to ply my agitated fellow-travellers with all the consolations which my transcendentalism and my turn for French would naturally suggest to me. I reminded them how Cæsar refused to take precautions against assassination, because life was not worth having at the price of an ignoble solicitude for it. I reminded them what insignificant atoms we all are in the life of the world. 'Suppose the worst to happen,' I said, addressing a portly jeweller from Cheapside,—'suppose even yourself to be the victim, *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*. We should miss you for a day or two upon the Woodford Branch; but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch street.' All was of no avail. Nothing could moderate in the bosom of the great English middle class their passionate, absorbing, almost blood-thirsty clinging to life."

Was ever portly jeweller in such manner comforted? This is too constantly the attitude of Mr. Arnold toward his countrymen. He has a poet's love of England, and he sees England making herself ridiculous in the eyes of the world. He sees her policy shift with every alternation of popular sentiment, and he knows that popular sentiment, with all its good intentions, is ignorant, unsteady—now hot, now cold. These defects, and the conceit which accompanies them, make up what Mr. Arnold chooses to call Philistinism. This is how he defines Philistinism: "On the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morality and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence." In literature, politics, religion, Mr. Arnold has made it his business to war against Philistinism, and especially against the Philistinism of these "great sophists," as Plato would have called them, the newspapers. A newspaperman myself,—a "pressman," as Mr. Swinburne would scornfully say,—I cannot but acknowl-

edge the errors of our profession, and wince beneath the birch of the son of Dr. Arnold. Let us conclude this survey of Mr. Arnold's performance by looking at one or two of his pitched battles with the armies of the Philistines who fight under the banners of the British press.

There was a literary contest even over that harmless thing, Celtic literature. A large number of our countrymen in Wales, and a smaller number in the West and North of Scotland, still speak Celtic dialects, and still preserve poetical traditions about the past of the Celtic race. In Scotland, these traditions have dwindled to tales told around the turf-fire, in the winter nights. The stories have been collected and published by Mr. Campbell, of Islay, and are most interesting to read, and most important materials for the student of human history. In Wales the Celtic language is preserved with more of pomp and dignity. Great meetings called *Eisteddfods* are held, in which poems are recited, prizes given, and the popular interest in the legendary past is thereby kept alive. As a professor of poetry Mr. Arnold was invited to attend one of those assemblies of the bards, and he expressed his friendly interest and sympathy, as surely no man of letters could fail to do. Almost all the old popular lore of song, and customs, and legend has been crushed out of our English laborers, whose lives, like Sir Tor's shield in the "Idylls of the King," are "blank enough." Mr. Arnold recognized the happier effect which their traditions of the past exercise on the Welsh. For this the "Times" fell foul of him with clumsy ferocity. "An *Eisteddfod* is one of the most mischievous and selfish pieces of sentimentalism which could possibly be perpetrated." "It is monstrous folly to encourage the Welsh in a loving fondness for their old language." Mr. Arnold was described as "a sentimentalist who talks nonsense, and whose dainty taste requires something more flimsy than the strong sense and sturdy morality of his fellow Englishmen." These are beautiful blatant expressions of the Philistinism against which Mr. Arnold did battle. That eternal bluster about "strong sense and sturdy morality" is one of the most provoking weapons of the "robustious" writer who is perpetually fingering his moral biceps in public. Well, the robust sense and sturdy morality of the "Times" has been wasted. English science has recognized the need of serious study of the Celtic literature, and professorships of Celtic have actually been founded in Oxford and Edinburgh. But, in the "Times's" Pumblechookian vein, when it blusters like the swaggering, stupid moralist of "Great Expecta-

tions," Mr. Arnold rightly recognizes one of England's difficulties in governing Ireland.

This brings us to the political warfare against Philistinism. It is impossible here to go into details about the burial of dissenters, the endowment of the Irish Church, the marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and other causes of battle. These things must be unintelligible in America; even here I do not quite understand the interest which Mr. Arnold feels in them. His general charges against his countrymen in politics are to be studied in a queer little book, "Friendship's Garland" (Smith and Elder, 1871)—the pretended memoirs of a German guide, philosopher, and friend of the author's. Arminius, the philosopher in question, does not spare us. He goes to Eton and sees young Plantagenet hit "that beast Bottles," full on the nose. He finds the spirit which delights in getting up a fight rampant in our newspapers. He finds our gentry, middle class, and populace almost equally underrated. He finds that we worship "mere liberty" as a fetish. We are so certain that free speech deserves all the praise Herodotus gave it long ago, that we think it does not matter what we say, with our famous freedom of expression. "There are many lessons," says Arminius, "to be learned from the present war: I will tell you what is for *you* the great lesson to be learned from it—*obedience*. That, instead of every man airing his self-consequence, thinking it bliss to talk at random about things, and to put his finger in every pie, you should seriously understand there is a *right* way of doing things, and that the bliss is, without thinking of one's self-consequence, to do them in that way, or to forward their being done. This is the great lesson your British public, as you call it, has to learn, and may learn, in some degree, from the Germans in this war." Well, we have not learned the lesson. As I write, the "Standard" and the "Times," and other prints, are gravely lecturing all Europe: lecturing France for her "madness" in imitating in Africa our seizure of Cyprus; lecturing the Prince of Bulgaria; lecturing every one, insulting many, putting "a finger in every pie,"—and all this though we can no more back our words by deeds than we can move mountains. Pretty words, like "lie" and "liar," are being exchanged by the French and English press; and what resolute purpose have we at the back of all this show of words? Arminius said, ten years ago: "Lord Granville has behind him, when he speaks to Europe, your Philistines, or middle class, and how should the world know, or much care, what your middle class mean, for they do not know it themselves?" In 1879, they were, or

seemed to be, all for Lord Beaconsfield and advance. In 1880, they were all for Mr. Gladstone and retreat. A melancholy impression do the words of Arminius make upon Englishmen who love their famous ancient land, and can only hope that, when the evil day comes, England may at last read clearly in her own mind, and not lack her old force in action. Mr. Arnold's business is to insist on the paramount necessity of knowledge—of what he calls *culture*. Unfortunately, while his matter is so sound, a public accustomed to the pulpit and the press is repelled by the daintiness of his manner. One who jests is supposed to be incapable of speaking truth. And the stumbling-block of his manner trips up the public most when Mr. Arnold is writing about religion.

I do not propose to examine minutely Mr. Arnold's religious teaching. The subject cannot here be properly handled. His design is to retain the morality of the Old and New Testament, without retaining what he thinks superstitious excrescences—the miracles, the promises of a physical life after death, and the like. In his view, it was in righteousness, in "conduct," that the prophets and our Lord placed the kingdom of heaven. He, too, holds that happiness depends on morality, and that the Bible is the great teacher and inspirer of morality. On the Continent, it is being rejected because of its want of conformity to physical science. In England and America, where religion is still so strong, Mr. Arnold hopes to anticipate and weaken the crude skepticism which rejects what is true and divine, because it is mixed up with what is human and erroneous. One can scarcely expect very wide and satisfactory results from Mr. Arnold's efforts. He deprives his disciples of precisely those hopes (superstitions, in his view) which have always been offered by every successful religion. It is natural to fear that, if Christianity be robbed of her heaven, the unhappy people who find this world so hard will demand a new heaven from some fantastic new revelation—like that of spiritualism, for example. Again, Mr. Arnold's own hypothesis of the development of religion seems inconsistent with facts—a topic on which one could, with personal satisfaction, write a volume. Lastly, a trace of flippancy and scorn in his manner repels, and is likely to repel, many devout readers who are, at heart, in agreement with him on the essential topic of righteousness. Mr. Arnold, in his "Last Essays on Church and Religion," closes this chapter of his life's work. What he wished to say has been said. He has tried to import into popular religion the flexibility of mind and balance of judgment

which are (or, rather, which ought to be) the fruits of literary training. But let us take the case of a hard-working and convinced dissenter, or ardent ritualist, who lives in a parish where life, for the people, is either unbroken toil or semi-starvation; where the summer nights are a sweltering misery; where winter means cold, hunger, and death. How is he to comfort his people with Mr. Arnold's doctrine? In this grievous battle of life, he will think of the author of "Literature and Dogma" as Hotspur, at Holmedon fight, thought of "a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed * * * and still he smiled and talk'd." That judgment would be unjust, but it would not be unnatural, and as long as it is general, Mr. Arnold's religious writings will prove of but little avail. It is pleasant to think that he has returned to his own province—to literature, though he still hankers after politics, and still finds that we govern Ireland ill, because men like Dickens's "Mr. Creakle" educate our middle classes. Let us hope that Mr. Arnold will return, not only to literature but to verse, and add to that scanty golden store, that "eternal possession," his poetry. For whether Mr. Arnold is revealing to us our national faults, or criticising our earthly conception of religion, we hear a voice murmur his own lines addressed to the spirit of Heine:

"Ah, to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile,
God gave the poet his song."

We gladly acknowledge his clear sight, his cheerful patience, his skilled satire, and the "educated insolence" of the wit with which he plagues a whole Dunciad of "dissenters," journalists, bishops, and Parliament men. But he was born for other and better things. Sense and noble satire, though rare, are still not so rare as poetry. It is poetry that is scarce, and it is poetry that works on men's minds like a spell. "Sohrab and Rustum," or "The Sick King in Bokhara," does more for "culture" than a world of essays and reviews, and disquisitions on the "hideous" middle class. Some one has sent me from America the cheap and certainly not lovely reprint of Mr. Arnold's "Selected Poems." That pamphlet, bought at a railway station, perhaps, by some man who purchases at adventure, may do more to cultivate the love of beauty and the love of nature, to educate and console, than many great volumes of theology.

I have not tried to "place" Mr. Arnold—to give him his rank among modern English poets. Class-lists of that sort are impertinences. Mr. Arnold has not Mr. Tennyson's quantity of poetic force, nor his unsurpassed music of

diction, nor his variety of topic. Neither does he possess the fluency and sonorous emphasis of Mr. Swinburne. But to some readers his poems come more closely home than those of his contemporaries. His calm, his reserve, his stately numbers, sustain, and charm, and comfort. So we close with a dozen Greek words,—may they act as a

spell,—the words with which the shepherd, in Theocritus, urges Thyrsis to sing :

πόταγ', ὦ γὰθέ· τὰν γὰρ αἰοῖδαν
Οὔτι πα εἰς Ἀΐδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα
φυλαξέεις.

"Sing on, for surely thou wilt not take thy song with thee to Hades, that puts music out of memory."

AT ROME.

FAREWELL TO BIANCA.

OUR feet so lightly brush the path, box-walled and needle-sown,
Our timorous lizard takes no heed that dwells in the crannied stone
He counts his hoard, his pointed snout is deep in the statue old:
See—fright had almost made him blab where lies the hidden gold.

Though from the blue the generous lark scatters a wealth of glee,
And in their shades pomegranates throb with richer minstrelsy,
Bianca, the dry-leaf butterflies drift through the long dead grass;
There is our toad in the ilex-tree, croaking an evening mass.

Their souls the aromatic herbs exhale beneath our feet,
The fragrant moon of Italy with balsam breath to meet
Leagues of a ruinous aqueduct bathe in a rosy mere.
You weep; and a magpie on our left mocks with an impish leer.

Alas, these sights and sounds are yours—odors and paths of ease;
Yours are the languors perilous that sigh within the breeze,
Yours the old dream, the passiveness; they form of me no part.
Love's in the saddle. Love stays not for one so faint of heart.

In circles strange the evening wind below the terraced grove
Stirs the loose twigs. Ay, here's the spot first sacred to our love,
Ere we ourselves knew where we were, or dreamed the other cared—
Lie still, O leaves that shuddery gusts whirl under branches bared!

I am the new land, you the old. We love, but not for long.
Your looks are backward, forward mine; a monkish chant your song.
Be free I must; but you, O slave, to lay me snares are fain,
As the slave elephant is taught her wild mate to enchain.

You talk of duty and of sin! Your duty lies with me.
Your sin is that you let me go alone beyond the sea.
No father's curse, no brother's gibe, no lady's courtly sneer,
Fill those who love among my race with such un noble fear.

Before you spur the jade of love; before our hearts have learned
To beat unmoved, and hands to part in haste, ye lips that yearned
Toward the odd Western heretic: utter the word of dole—
Farewell—

Then go confess you, and shrive your wavering soul.

OPERA IN NEW YORK. II.



MME. CARADORI AS CREUSA. (AFTER THE DRAWING ON STONE BY JOHN HAYLER. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

METEORS that blaze and burst into darkness, rockets that rush up in dazzling splendor and come slowly down again mere smoking sticks, prismatic bubbles that vanish into air, and leave behind but a drop of suds,—only these commonplaces of simile furnish an illustration of the course of Italian opera in New York in the years 1834 and 1835. It vanished utterly, not to appear again until ten years had passed, and then in a guise humbly contrasting with its former splendor. In 1836 the Opera-house became an ordinary theater; but even as a theater its prospects were clouded. A year would not have elapsed before the lease of such a beautiful house to a new manager but for a cause which had operated somewhat, perhaps, against the success of the Rivafinoli venture, and which would be much more likely to operate in case of an ordinary theater, or one used for English opera. This adverse circumstance was that at this time Church street was in worse repute than any other street in New York west of the Five Points. But as almost all ladies who

went to the Italian opera went in carriages, while a large proportion of those who went to English opera and to ordinary dramatic performances went on foot, this disadvantage of situation was of more importance after the going out of the Cavaliere Rivafinoli than before. The Opera-house passed into the hands of James W. Wallack, a very popular actor, the father of Mr. John Lester Wallack, but soon, with a notable consistency, passed out of them—in smoke. It was burned in 1839, having in its brief existence of six years brought misfortune upon all who had any connection with it. We shall hereafter turn to it, or rather to a new house built upon its site, to find the lyric drama established there in notable prosperity.

English now took the place of Italian opera as the favorite musical entertainment in New York; and for some years the performances and the performers were of no inconsiderable importance in the annals of music in America. In 1837, Caradori-Allan came to New York. She had not the highest position—that of Catalani or of Malibran; but she stood foremost in the second rank. Under the name of Caradori she had attained a world-wide reputation before she became Mrs. Allan; and she therefore retained the former name before the public. But even that name did not belong to her, and (in concession to a common prejudice) misrepresented her by its Italian form. Caradori was a German girl, of a highly respectable family named Munck. She had acquired her vocal skill by private instruction, and only for private and social enjoyment; but misfortune brought her before the public, when she assumed the name of Caradori. Her voice was a delicious soprano of unusual compass; her style was very pure; and within moderate limits, which she prudently did not attempt to pass, her vocalization was unexceptionable. She was beautiful, with large liquid blue eyes and golden hair, and a complexion of milk and roses; with a fine figure, too, so that she was quite as pleasing to the eyes as to the ears of her audience—a point hardly of secondary importance to a prima-donna. But Caradori, charming singer and beautiful woman, was entirely without dramatic power, and she therefore did not produce a great impression upon New-Yorkers as an operatic vocalist. She made her first appearance at the Park Theater in "The Barber of Seville," and afterward performed in Balfe's "Siege of Ro-

chelle," in "The Elixir of Love," and a few other light operas, all in English. But it was as a concert-singer that she won her popularity, and exercised a great and enduring influence for good upon the taste of the New York public. Her style was unimpeachable. No singing more pure and chaste than hers was ever heard; and its effect was greatly enhanced by her beauty and by the fact that singing, instead of distorting her face, increased the charm of its expression.* A favorite song of hers was Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair"; and when she sang it, so seraphic was her face and so did her voice seem imbued with the spirit of her song, that one of her enraptured hearers said that he would hardly have been surprised to see her soar out of sight on white wings heavenward. She often performed one little musical feat without making much fuss about it, as to which, nearly twenty years afterward, Jenny Lind's managers blew trumpets and beat drums—that of so mingling her voice with a flute accompaniment that it was difficult, indeed, almost impossible, to tell one from the other.† Her accompanist on these occasions was John Kyle, the son of a bassoon-player, who, having come to New York with some one of the Park Theater opera companies, had remained. He was in face and in manner the veriest John Bull that ever lived, so that when he was blowing away at his bassoon it seemed as if the British lion himself, with a pipe in his mouth, had got into the orchestra. But his son was a handsome, oval-faced young fellow, with very pleasant manners, and had the richest, sweetest tone on the flute that was ever heard.

* The author of "Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur," London, 1827 (anonymous, but known to be the eminent musical dilettante, the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe), says of Caradori: "Though from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of prima-donnas, it may truly be said that she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong, her knowledge of music very great, her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer."

† This sort of music is in great favor with a certain sort of music-lover who affects the critical. What the fancy leads to, is illustrated by the following extract from a musical criticism of the period:

"We must likewise enter our protest against a mode of trilling and embellishing which we noticed on several occasions when we were expecting a full and clear key-note. * * * In the duet, 'Gia veggio in quel volto,' she sang most admirably, and in such perfect unison with the harp that we could not distinguish the vocal from the instrumental sounds."

The opinion of a critic who could not distinguish the tone of a soprano voice from the snap of a harp-string, and who, instead of embellishment, expected a "full key-note," is of a value quite inestimable. But in the earlier years of New York's musical history the taste of the audiences was far more trustworthy than the knowledge of the critics.

He was for a long time an important musical figure in New York, and was one of the original members of the Philharmonic Society, of which he was first flute for eight years. His wife was a woman of remarkable and imposing beauty. She was the daughter of one of the captains of the Black Ball line of Liverpool ships,—the aristocracy of the mercantile marine,—and she had many suitors whose position and means made them regarded as very desirable husbands in social circles above her own. But John Kyle, with his handsome face, his agreeable manners, and his flute, carried off the blonde Juno, to the making of some little talk in Gotham. He was always called upon to play the flute on great occasions, and was Caradori's frequent accompanist. Her concerts were given in the City Hotel, which stood just above Trinity Church, between Thames and Cedar streets, where the Trinity building stands now. In this hotel was a large room, which was used in those days for the most fashionable assembly-balls, as they were called, and for the most fashionable concerts. Here the last remnant of New York's acknowledged aristocracy might have been seen in its dying days. Here at assembly and at concert (from which it was not "the thing" to be absent) appeared the last man who, in evening dress, wore a sword as a mark of his position as a gentleman,—the elegant Beverly Robinson. His sword had a plain polished steel handle and a velvet scabbard.*

Caradori, who remained nearly two years in America, was succeeded by an English-opera company which made a strong impression, which stood for some years at the top of popularity, and which exercised much influence for good upon the general musical taste, not only of the city of New York, but of the country generally. This was the Shireff, Seguin & Wilson company, which in 1838 began its performances at the National Theater, for so the Rivafinoli Opera-house was now called. The prima-donna of this company, Jane Shireff, was a young English-woman with a pleasing face and a beautiful figure, and she added to these a captivating manner. She was not a great singer, nor had she much dramatic power; but her voice was of delicious quality, her vocalization was very good, and she was a clever actress. She became a great favorite. Seguin had a rich bass voice and a good dramatic style; and Wilson, the tenor, although he was rather too fat for a hero, and although he did not

* This was as late as the year 1830; but I give this, of course, and all that has preceded it, upon information from those who themselves knew and saw what they told me.

sing in the grand manner, had a genuine tenor voice, of such pleasing quality, and so correct a style, that he was liked by the public and approved by the critics. This company appeared in Rooke's "Amilie, or the Love Test," and were so successful that they performed this opera, as nearly as I can discover, through the whole autumn and winter season. The following gem of musical criticism is in place here as part of the history of opera in New York. It is from the "New York Mirror" (27th October, 1838), the elegant weekly paper of that day. The subject is the opera of "Amilie," and its performance:

"This is one of the gems scattered with no unsparring hand through the opera. The *adagio* in E, four sharps, major, is perfectly thrilling. The words 'Thou art gone,' with the response of the wind instruments, cannot be too highly appreciated, and a brilliant polonaise forms a happy termination. This scene was given by Miss Shireff with a pathos and effect quite startling. Her clear, bell-toned upper notes rang out like a trumpet. * * * The moment Mr. Seguin opened his mouth, the corresponding feature of his audience assumed the same appearance; one universal gape seemed to infect all: such was the astonishment produced by his magnificent organ.† * * * There is no straining after double F's, or S's, or D's; they come round and full and harmonious. His aria 'My boyhood's home' is a composition replete with genius and expression, and caused an immense sensation. *Amilie* here rushes in to claim the assistance of her friends against the persecution of *José* in her recent calamity."

† This is the earliest example that I have observed of the use of this favorite and highly effective phrase.



CITY HOTEL, BROADWAY. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKER, ESQ.)

There is a mortal column and more of this sort.

Miss Shireff afterward appeared at Niblo's Garden, which was on the corner of Broadway and Prince street, where the Metropolitan Hotel now stands. Here she performed in Auber's "Masked Ball," and other light operas (all of course in English), singing in a theater that was open on one side to the air; for Niblo's was a place of summer entertainment. It was a great New York "institution" in its day,—perhaps the greatest and most beneficent one of its sort that New York has ever known. It may be safely said that most of the elder generation of New-Yorkers now living have had at Niblo's Garden the greatest pleasure they have ever enjoyed in public. There were careless fun and easy jollity; there whole families would go at a moment's warning to hear this or that singer, but most of all, year after year, to see the Ravels—a family of pantomimists and dancers, upon earth and air, who have given innocent, thoughtless, side-shaking, brain-clearing pleasure to more Americans than ever relaxed their sad, silent faces in the presence of any other performers. The price of admission here was fifty cents, no seats reserved; "first come, first served." Niblo had kept a little coffee-house down town, and made a fortune, which, like Mr. Barnum, he owed to the perception of the fact that there

were hundreds of thousands of people who were willing and able to spend fifty cents for an evening's innocent pleasure, where there were not hundreds who were willing and able to spend one, two, or three dollars. Miss Shireff and her companions were not great artists, but they sang good operas (yet not too good), in a wholesome style. They could be heard with little expense, and without much fuss of any kind, either as to apparel or otherwise; and the consequence was that they diffused a taste for opera widely through the general public, and lined their own pockets comfortably. Miss Shireff's beauty, of course, helped very much in all this. Her character was quite irreproachable, and her reputation was untarnished among those who really knew anything of her.

Of a very different style from those of the Shireff company was the next operatic performance which claims our attention. In 1839, Beethoven's great and only opera "Fidelio" was produced at the Park Theater. Rumors of the readiness with which money was gathered in America by singers, operatic and other, were now ripe among the musical profession in Eng-

land, and they brought over on the gold hunt a company, consisting of Miss Inverarity, Miss Poole, Mr. Manvers, Mr. Giubilei, and Mr. Martyn, who thought to take New York by storm with the breath of their own reputations and Beethoven's. Miss Inverarity, who retained in public her maiden name, although she was the wife of Mr. Martyn, was a tall Scotchwoman, undeniably handsome, or at least "fine," and with all the airs

freshness might have given it had disappeared before she crossed the ocean. The tenor, too, failed to impress his audience very favorably; and Mr. Martyn, the basso-profundo, sang just as the husband of a Scotch prima-donna might be expected to sing. Two members of the company, from whom little had been expected, were at once received into favor by the public. These were Miss Poole, the contralto, a pretty, black-eyed, mischievous minx,



MISS SHIREFF, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATER. (FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING AFTER A DRAWING BY A. WIVELL. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

and expectations of an acknowledged beauty. She had, however, the misfortune to be taller than her tenor, and she careered (in these days "cavorted" might be the word) about the stage in rather too high-stepping a style for dignity and grace. She failed to captivate the New York people through their eyes, upon which she had evidently reckoned much. For as to her voice, it was worn; and like herself, never of first-rate quality, all the charm that

as plump as a partridge, with a deliciously rich voice, a style which if not irreproachable was very taking, and an arch manner, and Mr. Giubilei, an Anglicized Italian, who had a fine manly baritone voice and a goodly presence, not much marred by a squint that enabled him to see, or to seem to see, both sides of the house at once. These two singers the public warmed to without hesitation, taking little notice of the prima-donna and

the tenor. The company, however, deserved much at the hands of New-Yorkers—far more than they received—for the opportunity thus given to hear an opera of such quality, and so rarely heard, as Beethoven's "Fidelio." It has not been performed here since—for more than forty years. If the Inverarity company counts for little in the stream of operatic performers which has flowed pretty steadily through New York for more than half a century, the music which they presented, in at least a creditable and enjoyable style, entitles them to respectful remembrance. When they disbanded, Miss Poole and Mr. Giubilei remained in New York, and were for some years constantly before the American public.

Perhaps one cause of the failure of this company was the house in which they made their appearance. No public building not indecently dirty or unhealthily exposed could be less suited to the assemblage of elegant people for elegant pleasure than the Park Theater. It was in all respects the very reverse of the splendid house which had just opened and closed under the management of the Cavaliere Rivafinoli. Its boxes were like pens for beasts. Across them were stretched benches, consisting of a mere board covered with faded red moreen, a narrower board, shoulder-high, being stretched behind to serve for a back. But one seat on each of the three or four benches was without even this luxury, in order that the seat itself might be raised upon its hinges for people to pass in. These sybaritic inclosures were kept under lock and key, by a fee-expecting creature, who was always half-drunk except when he was wholly drunk. The pit, which has in our modern theaters become the parterre (or, as it is often strangely called, the parquet), the most desirable part of the house, was in the Park Theater hardly superior to that in which the *Jacquerie* of old stood upon the bare ground (*par terre*), and thus gave the place its French name. The floor was dirty and broken into holes; the seats were bare, backless benches. Women were never seen in the pit; and although the excellence of the position (the best in the house) and the cheapness of admission (half a dollar) took gentlemen there, few went there who could afford to



FANNY ELSSLER.

study comfort and luxury in their amusements. The place was pervaded with evil smells; and not uncommonly, in the midst of a performance, rats ran out of the holes in the floor and across into the orchestra. This delectable place was approached by a long under-ground passage, with bare whitewashed walls, dimly lighted, except at a sort of booth, at which vile fluids and viler solids were sold. As to the house itself, it was the dingy abode of dreariness. The gallery was occupied by howling roughs, who might have taken lessons in behavior from the negroes who occupied a part of this tier, which was railed off for their particular use.

Such was the principal theater in New York in 1840, and for ten years afterward. It had been called, in memory of its London counterpart, Old Drury, which name was deservingly modified into Old Dreary. Yet here there was usually good and sometimes great acting of good plays and great singing of good operas. Shakspeare was heard ten times in New York then for once that he is heard now; and the stock company of the Park Theater would, at a day's notice, perform a first-rate comedy in very satisfactory style, with completeness in all the parts. Here, too, was seen such ballet-dancing as never before was seen in America, and perhaps never before or after in the world since the days of Herodias; for here, in May, 1840, Fanny Elssler appeared before a house into which not another hand, not to say another body, could have been



EDWARD SEGUIN. (FROM DAGUERRETYPE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. EDWARD SEGUIN.)

squeezed by hydraulic pressure. And here she danced the gay New-Yorkers of that day into a frenzy that made it seem as if their brains were as light as her heels. Large and naturally strong, training had given her the limbs of an athlete, and she encompassed the stage with vast, sweeping bounds. To this physical superiority she added a fine although not beautiful face, and an arch, coquettish manner.

New-Yorkers had previously had some education in ballet and in pantomime—those low-born but bold and presuming handmaids of opera. Madame Celeste, a Frenchwoman from Southern France, with a rich and vigorous physical nature, and a power of expressing by gesture emotion and even thought with a vivacity and intensity rarely equaled, had, for some years, danced and played dumb parts in almost all the theaters in the city. And in December, 1836, Auber's ballet-opera "*La Bayadère*" had been produced at the Park Theater, with the beautiful Mlle. Augusta as the dancing *Bayadere*. Its success was splendid and lasting, and its heroine became a reigning popular favorite. The impression produced by these two Terpsichorean artists has hardly yet faded out of the memories of the elder New-Yorkers who saw Augusta in her youth and Celeste in her maturity.

In 1840, also, we find the Woods again at

the Park Theater, singing "*La Sonnambula*,"—ever "*La Sonnambula*," varied with "*Fra Diavolo*" and the like; and there, too, but a little while before, the second act of "*The Elixir of Love*" and the third act of "*Fidelio*" had been sung by Miss Poole, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Giubilei, on the same night, alternating with a comediatta, "*Is He Jealous?*" and the farce of "*A Nabob for an Hour*." Such were the fortunes of opera at "*Old Dreary*" forty years ago. But at the New National Opera-house, as it was called, there was, in the autumn and winter of this year, a combination of the best elements of the Seguin and Inverarity companies—Mrs. Seguin, soprano, Miss Poole, contralto, Mr. Horncastle, tenor, Mr. Giubilei, baritone,—flinging from his name an Italian aroma around the troupe,—and Mr. Seguin, bass, with a regular ballet; and there was great success, as, indeed, there should have been, and the performance of "*La Gazza Ladra*" and "*La Cenerentola*" and other of Rossini's operas in English, and triumphant success in the performance of "*Don Giovanni*," which was given every evening for some weeks; and, although the music of "*Non mi dir*" was not sung as Jenny Lind or even as Parepa sang it, or that of "*Batti batti*" as Malibran or as Alboni sang it, it was sung intelligently and

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MRS. EDWARD SEGGIN.

conscientiously by artists of respectable abilities, and was enjoyed by audiences to whom the only attraction was the music. Let who will say that this was not a more reasonable scheme of opera, and more adapted to cultivate a genuine and elevated taste for music, than that adopted by the patrons of the Riva-folini enterprise, with their six-thousand-dollar boxes.

It may be also here remarked that this scale of prices was monstrous, and would hardly have been tolerated in London. The rise in the price of admission to the opera in that city was very great at the end of the last century and the beginning of this; but it attained nothing like the extravagance of New York. Lord Mount Edgumbe is my authority (and there could be no better) for saying that, in the last quarter of the last century, the price of subscription to a box at the Italian opera, London, was twenty guineas a seat for fifty representations—two dollars a night; and this when there were but thirty-six private boxes in the house. These, and the balcony and pit, were filled only by the highest classes of society—always, of course, in full evening dress; and it was the custom after the performance for the company of the pit

and boxes to repair to the coffee-room attached to the theater, and there to sup, making this a reunion of the best society in London, private parties rarely being given on opera nights. When the number of performances was increased to sixty, the price of seats in private boxes rose to thirty guineas—being still, it will be seen, only two dollars and a half. It was Catalani who made the opera a luxury only to be enjoyed by a few rich people, or else by a great crowd in an enormous house, thus doing great injury to singers and to music. She suddenly doubled her demands, and the price of a whole box went up from one hundred and eighty to three hundred guineas. But three hundred guineas is only fifteen hundred dollars, and that is only one-quarter of six thousand dollars.

This year, 1840, saw the arrival in New York of one of the most remarkable singers the world has ever known—John Braham. His real name was Abraham, or Abrams, by both of which he was known when, as a boy, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theater as a singer of songs between the acts of plays. He had previously peddled pencils about London streets. His voice and his manner of singing were immediately the



SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DE BEGNIS, OF THE ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON. (ENGRAVED BY C. KNIGHT, FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED BY TITUS G. PERLOTTI. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

theme of general admiration. When his voice changed it became a pure tenor, and such a tenor as it would seem was never heard before and has not been heard since. He had a compass of two octaves and three notes, and his voice was no less admirable in quality and in power than in extent. He went to Italy, and studied for some years both composition and vocalization. His supremacy was acknowledged even in the land of song and of tenors. "*Non e tenore in Italia come Braham*" was the confession made in musical circles all over the Continent. He returned to London and sang constantly in English opera for many years, always writing the music of his own part. He accumulated a fortune, lived like a prince, and the pencil-peddler was taken into "society." He became enamored of the arch and charming prima-donna, Storace (born in England of an English mother by an Italian father), and traveled with her over the continent of Europe. He lost his money in speculations. His voice, however, lasted longer than his prudence or his money; and he was always sure of a handsome income. At last, in the autumn of 1840, being then sixty-six years old, he came to New York, and after two or three concerts at Niblo's, appeared at the Park Theater in December, in an opera, "*The Siege of Belgrade*," which, in spite of the name of its composer, a Mr. Cobb, had been popular in London. His failure was utter and speedy. His voice was worn; his florid style was not liked; he was as awkward as a figure on an Assyrian

marble; he was five feet three inches high; and when he did not wear some other, he wore a reddish-brown wig of George IV.'s fashion. He went about the country giving concerts in a somewhat doleful, forlorn, and solitary manner; and he who had been the greatest tenor in Europe, had lived like a prince, and was the father of the future Lady Waldegrave (now lately dead), might have been heard in the lyceums and the Sunday-school rooms of small towns in America, bawling out his once thrilling high notes and trundling forth his old-fashioned roudades before depressed audiences, not large enough to pay for the gas by which they saw his senile insignificance. In a history of opera in New York it is necessary to remark upon the visit of such an artist as Braham, but he exercised no influence whatever upon the public taste, nor upon the fortunes of his art in America; and this less because of his voice, which had lost nothing but its freshness, than

because of his style and of the music that he sung. These were found by the public of New York insufferably dull: and it should seem with reason. He soon returned to London, where he died in 1850. In the very year in which he came to America on his



FRANCES, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE.

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MADAME CINTI DAMOUREAU. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

peripatetic singing tour, the pencil-peddler's daughter was married to the seventh Earl Waldegrave, she having been previously married to John Waldegrave, Esq., of Navestock. After the death of her second husband, within six years of her marriage, she became the wife of Grenville Vernon Harcourt, M. P., who dying said that he hoped that she might make some other man as happy as she had made him. She followed his advice and was married to her fourth husband, the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, M. P., in 1863, she being then at least fifty years old. What was the charm that brought this woman four such husbands it would be hard to tell. Certainly not beauty. For that her face lacked, while it had the peculiarities of her race.

Among the artists of reputation who were known in New York in the second quarter of this century, there was not a more remarkable figure than that of Signor Giuseppe De Begnis,

who was indisputably the great *buffo* of his time. He was a singer of the old Italian school, had been thoroughly trained in music from his childhood up, and would have been an accomplished artist even without his vocal gifts and his comic power. With him, buffo-singing did not mean buffoonery, and he thought great scorn of those who descended to low tricks to promote laughter. He had married the beautiful Ronzi, better known afterward as Ronzi De Begnis; but he was deserted by her, and after some years he came to New York, where he passed the rest of his life. He was a tall, well-made man, with a face which, once, perhaps, handsome, had been plowed and harrowed by small-pox, but without destroying its powers of expression. By a mere look he sometimes produced an irresistibly comical effect; and although his voice was rich and smooth, its inflections conveyed ludicrous ideas with a

delicacy and quickness which pierced his audiences with laughter. His principal operas were "Il Barbiere" and "Il Fanatico per la America." But he sang chiefly in concerts, at which he always appeared in breeches and silk stockings, shoes with large gold buckles, an enormous shirt-frill, and ruffles at his wrists. He had a well-secured competence, and he was quite indifferent about professional engagements except as a recognition of his position. He remained in New York simply because of his terror of the ocean—a dread not uncommon among Italian artists. The voyage over here filled him with such fear that he never returned. He lived a lonely life, this priest of the muses and of Momus; he had in all the world no one near enough of kin to be his legal heir; and at his death in 1849, his estate, valued at \$50,000, went into the hands of the public administrator.

In this same year, a French company which had been performing at New Orleans visited New York, and appeared at Niblo's Garden Theater. They had a distinguished success, and made their summer vacation very profitable, chiefly because of the attractions of Mlle. Calvé, their prima-donna, a charming singer in the light French style, and a captivating actress. The company, however, was an acceptable one generally, allowance being made for the thin, throaty, French way of singing; and the visit was of importance musically because it introduced to New-Yorkers the works of French composers, particularly those of Auber, such as "Le Domino Noir," "La Fille du Regiment," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," and the like, in their original form and sung by artists of the school for which they were written.

About this time there appeared in New York an artist who, as a dramatic singer, was surpassed by none and equaled by only one of his successors—the tenor Antognini, whose only equal upon the lyric stage was Ronconi. He was singing here in 1842, and, if a concert-bill in my possession is dated correctly, in 1841. He was the most supreme and absolute union of vocalist and actor that has been heard in this century, excepting Malibran and Ronconi. But although he was here in 1842, and perhaps in 1841, his proper place in this historical sketch is in our view of the next important venture in Italian opera, which was that of Palmò's Opera-house.

Ferdinand Palmò, a little Italian, with a long nose and a sharp chin, had kept a popular restaurant of the higher class in Broadway, just above Duane street. It was known as the *Café des Mille Colonnees*. Here the little Italian had striven and had accumulated a moderate fortune, which he determined to

venture in giving New York an Italian opera. Learning prudence from the failure of the pretentious Rivafrinolli undertaking ten years before, he was moderate in his expenditure and modest in his expectations. He leased a building well known as Stoppani's Arcade Baths, in Chambers street, between Broadway and Center street. There were no boxes except in name. The seats were hard benches, with a board slat about shoulder-high as a support for the back. Upon these seats luxurious and extravagant people caused a covering of plush or of rep to be placed, with a modicum of hair stuffing beneath, all at their own expense. But rarely, if ever, has there been a keener enjoyment of Italian opera in New York than in this humble lyric shrine. It was opened in February, 1844. The conductor was Rapetti, who, as we have seen, came over with the Montrossor company. He was a fairly instructed musician, an admirable violin-player in the school of Rolla, whose pupil he was, and from the time of his appearance throughout his life he was an important musical figure in New York. The opera was "I Puritani," in which a Signora Borghese was the *Elvira*; the other artists do not merit special mention. Signora Borghese, although she does not take a place in the first rank of the brilliant array of prima-donnas by which opera was illustrated in New York between 1825 and 1860, should not be passed over without notice in such a sketch as this. She had a fine voice, although not a great one; her vocalization, regarded from a merely musical point of view, was of the corresponding grade, but as stage vocalization it had great power and deserved higher commendation. Her musical declamation was always effective and musico-rhetorically in good taste. She had a fine person, an expressive face, and much grace of manner. One might be content never to hear a better prima-donna if one were secured against ever hearing a worse. In her was first remarked here, among vocalists of distinction, that trembling of the voice when it is pressed in a *crescendo* which has since become so common as greatly to mar our enjoyment of vocal music. This great fault, unknown before the appearance of Verdi, is attributed by some musical critics to the influence of his vociferous and strident style. It may be so; but that which follows is not always a consequence of that after which it comes. Certain it is, however, that from this time forward very few of the principal singers who have been heard in New York—only the very greatest and those whose style was formed before Verdi domineered the Italian lyric stage—were without this tremble. Grisi,

Mario, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Alboni, and Salvi were entirely without it; their voices came from the chest pure, free, and firm. The following extract, from a not unintelligent criticism upon Borghese, in the "New World," is not only of interest as a contemporary record of the impression made by her, and as an example of the best style of the journalism of the period on such subjects, but as an illustration of that narrowness of view, that combination of ignorance and assumption in regard to the social and intellectual history of New York, which was remarked upon at the outset of these articles:

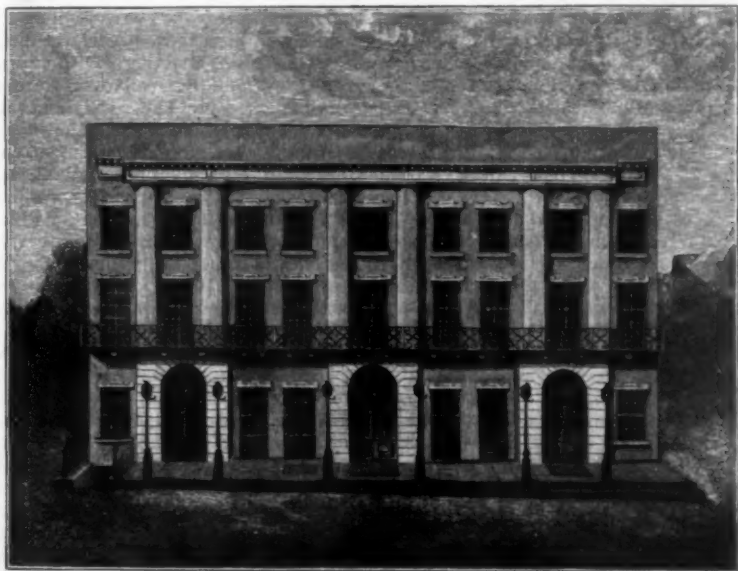
"Her voice is a soprano of unequal quality, the *mezzo voce* being good, but somewhat weak, while the upper tones are produced with extraordinary power by means of the favorite Italian clap-trap, the *vibrato* style. She sings with intense passion, and throws so much soul into all that she does that she carries her hearers completely with her. Her execution is brilliant, although sometimes defective. On the whole, however, balancing her beauties against her defects, we conclude that she is the best singer—*operatic*—that we have heard on this side of the Atlantic."

Now, this writer had manifestly a more than common knowledge of music and of vocalization. The absurd remark with which this passage closes is plainly the result of ignorance. Signora Borghese was not worthy to tie the shoes of Malibran, or of Pedrotti, or Fanti, or Caradori, or even Mrs. Wood, and others

of less note whom we have passed in review were at least her equals. But of them this writer must have been quite ignorant. Probably he had not been in New York five years at the time of his writing.

The tenor Antognini made his first appearance at Palmo's on the 13th of March, 1844, as *Oronubello* in "Beatrice di Tenda." He produced a very great impression, and gave particular delight to the most cultivated part of his audience. Of all the tenors that have been heard in America, not excepting Mario and Salvi, this now utterly forgotten man was the undeniable superior. He was an artist of the first class, both by natural gifts and by culture. His voice, although not of notable compass, was an absolute tenor of a delicious quality and great power. His vocalization was unexceptionably pure, and his style was manly and noble. As a dramatic singer, I never heard his equal except Ronconi; as an actor, I never saw his equal, except Ronconi, Rachel, and Salvini. He had in perfection that power which *Hamlet* speaks of in his soliloquy, after he dismisses the players, when the speech about Pyrrhus is ended:

"Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit!"



PALMO'S OPERA-HOUSE, AFTERWARD BURTON'S THEATER. (AFTER A WATER-COLOR DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

I have seen the blood fade not only from Antognini's cheeks, but from his very lips, as he strode slowly forward to interrupt the nuptials in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and then flame back again as he broke into defiance of his foes. The inflections of his voice in passages of tenderness were ravishing, and his utterance of anger and despair was terrible. Nor was any tenor that has been heard here, not even Mario in his prime, his superior in that great test of fine vocalization, a sustained cantabile passage. His person was manly, his face distinguished and intelligent. He was one of those blonde Italians who are found on the northern border of the peninsula. Being all this, he nevertheless soon disappeared, and was forgotten except by a few of the most exacting and cultivated among his hearers; the reason of which was that his voice could not be depended upon for two nights together—not, indeed, for one alone. On Monday, he would thrill the house; on Wednesday, he would go about the stage depressed, almost silent, huskily making mouths at his fellow-actors and the audience. His voice would even desert him in the middle of an evening, thus producing an impression that he was trifling with his audience. No judgment could have been more unjust, for he was a conscientious artist; but the effect of this defect, as *Polonius* might say, was therefore no less disastrous, and he soon gave place to artists less admirable, indeed, but more to be relied upon.

In July, 1844, the eminent French prima-donna Cinti Damoureau appeared at Palmo's, she having come to this country on a professional tour with the violinist Artot. She had sung with Malibran and Sontag in "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and had held her own with them. Fétis pronounced her one of the greatest singers the world had known. Rossini wrote the soprano part of "Le Siège de Corinthe" for her, and Auber wrote for her "Le Domino Noir" and "L'Ambasadrice"—in the latter of which her elegance of manner as well as her beauty gave her great distinction. She was forty-three years old when she came to New York, but both her voice and her beauty were in fine preservation. Among the operas in which she appeared was "L'Italiana in Algeri," an early and rarely heard work of Rossini's, in which Antognini was the tenor. She sang also in many concert-rooms throughout the country, and her visit was of no little importance in the cultivation of a taste for the most delicate refinements of lyric music.

In October of this year, Signora Pico appeared at Palmo's, and was received at once into a place in public favor which she retained for some years. She was a swarthy, sweet-

lipped woman, in whose face that simple good-nature which is so peculiarly Italian found ceaseless expression; and her voice, a rich, creamy contralto, in no way very remarkable, was of corresponding texture and character. Her figure was as amply rounded as is compatible with theatrical success; and when she played page's parts, she stumped about the stage upon a pair of supporters that had something ludicrous in their heavy and yet not quite ugly shapelessness. She was the favorite contralto of New York for some three or four years.

Palmo did not fail at once, but fortune did not smile upon him. The operatic success of this period was again on the English side, and this time, it must be confessed, with small reason. In November of this year, 1844, Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" was produced at the Park Theater by the Seguins, who had with them this time, as first tenor, Mr. Fazer, a portly Scotchman. He had a very pleasing voice, and sang as well as a Scotchman can be expected to sing in opera. The success of "The Bohemian Girl" was phenomenal. It was performed through the whole season, and again, and yet again, through other seasons. Its trivial airs, with their vulgar rhythms and hideous intervals, were sung, and whistled, and thrummed, and hand-organed all day and all night the country over. One could not read or eat without hearing, in some form, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and sleep was disturbed, if not by the dream, at least by the musical telling of it, the echoes of which have hardly yet died away. It was like the chanting of "*ti revedro*" all over Italy, and then all over Europe, after the production of "Tancredi." But with what a difference in the occasion! "*Di tanti palpiti*" is a melody the grace of which is not unworthy of Mozart in his happiest, sunniest mood; whereas a more vulgar air or a sillier song than "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," was probably never heard upon the lyric stage. But the audiences of "The Bohemian Girl" were not those of "Don Giovanni," nor yet those of "La Sonnambula."

It is impossible in a sketch like this to give a record in detail of all operatic performances, or even to mention all the operatic artists that in their time attracted some attention; nor would such a detail be of interest even to the musical reader. We can but follow the general course of the operatic stream, and linger only where it is broadest and brightest. The year 1847 was notably fruitful in operatic events in New York. The January announcements at Palmo's present the names of artists of marked distinction. These were Clotilde Barili, a soprano; her brother, Antonio Barili,

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BENITO BENEDETTI. (FROM INDIA-INK DRAWING FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKER, ESQ.)

maestro and conductor; Benedetti, a tenor; and Sanquirico, a buffo. The Barilis were children of Catarina Barili, a prima-donna of the old school, much admired in Southern Europe, and certainly even in her decadence one of the finest singers in the grand style heard in this country—Malibran, Jenny Lind, and Alboni of course excepted, as they always must be in making comparisons. Catarina Barili became the wife of a tenor named Patti, and by him was the mother of Carlotta and of Adelina Patti. Clotilde Barili was a finished vocalist, with a pure soprano voice remarkable only for its compass in the upper register. She could give F sharp above the lines easily and gracefully. But her voice was thin, and so was her figure, and she was cold and tame, and produced little impression on the New York public. Her pretty face, however, ere long won her a husband, the son of a rich man well known in New York, and she disappeared from public life. Her brother Antonio was an excellent *maestro*, and for some fifteen years was a teacher of singing in New York, and there could hardly have been a better. After all his success,

however, he returned to Italy in disgust. He did not find the New York public to his taste.

Among all the tenors who have appeared in America, not one took such a hold upon the musical public as Benedetti, although he had not a great voice, nor a finished style, nor a handsome person. His vocalization was often open to severe criticism; indeed, he was but a half-taught singer; and his face, with a shapeless nose and little, Chinese-looking eyes, was almost ugly; nor was this defect made up by beauty of figure. But there was in the tone and quality of his voice something to which the heart could not say no; and his style of singing as well as his bearing on the stage was the perfection of manliness. His passion was manly; his tenderness was manly. The women worshiped him, and the men forgave him this and admired him. He was for years the beloved of the New York public. His great part was *Edgardo* in "Lucia"; and at one time it seemed as if he might have sung *Edgardo* every opera night without intermission for a year. He was great only upon the

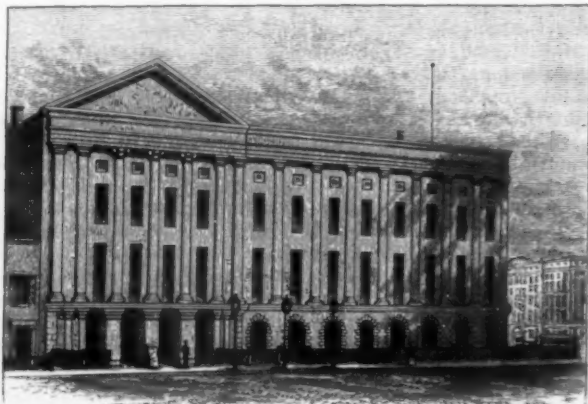


FORTUNATA TADESCO. (AFTER THE DRAWING ON STONE BY F. DAVIGNON, FROM THE DAGUERRETYPE BY F. HAAS, FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

stage, and in dramatic parts; in the concert-room he failed to carry his audience with him.

Sanquirico, artist and *impresario*, was a buffo of rare comic power, which yet depended greatly upon a peculiarity of his face and of his voice. He had a nose like Punchinello's, and the quality of his voice in recitative and in speech

was also exactly like that of Mr. Punch. The sight of his queer visage, and the sound of his cackling voice, never failed to send laughter through an audience. He became an opera manager in New York, and was much esteemed for his intelligence and his character. These artists performed "Lucia," "Linda di Chamounix," "I Lombardi," "Lucrezia," and,



ASTOR PLACE OPERA-HOUSE. (FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF GEO. F. EIDER, ESQ.)

indeed, went through the general repertory of Italian opera of the period.

April of this year brought to the Park Theater an opera company from Havana. They came to the North to avoid the sickly season of the tropics. The company was large, including, with instrumentalists and chorus-singers, seventy-three persons. These were all in training, and the performances had a large completeness which was not common in opera anywhere but in Paris. Among the principal artists were Fortunata Tadesco and Caranti-Vita, prima-donnas; Badiali, baritone; Luigi Ardit, musical director; and Bottesini, contra-bassist,—the last two destined to attain the highest honors of their profession in Europe. I must hasten on, and I can only say that Ardit and Bottesini, like Malibran, received their first recognition in New York. Coming here absolutely unknown, their talent was at once appreciated, and they received approval, which Europe soon afterward could but confirm. Tadesco was a great, handsome, ox-eyed creature, the picture of lovely laziness until she was excited by music; and then she poured out floods, or rather gusts, of rich, clear sound. She was not a great artist, but her voice was so copious and so musical that she could not be heard without pleasure, although it was not of the highest kind. This company performed "Ernani," "I Due Foscari," "Norma," "Mose in Egitto," and Pacini's "Saffo" among other operas. Tadesco was its chief attraction. She had a noble voice, a beautiful head, she sang well enough and acted not quite so well, was charming at times, brilliant at others, pleasing always, and always pretty. But she stirred no depth of feeling, nor did she in any way educate the public musical taste.

Soon after her came Madame Anna Bishop, known in England first as the beautiful Miss Rivière, then as the wife of Sir Henry Bishop (Knt.), the composer, whom she left to make an extended tour in company with Bochsa, the harpist. She was well advanced toward maturity when they came to this country, but retained the remarkable beauty both of her face and her figure, the latter being conspicuous in the part of *Tancredi* when she sang the hero's grand *scena* in that opera, which she did in very good style and with clever

execution. But her voice, never of first-rate quality, was worn and somewhat husky; she failed to produce the impression which she had expected to make; and, indeed, this venture resulted in loss. The visit of such an artist must be remarked upon; but it was really of no musical importance. The confusion and bankruptcy which seem to be the natural attendants upon Italian opera soon brought poor Palmo's little venture to an end.*



TERESA TRUFFI. (AFTER THE DRAWING BY H. SARONY. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

His wit was not so sharp as his chin, and so his career was not so long as his nose. In the autumn of 1847 his little opera-house was deserted; and in 1848 it became Burton's Theater, where that most humorous of comedians made for himself, in a few years, a handsome fortune. Upon the site now stands the large and handsome building occupied by the American News Company.

The interest shown in the performances at Palmo's, however, particularly among the wealthy aspirers to "fashion," led to the formation of a subscription opera association or corporation, which built what was known as the Astor Place Opera-house, on the eastern end of the triangle formed by Astor Place, Eighth street, and Broadway. This opera-house, one of the most attractive the-

* It may be worth while to say that the prices of admission to Palmo's were, to the first balcony and the parterre, one dollar; to the second balcony, fifty cents.



MADAM BISHOP AS NINETTA (LA GAZZA LADRA). (AFTER THE DRAWING BY M. SALABERT.
FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE ESQ.)

aters ever erected, was opened on Monday, the 22d of November, 1847, with a performance of "Ernani," with this cast: *Elvira*, Signorina Teresa Truffi; *Ernani*, Signor Vietti; *Carlo V.*, Signor Avignone; *Silva*, Signor Rossi. This occasion was a musical event of the first importance in the musical annals of New York, and as such it was regarded by society and by musical amateurs generally. So elegant and socially impressive a spectacle as that presented by the house on the rising of the curtain had not been seen before in New York, and has not been seen since. New York had not then become quite the heterogeneous place it now is; and in such an assembly as that which graced the opening of the Astor Place Opera-house there was

a certain degree of congruity and of coherence. It may safely be said that there was hardly a person present who was not known, by name, at least, to a very considerable number of his or her fellow auditors.* A social feeling pervaded the assembly, and one almost of ownership in the elegant little house and in the enterprise, which added much to the glow of satisfaction with which they greeted one another and discussed the house and the artists. The impression produced by

* It is worthy of remark, in reference to a social evil connected formerly with theatrical entertainments, that the play-bill of the opening night at the Astor Place Opera-house, which is now before me, has the announcement: "No lady admitted unaccompanied by a gentleman."

the completely filled but not overcrowded house was somewhat peculiar. Rarely has there been an assembly, at any time or in any country, so elegant, with such a generally diffused air of good-breeding; and yet it could not be called splendid, in any one of its circles. At the Astor Place Opera-house that form of opera-toilet for ladies which is now peculiar to New York and a few other American cities came into vogue,—a demi-toilette of marked elegance and richness, and yet without that display, either of apparel and trimmings or of the wearer's personal charms, which is implied by full evening dress in fashionable parlance. This toilette is very pleasing in itself, and it is happily adapted to the social conditions of a country in which any public exhibition of superior wealth in places set apart for common enjoyment of refined pleasure is not in good taste. But we are neglecting the artists whom the lifted curtain revealed for the first time to the eyes of a New York audience. Of these, however, only two, the prima-donna and the bass, proved to be of sufficient importance to demand our particular attention.

Teresa Truffi stands first as a favorite among the operatic artists of the second rank who have visited New York. She was not a great singer; she was not a finished vocalist; she had not even a great voice, as Tadesco had. But there was that nameless something in the tone of her voice—nameless unless we call it the sympathetic quality—which enabled her to move her hearers when many a more finished vocalist would leave them as untouched as by the piping of a bulfinch. Her voice was noble, if it was not perfect—so noble, so touching, that all but the pedants of vocalization forgave its unmendable break between the two registers—a rupture which always appeared when she ran a scale. Her style was both admirable and charming; it impressed and it captivated. Her triumphs were those of feeling. She bore her audience away and aloft on a high tide of emotion. It must be confessed that this was partly due to her magnificent beauty and to her acting. She suggested the statue of a good and beautiful Roman empress, if there ever was one. The nobility of the woman's nature, bodily and mental, was so great and so strongly marked that she was far above coquetry or vanity, and she bore herself upon the stage as absolutely unconscious of her beauty and of its effect upon her audience as if she had been a seraph. She had much influence upon the taste of the generation that saw her. After her, they—those of them, at least, who were capable of the higher pleasures of art—could not easily tolerate frivo-

lous and vulgar artists, even when they were accomplished singers and pretty women. Truffi was naturally greatest in tragic parts,—in *Elvira*, in *Lucrezia*, in *Donna Anna Elisabetta*, in *Roberto Devereux*, and the like. She was, take her all in all,—dramatic singer, actress, and fitting person,—the greatest *Lucrezia* America has seen, not excepting Grisi. To hear her and see her in this part was like reading Italian history with living illustrations. In the scene in which *Lucrezia* resents *Don Alfonso's* severe treatment of her favorite *Gennaro*, Truffi seemed to embody the spirits of all the Italian viragoes of the *cinque cento* period. When she stood before him, taunting, upbraiding, threatening, in her outburst of contempt and wrath, as she reminded him that she was a woman not without experience of men—"Don Alfonso, mio quarto marito!" she looked like a beautiful goddess into whom had entered the soul of an infernal fury. There was a weight and a grandeur in her wrath, due in part to her personal magnificence, but no less to her union of a large and simple style with great impetuosity of passion, which gave her an air of irresistibility. It seemed as if the wave of that arm must sweep away all obstacles less grand and less beautiful.

Few men could afford to play *Alfonso* to such a *Lucrezia*. For *Alfonso* has to tame *Lucrezia*; and with most men it would be but too plain that this *Lucrezia* was "too many guns" for them. But Rossi, her *Alfonso*, was equal to the situation. Although his face had not the demi-god-like beauty of *Fornasari's*, it was handsome, strong, and manly, and his figure was like *Jove's*—towering, majestic, yet graceful. Such handsome legs as his are rarely seen even in Greek sculpture. He sang always well, always correctly, and always in good taste; but he was not admirable except upon the stage and in action; and although he remained in New York some years, always a favorite, his place was that of a fitting companion to Truffi; as in a pair of statuettes, one, of which the beauty may be undeniable, has yet its chief value as the fellow of the other.

Truffi was one of the few artists that I knew personally. With the enthusiasm of an unhackneyed critic, and the ardor of a very young man, I had glorified her to the public from the night of her first appearance, and, although not without some critical reserves, with a very warm-hued admiration. It was intimated to me that she would like to know the man who had done her such service. The very next day, as it was not an opera day, and she was likely to be at leisure, I

presented myself. I was shown into a room quite unlike any one into which I had ever before entered. It was not large, and much of it was occupied by a great, lumbering piano-forte, on which were piles and loose sheets of music, a bonnet and shawl, a pair of soiled white shoes, a half-empty bottle of wine, and a plate containing a cut loaf and a huge piece of bologna sausage. Dingy disorder pervaded the apartment, in which I detected faintly an odor novel and indescribable, which might have been that of the sausage, but which certainly was not that of a large faded bouquet which stood upon a table, on which the cover lay awry. The prima-donna received me with gracious smiles; and if nothing else was fresh and sweet in the room, her lips and her complexion were. But her dress was a strange stuff gown; her hair was in disorder, and over her magnificent shoulders she had a queer little shawl, which she gathered closely around the ivory tower crowned by her beautiful head. She presented me to *mia madre*, one of the ugliest old she-Italians that I ever saw; in whose face, alas! there were some suggestions of her own. This ancient female, dressed in a dingy old loose gown, sat bent over in a rocking-chair, with a huge snuff-box in one hand, and in the other a silk handkerchief of varied colors. Notwithstanding the solid freshness of her beauty, which would bear the blaze of noonday, all my goddess's divinity was gone. Her figure was as grand as ever, her lips might have been stolen from Hebe, but she was utterly lacking in the charm of refined womanhood. On the stage, she had a graceful dignity which an empress might have envied; in her own parlor, no one could have mistaken her for a lady. My heart sank within me; but I kept my spirits up and entered into conversation, in which

I did not find the *signorina* very ready, although she radiated good-nature. Indeed, *mia madre* proved to be much the more conversible, and poured out upon me a flood of talk, of which I understood but little—partly because of her vile Milanese accent (which Truffi also had, of course), and partly because of my own want of practice in the language. But it was all about the brilliant talents of her daughter, and the lack of adequate recognition thereof, in money, by the *impresario*. All the while she regaled herself with snuff. At last, she paused; she raised one hand with the handkerchief spread out upon it, and lifted it slowly toward the organ which she had been titillating. I beheld the movement with some apprehension, but she staid her hand and her handkerchief in mid-air, and again she resumed her theme, and talked volubly, her nose poising and soaring above the outspread silk. She paused again, and then, after one or two more hesitating movements, the great beak swooped down in a blast that startled me from my propriety. But Teresa was as serene as a summer's morning. The handkerchief was folded, and alas! —*encore*. Then the flood of talk began again, punctuated by consolatory sweeps of the folded and refolded handkerchief across the irritated feature. And still Teresa, the magnificent, sat unmoved, smiling good-will upon me, and hugging her ivory throat with her dingy little shawl. "Great Phœbus," thought I, "and Truffi herself may come to this!" I soon gathered myself together and took my leave; and thereafter I was content to adore my goddess with the foot-lights between me and her divinity. Like many such "divinities," she was as much out of place in ordinary social life as a stage scene would be framed and hung on the walls of a drawing-room.

BUTTERFLIES IN MARCH.

DOUBTLESS it was good for ye,
To huddle here all shivering,
No blossom in the wood for ye;
From hungry pangs delivering.
No shelter for your quivering
Black and blue and liver wing.
'Twas best that so
Ye too should know
How frosty winds come slivering
More solid things
Than horns and wings,
With all their dainty quivering.

ON KINGSTON BRIDGE.

On All Souls' Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge.—*Old Legend.*

On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone
Through hurrying mists with shrouded glow :
The boding night-wind made its moan,
The mighty river crept below ;
'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years—
Their hate was once too deep for fears ;
One drew his rapier as he came—
Up leapt his anger like a flame ;
With clash of mail he faced his foe,
And bade him stand and meet him so.
He felt a grave-yard wind go by—
Cold, cold as was his enemy ;
A stony horror held him fast.
The Dead looked with a ghastly stare,
And sighed, " I know thee not," and passed
Like to the mist and left him there
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years ;
With grief that was too deep for tears
They parted last.
He clasped her hand, and in her eyes
He sought Love's rapturous surprise.
" O Sweet ! " he cried, " hast thou come back
To say thou lov'st thy lover still ? "
Into the starlight pale and cold
She gazed afar—her hand was chill.
" Dost thou remember how we kept
Our ardent vigils ?—how we kissed ?
Take thou these kisses as of old ! "
An icy wind about him swept ;
" I know thee not," she sighed, and passed
Into the dim and shrouding mist
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

ODDITIES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

EVERY people is known by its jokes. Men are least restrained in their mirth, and give therein the largest play to their likes and dislikes. The humor of Harry Fielding, Thackeray tells us, is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. The same may be said of the humor of Rabelais, though the objects of its ridicule are not always cheats and scamps. The difference between *opéra bouffe* and Anglo-Saxon farce represents the difference between the life of the French and the life of the English. With Americans it is not the snob and the husband who are satirized; our domestic jocosity embraces chiefly the small boy, the widow, and the mother-in-law, reserving for its most palpable hits the bully, the visionary speculator, the gamester, and the commercial agent. Thus American humor may be divided into two classes—that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money. In the South this general classification grows still narrower, gaining, however, in whimsicality and local color what it lacks in breadth.

There can be no mistaking the origin of the old story of the traveler who asked a Mississippian whether it was worth his while to carry a pistol, and was told: "Well, stranger, you mout move around here more'n a year an' never need a pistol, but ef you *should* happen to need one, you'd need it powerful." Equally characteristic is the record of a well-known Tennessee case. The principal witness for the commonwealth testified that he was sent to get a fresh pack of cards, that he got them, and, returning, sat down in the grass. Here he balked in his testimony, and would go no further. At last, after cross-questioning and coaxing had been exhausted, the judge threatened him with fine and imprisonment, whereupon he said: "Please, your honor, if I must tell why I drapped in the jimson weeds, I suppose I must. It was just, your honor, to *look over the kerds, and mark the bowers.*" The following incidents no less reflect the local color of the ante-bellum days: Two Kentuckians went to settle their bill at a hotel in Boston. There being a dispute about the amount, one of them grew angry and began to swear, when the other said: "Remember, John, who you are. Remember you are a Kentuckian. Pay the bill and *shoot the scoundrel.*" Parson Bullen, in his funeral oration over the dead body of Sut Lovingood, observed:

"We air met, my brethering, to bury this ornery cuss. He had hosses, an' he run 'em; he had chick-

ens, an' he fit 'em; he had kiards, an' he played 'em. Let us try an' ricollect his virtues—ef he had any—an' forgit his vices—ef we can. *For of sich air the kingdom of heaven!*"

Such incidents as these could not occur, and therefore could not be humorously narrated, in any part of the world except the South.

In the old steam-boating times the typical Southerner was pictured as a ranting, roving blade, who wore a broad-brimmed Panama hat and a great watch-fob, who was an expert in the decoction and disposition of mixed liquors, who ended all his sentences with "By gawd, sah," and thought no more of betting "a likely nigger-boy" on a "bobtail flush" than you or I, dear reader, would think of betting a button on the result of a presidential election. It was he who was to be encountered during the winter anywhere and all the way from Cairo to New Orleans; during the summer at any of the watering-places, from Saratoga to Newport. He traveled with a dusky valet, a silver-headed cane, two ruffled shirts, and a case of hair-triggers. His morning meal was a simple Kentucky breakfast—"three cocktails and a chaw of terbacker." His amusements were equally simple and few: he could clip the wing of a mosquito at ten or fifteen paces; could stop the launching of a life-boat to tell his terrified fellow-passengers the last good story from "Georgy"; could draw to a shoe-string, as the saying went, and obtain a tan-yard! He affected blooded stock, particularly game-cocks. To him the pedigree of a race-horse, like a question in constitutional ethics, was a sacred subject, to be tampered with under penalty of death. He had the faculty of losing his money, and other people's money, with a charming indiscrimination, if not with a delightful indifference, at all games of chance, from chuck-a-luck to brag. That such an animal would fight was a matter of course; he would fight anything, preferring, indeed, the "tiger." The invention of the comparatively modern pastime called by the fastidious English "American whist," to escape its more vulgar appellation of "draw-poker," was to him the discovery of another world. He felt as the ancient monarch would have felt had the new amusement for which he offered a reward really come into being. It struck him, and it stuck to him. Its very nomenclature tickled his fancy, beginning with its descriptive soubriquet, "draw-poker." He was in the habit of drawing on his commission merchant, on his revolver, and on his imagination, and

here was a chance to draw on all three at one and the same time. He was himself a poker—a poker of fun at all men, a poker of nonsense in the face and under the nose of Providence. Then the titles of the hands were descriptive. There were "fulls" and "flushes," and was not his own life a perpetual experience of one or the other?—for when he was not flush he was sure to be full, and *vice versa*.

In those days there were no bloated bondholders. We had not even risen to the dignity of the insurance agent. Capital was really timid, and, for the most part, was represented in the South, as far as the East was concerned, by the peddler, the colporteur, and the vender of lightning-rods. These, who made themselves familiar with Southern thoroughfares only, were impressed by the manners of our swaggering hero; they stood abashed before his bullying; they were amused by his vulgarity; being for the most part unversed in the ways of the world, except that of trade, they were bound to fall into mistakes. Not unnaturally, therefore, they mistook the Southern swashbuckler for the Southern gentleman, and carried home a daguerreotype of Southern life taken from their adventures, which, as we may conjecture, were rarely of the nicest. The South, on its part, got its view of the North from the wandering middlemen who were best known to it; and thus a mutual misconception sprang into existence—taking its ideas and examples, not from the better classes of society, but from the worst. The truth is, that behind these the people, the good people, of the North and South lived, moved, and had their being: in the one section, relying upon personal thrift and industry to build up fortunes; in the other section, victims to circumstance rather than design, accumulating debts as they accumulated slaves. I am sure that I am not mistaken in this; and, indeed, events are verifying it. After years of contention and war, the obstructive forces are passing away, and what do we see? Why, in the South, looking northward, we see a race, kindred to ourselves, a little less effusive, but hardly less genial, already disciplined and equipped to struggle against the winds and the waves. In the North, looking southward, the philosophic observer sees, not a huddle of lazy barbarians, composed in large part of murderers and gamblers, but a great body of Christian men and women, who have had a hard struggle with fate and fortune, but who have stood against the elements with a fortitude that contradicts the characteristics formerly imputed to them; he sees the master of yesterday the toiler of to-day; he sees the

mistress of the mansion, still a gentlewoman in the truest sense, striving and saving, patching, piecing, and pinching to make both ends meet; he sees, in short, a people, born to the luxury of a rich soil and a warm climate, and inured to nothing except the privations of disastrous war and unexpected poverty, throwing themselves bravely into the exigencies of real life; nowhere indolent and idle; nowhere demoralized; everywhere cheerful, active, and sober.

It is not of these, however, that I shall speak in these pages. The homely story of their ups and downs will pass into the humor of the future. I wish to introduce here a lower order—to talk of the comicalities and whimsicalities of Southern life, embodied in the exploits of the "howling raccoon of the mountains" and the musings of the epic hero who, describing himself, said: "I am a fighter from Bitter Creek; I'm a wolf, and this is my night to howl. I've three rows of front teeth, and nary tooth alike. The folks on Bitter Creek are bad; the higher up you go, the wuss they are; and *I'm from the head-waters*." This type is the offspring of a class, and, as humor itself springs from the nether side of nature, he must needs play a considerable part in the veracious chronicle of Southern life.

Running over the pages of Professor Longstreet's amusing volume of "Georgia Scenes," certainly a most faithful, as well as a most graphic, series of pen-pictures of Southern life, one is agreeably impressed by the absence of venality and blood-thirstiness which marks the various narrations. The table of contents embraces all manner of inland adventure, from a gander-pulling to a shooting-match, including such suggestive chapters as "The Horse-swap," "The Debating Society," "The Militia Drill," and "The Fox Hunt." "The Life and Adventures of Bill Arp" is a continuation of the same class of incidents, narrated by the principal actor in backwoods English. Both volumes, however, are bounded by purely local confines. The yarns spun by Sut Lovingood, who describes himself as "a nateral born dern'd fool," have been more fortunate; at least one of them has traveled across the Atlantic, where, translated into French, it enlivens a scene in one of the ingenious dramas of M. Victorien Sardou. Sut Lovingood is described as "a queer, long-legged, web-footed, short-bodied, hog-eyed, and white-haired" creature, mounted on "a nick-tailed, bow-necked, long, poor, pale, sorrel horse"—a compound of ignorance and cunning, half dandy and half devil, perpetually entangled in "a net-work of bridle-reins, crupper, martingales, straps, stirrups, surcin-

gles and red ferreting." He tells his own story in the wildest of East Tennessee jargon, being a native of that beatific region, and is, of course, the hero of his own recitals. These, be it said, are quite as often at his expense as in glorification of his exploits. There is an extravagant oddity in his experience which rarely fails to arrest attention. On one occasion he tells how, seeing for the first time "a biled shirt," he desires to emulate the wearer and imitate the fashion. He broods over the mystery of biled shirts. He roams in the mountains and dives into the philosophy of biled-shirts. At length, he discovers in a female friend an original genius. She has no more practical knowledge of starch than himself; but she has heard that flour, boiled to a certain consistency and smeared over a given surface of textile fabric, will stiffen it. So she undertakes the job, makes the paste, douses Lovinggood's homespun into it, and, being in a hurry, he puts it on before it is dry. He goes to the grocery to show himself, drinks deeply, and falls asleep; the shirt congeals upon him, and when he wakes—in a hay-loft—he is a sight to see. How to escape becomes at once a problem. At length, to make a long story short, he loosens the edges of the tails of the unmanageable garment, and tacks these to the four sides of the hole in the floor by which entrance is had to the hay-loft, and plunges through to the ground below—with what consequences one may imagine. On another occasion, the Lovinggood family being about to starve, and there being no horse to plow with, Sut's father agrees to be horse and pull the plow, enacting the part perfectly until he gets into a nest of yellow-jackets, when—considering it his duty to act as a horse would act—he runs away, destroying plow, gear, and all, much to the consternation of his son, who plays the part of plowman. Again, being greatly enraged with a local preacher, Sut resolves upon revenge, and goes to camp-meeting to accomplish his purpose. The culmination of this exploit he tells thus:

"I tuck a seat on the steps of the pulpit an' kivered as much of my face with my han's es I could, to show I was in yearnest. Hit tuck powerful, for I hearn a sort o' thankful kin' of buzz all over the congregashun. Ther were a monstrous crowd in that grove, for the weather was fine and beleivers was plenty. The parson give out an' they sung that good ole hymn:

"'Thur will be mournin', mournin', mournin' here,
And mournin', mournin', mournin' there,
On that dread day to come."

"Thinks I, kin it be possible anybody has tole the ole varmint what's goin' to happen to him? An' then I 'low'd nobody know'd it but me, an' I was com-

forted. He nex' tuck his tex', which was powerfully mixed with brimstone an' trim'd with blue an' red flames. Then he opened. He commenced onto the sinners. He threatened 'em orful, tried to skeer 'em with the wust varmints he could think of, an' arter a while, he got onto the subject of hell-sarpints, an' he dwelt on it. He tole 'em how the ole hell-sarpints 'd sarve 'em ef they didn't repent; how both hot an' cold they'd crawl over their naked bodies; how they'd 'rap their tails roun' their necks, poke their tongues down their throats, an' hiss in their ears. I seed thet my time had come. I had cotched seven or eight pot-bellied lizzards, an' had 'em in a narrer bag thet I had made a purpos. So, when he war a rarin' an' a tearin' an' a ravin' onto his tip-toes, an' a-poundin' ov the pulpit, onbeknowns to anybody I ontied my bag ov reptiles, put the mouf ov hit onto the bottom ov his briches-leg, an' begun a pinchin' ov their tails. Quick as gunpowder they all took up his leg, makin' a noise like squirrels climbin' a shell-bark hickory, or a sycamin'. He stopt rite in the middle of the word 'damnation.' He looked for an instant like he were listenin' for somethin'. His terrific features stopped the shoutin'. You could 'a' hearn a cricket jump. Jess about this time one ov my lizzards pops his head out'n the parson's shirt-collar, waggin' his ole brown neck an' surveyin' of the congregashun. The parson seed it, an' it war too much for him. He got his tongue, the old varmint, an' he cries: 'Pray for me, brethren! pray for me, sisteren! I is 'rastlin' with the arch enemy, rite now! Pray for me an' save yerselves! For the hell-sarpints hav' got me!'"

I have abridged the details, which, though very comic, are, it must be owned, very coarse. The book abounds with similar burlesque. It is not real life, indeed, but an attempt, in a rough way, to travesty the shams of the crude life sought to be portrayed and satirized. The orthography is really original, if nothing else, not at all imitative either of Yellowplush or Artemus. The author of the book lived and died among the scenes he describes—a quiet, somber East-Tennessean, George Harris by name. His contributions were made in the first place to a journal in Nashville, and collected thence into a volume. The value of this may not be great, but its quaintness is undeniable.

About thirty years ago there appeared in the New Orleans "Picayune" a sermon which attracted immediate attention and secured wide currency. It was at once recognized as a genuine transcription. It purported to have been delivered by a volunteer preacher, who, making his livelihood as captain of a flat-boat, happened to "lay up" over Sunday by a Mississippi landing. An idle crowd being collected, he organized an impromptu congregation, and produced a discourse which has obtained a standard place in our comic literature. He began:

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one o' them as believes an edication is necessary in a minister of the Gospel; for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; and although I says it as

ought not to say it, in the State of Alabama, where I live, there's no man what gits bigger congregashuns nor what I gits.

"There may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you that I am a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar is some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists, but, as fur as I sees, it's better to have a hard shell than no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud. But I am not proud, my brethering. For, although I've been a preacher of the gospel for nighly twenty year, an' am capting of that flat-boat at your landing, I am not proud, my brethering.

"I am not a-gwine to tell you adactly whar my tex is to be found; suffice it to say it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revelation; and ef you'll go an' sarch the scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar but a good many other texes as will do you good to read, and when you shall find my tex you shall find it to read thus:

"An' he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick."

"My tex, my brethering, leads me, in the fust place, to speak of sperrits. Thar is a great many kinds of sperrits in the world. In the fust place, thar's sperrits as some folks calls ghosts and thar's sperrits of turpentine, and thar's sperrits as some folks calls liquor, an' I've got as good a article of them kind o' sperrits on my flat-boat as was ever fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar's a good many other kin' o' sperrits, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But, I'll you what kind of sperrits as are meant in the tex, my brethering. It's FIRE. That's the kind of sperrits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now, of course ther is a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, there's the common sort of fire you light your pipe with, and there's fox-fire and camphire, fire afore you're ready and fire-an'-fall-back, and many other kinds of fire; for the text says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my brethering. It is Hell-fire! An' that's the kind of fire a good many of you are coming to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin', for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Now, the different sorts o' fire in the world may be likened to the different persuassions of Christians in the world. In the fust place, we have the 'Piscopallians. And they are a high-sailin' an' a hifalutin set, and may be likened onto a turkey-buzzard a-flyin' up in the air, an' he goes up, an' up, an' up, untill he looks no bigger'n your finger-nail, an' the fust thing you know he comes down and down, and is a-fillin' hisself on the carcass of a dead hoss by the side of the road, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Then thar is the Methodists, and they may be likened unto a squirrel a-climbin' up into a tree, for the Methodists believes in gwine on from grace to grace till they gits to perfection; an' so the squirrel goes up an' up, an' jumps from limb to limb and from branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, an' down he comes, kerflumix, for they is always fallin' from grace; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"An' then, my brethering, thar's the Baptists, ah. An' they have been likened to a 'possum on a 'simmon-tree; and thunders may roll and the yearth may quake; but that 'possum clings thar still, ah; and

you may shake one foot loose, an' the other's thar, ah! and you may shake all feet loose, an' he wraps his tail around the limb, an' clings, an' clings forever, for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

Irreligious as this may seem, grotesque and preposterous, it is not overstated. In the old time, and on the borders of civilization, such sermons were by no means uncommon. They are still to be heard in the "back settlements," as they are called; and, while those who make them pass for what they are worth as preachers, their sincerity goes unchallenged and unquestioned.

It was doubtless the publication of Professor Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," in 1840, which suggested a continuous story upon the same stage of action, and in 1842 "Major Jones's Courtship" appeared. The author of this homely, natural, and amusing fiction, Mr. W. T. Thompson, an editor in Savannah, is still alive. In 1848, he followed his first production with "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," which possess a value as contemporaneous pictures beyond and above their humor, abundant as that is. The "Courtship," however, is a novel, originally meant as a travesty, to which time has lent a sort of pathos. It is a graphic portraiture of the interior life of the South. Rough and ready as the farce is, it is never vulgar. Its characters are few, simple, and virtuous. It deals with clean homespun. It carries the mind back to the old brick church, the innocent picnic, the rural Fourth of July celebration, the Christmas frolic.

Joseph Jones, only son of the widow Jones, living near the village of Pineville, in Georgia, is a well-to-do young farmer. He is in love with Mary Stallins, daughter of the widow Stallins, a near neighbor. Joseph has grown up on the plantation, an honest, affectionate, moral young man; Mary has gone off to boarding-school, and comes home a belle. The adventures are bounded on the one side by the barn-yard, on the other side by the hearthstone. Over all a pair of rugged roof-trees cast their kindly shade. The story runs along like a brook, without effort or concealment. There is no villain in the piece—only a would-be wit, called Cousin Pete, who is introduced as a tease. The tribulations of the lovers are very slight; but there is throughout the narrative a naturalness which, being nowhere strained for its fun, is really captivating. As an example, I cannot forbear quoting the culmination of the courtship. You will understand that our hero has had many struggles and trials bringing himself to the point of popping the question; that, although he is almost sure of his sweetheart, he can-

not muster courage enough to make a direct proposal; that everybody is in the secret and approves the match. How the deed was finally done he shall tell himself:

"Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallins. As soon as I went into the parlor whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There! there!" ses they, 'I told you so! I know'd it would be Joseph.'

"What's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she know'd you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No, I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, 'you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones.'

"I know'd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creeper looked so sorry and kep blustin so, I couldn't say nothin zackly to the pint; so I tuck a chair and reched up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old chicken bone now, Majer?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," says I, 'as a Crismus present from the handsoemest gall in Georgia.'

"When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse."

"Aint you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give *Aer* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *Aer* life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, 'when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins —'

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, 'to say stockins right before —'

"Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could."

"'Highty-tity,' ses the old lady; 'what monstrous finement to be shore! I'd like to know what harm there is in stockins. People nowadays is gittin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents.'

"The galls kep laughin and blushin."

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, 'Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—wont you, Majer?'

"Oh, yes," ses I, 'you know I promised you one.'

"But I didn't mean *that*," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life; but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you promise to keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly, I will, Majer."

"Monstrous finement nowadays—old people don't know nothin about perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her lap.

"Now, you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. 'She ses she'll keep it all her life.'

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary—'but what is it?'

"Never mind," ses I; 'you hang up a bag big enough to hold it, and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin.'

"Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They 'spicioned something."

"You'll be shore to give it to me, now, if I hang up a bag?" ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it?" ses I.

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

"They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch, and about ten o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home."

"I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to get to it, but I was termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench, and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but, just as I was gettin in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody didn't wake up but Miss Stallins old cur dog, and here he come rippin and tearin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I scrooch'd down in the bag, and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swingin so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minute; only when I thought how she would be surprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch, and began to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. 'Bow! wow! wow!' ses he. 'Then he'd smell agin, and try to get up to the bag. 'Git out!' ses I, very low, for fear the galls mout hear me. 'Bow! wow!' ses he. 'Begone! you bominable fool,' ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar abouts he'd take hold. 'Bow! wow! wow!' Then I tried coaxin—'Come here, good fellow,' ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kept up his everlasting whinin an barkin all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't beleve I'd ever got out of that bag alive."

"Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she:

"What upon yearth has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

"She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out on the porch."

"My goodness! what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive," ses Miss Kesiah; 'I seed it move.'

"Call Cato, an' make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, 'and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and get this bag down.'

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

"Cato untied the rope that was round the jice and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn-meal from head to foot."

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, 'if it aint the Majer himself.'

"Yes," ses I, 'and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived.'

"The galls laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands, too."

* In son do edition

Of course, Major Jones marries his sweetheart, and, as we learn from his book of travels, published many years afterward, the union was in every respect a happy one.

I have hurried over these illustrations of Southern life in a desultory way, in order that I may reach, and give myself a little room to dwell upon, my old friend, Captain Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers. He is to the humor of the South what Sam Weller is to the humor of England, and Sancho Panza to the humor of Spain. Of course, he is a sharper and a philosopher. But he stands out of the canvas whereon an obscure local Rubens has depicted him as life-like and vivid as Gil Blas of Santillane. His adventures as a patriot and a gambler, a moralizer and cheat, could not have progressed in New England, and would have come to a premature end anywhere on the continent of Europe. Although a military man of great pretension, Captain Suggs never threw out a skirmish line or dug a rifle-pit. He scorned to intrench himself. He played his hand, at no time of the best, "pat," as it were. He "spread it," as certain players do in the game called "Booston," and, indeed, to speak truth, it was generally "a spread misery," for the career of this man, from the cradle to the grave, was one long, ambitious effort to acquire fortune by making the pleasures and recreations of life tributary to its material development, and so, abjuring scriptural injunctions touching the sweat of the brow, to compel fortune to "call" him, when he had provided himself a certainty. If he did not succeed, he at least made a struggle whose failure deserves, as it has received, historic record. No one can read the story of his life without rising from its perusal invigorated and refreshed.

Simon Suggs was the son of a Hard-shell Baptist preacher, Jeddiah Suggs by name. Tradition tells, according to the chronicle, "how Simon played the 'snatch' game on Bill" (a sable companion in the corn-field), "and found an exceeding soft thing in his aged parent." I must quote a bit of this*:

"The vicious habits of Simon were of course a sore trouble to his father, Elder Jedediah. He reasoned, he remonstrated, and he lashed [but all in vain]. One day the simple-minded old man returned rather unexpectedly to the field where he had left Simon and a black boy called Bill at work. The two were playing seven-up in a fence-corner; but, of course, the game was suspended as soon as they saw the old man's approach. Simon snatched up the money, answering Bill's demurrer with, 'Don't you see daddy's down upon us with a armful of hick'ries? Anyhow, I was bound to win the game, for I hilt nothin' but trumps.' Another thought

struck him. It might be that his father did not know they had been playing cards. He resolved to pretend that they had been playing mumble-the-peg. The old man came up.

"So, ho, youngsters; you in the fence-corner an' the crop in the grass. Simon, what in the round yearth have you an' that nigger been a-doin'?"

"Simon said, with the coolness of a veteran, that they had been playing mumble-the-peg, which he proceeded to explain.

"So, you git down on your knees," says old Jeddiah, "to pull up that nasty little stick with your mouth? Let's see one of you try it now."

"Bill, being the least witted, did so, and just as he was strained to his fullest tension, down came one of the preacher's switches. With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward, upsetting Simon, and both rolled over in the grass. A card lay upon the spot where Simon had sat.

"What's this, Simon?" said his father.

"The jack o' dimonts," said Simon, coolly, seeing that all was lost.

"What was it doing down thar, Simon?"

"I had it under my leg to make it on Bill the fast time it come trumps."

"What's trumps, Simon?" This with irony.

"Nothin's trumps," says Simon, doggedly, "sense you come an' busted up the game."

"To the mulberry, both on ye, in a hurry; I'm a-gwine to correct ye," said old Jeddiah. After Bill had received his quantum in Simon's presence, the father turned to his son and said: "Cross them hands, Simon."

"Daddy," says Simon, "'taint no use."

"Why not, Simon?"

"Jess bekase it aint. I'm a-gwine to play cards as long as I live. I'm a-gwine to make my livin' by 'em. So what's the use o' lickin' me about it?"

"Old Mr. Suggs groaned.

"Simon," says he, "you are a poor, ignor'nt creeter. You've never been nowhar. Ef I was to turn you off, you'd starve."

"I wish you'd try me," says Simon, "and jess see."

"Simon! Simon! You pore onlettered fool! Don't you know that all card-players and chicken-fighters an' horse-racers goes to hell?"

"I kin win more money in a week," says Simon, "than you kin make in a year."

"Why, you idiot, don't you know that them as plays cards allers loses their money?"

"Who wins it, then, daddy?" says Simon.

"This was a poser, and in the conversation which ensued Simon added to his advantage. At last, to satisfy his father that he really had a genius for his chosen profession, he offered to bet him what silver he had against the old blind mare and immunity from the impending chastisement, that he could turn up a jack from any part of the pack.

"Me to mix 'em?" said old Jeddiah.

"Yes."

"It can't be done, Simon! No man in Augusty, no man on the face of the yearth, can do it."

"I kin do it," says Simon.

"An' only see the back of the top card?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' all of 'em jest alike?"

"More alike'n cow-peas."

"It's ag'in' natur," Simon—but giv'm to me."

"The old man turned his back to Simon, sat down on the ground and deliberately abstracted the jacks from the pack, slipping them into his sleeve. 'As I am bettin' on a *certainity*,' he muttered, 'it stands to reason thar's no harm in it; I'll get all the money the boy has, and the lickin' will do him jest that much more good.' At length he was ready. So was Simon, who, all the while, had been surveying his father's operations over his shoulder.

* In this and the following quotations, Mr. Waterson does not follow exactly the text of the authorized edition, but has judiciously condensed it.—EDITOR.

"Now, daddy," says Simon, "nary one of us aint got to look at the cards whiles I am a-cuttin' 'em; it spiles the conjuration."

"Very well, Simon," said Jeddiah, with confidence.

"And another thing: you must look me right hard in the eye."

"To be sure—to be sure. Fire away."

"Simon walked up to his father. The two gazed upon each other. 'Wake, snakes! day's a-breakin'," says Simon, with a peculiar turn of his wrist. 'Rise, jack.' He lifted half a dozen cards gently from the top of the pack and presented the bottom one to his father."

"It was the jack of hearts."

"Old Jeddiah staggered back. 'Merciful master!' says he, 'ef the boy haint! Go, my son, go. A father's blessin' with ye!'"

"And yit," murmured Simon, as he moved away, 'they say kerd is a waste of time.'

With such a start in life, it cannot be expected that the career of the youthful Simon Suggs, whatever its triumphs may be, will add to the world's stock of harmless pleasure. He had at a very tender age evolved out of his consciousness the theory that mother-wit can beat book-learning at any game. "Human natur' an' the human family is *my* books," said Simon, "and I've seen few but what I could hold my own with. Just give me one o' these book-read fellers, a bottle o' liquor, an' a handful of the dockymints, and I'm mighty apt to git all he's got an' all he knows, an' teach him in a general way a wrinkle or two into the bargain. Books aint fit'n for nothing but to give little children goin' to school, to keep 'em out'n mischief. If a man's got mother-wit, he don't need 'em; ef he aint got it, they'll do him no good, no how." This was Simon's philosophy. His faith consisted in an ineradicable belief that he could whip the tiger in a fair fight. Many defeats had in no wise discouraged him; he had an explanation for each, which at least satisfied his own mind. He had girded up his loins, he had studied the cue-papers, and he was at length master of a system. Nothing was wanting but money enough to carry it out, and this he was assure of raising at short-cards as he was that the day or night would come when he would get the upper hand of the beast, and wear his hide the remainder of his life as a trophy. Half of his sublime aspiration was realized. One fair morning he found himself possessed of a hundred and fifty dollars, the accumulation of many smart local operations—for, after quitting the parental roof and wandering far and near for twelve or fifteen years, he had married and settled in Tallapoosa. It was the largest sum he had ever had at one time before. His dream was about to be realized. He would at once go to Tuscaloosa, then the capital of Alabama, beard the tiger in his lair, clean out the legislature, vindicate his genius and opinions, and live like a fighting-cock off

the proceeds. Considering the magnitude of the proposed expedition, Simon's means, it must be owned, were a little short. "But, what's the odds!" said he, when he started on his foray, "what's the odds—luck's a fortune." A hundred and fifty was as good as a thousand and fifty—perhaps better. He reached Tuscaloosa in safety, having picked up an extra twenty-dollar note by the way, and had hardly bolted down his supper before, like Orlando, he set out in quest of adventure—in point of fact, to seek the tiger. Presently he espied a narrow stair-way, with a red light gleaming above it. He waited for no further assurance. He boldly mounted the stairs and knocked at the door.

"Holloa!" said a voice within.

"Holloa yourself," says Simon.

"What do you want?" said the voice.

"A game," says Simon.

"What's the name?" said the voice.

"Cash," says Simon.

"Then another voice said: 'Let Cash in.' The door was opened and Simon entered, half-blinded by the sudden burst of light, which streamed from the chandeliers and lamps, and was reflected in every direction by the mirrors which walled the room. Within this magic inclosure were tables covered with piles of doubloons, silver pieces, and bank-notes, and surrounded by eager but silent gamblers. As Simon entered he made a rustic bow, and said in an easy, familiar way:

"Good-evenin', gentlemen."

"No one noticed him, and the Captain repeated:

"I say, good-evenin', gentlemen."

"Notwithstanding the emphasis with which the words were spoken, there was no response. The Captain was growing restive and felt awkward, when he overheard a conversation between two young men, who stood at the bar, which interested him. They had mistaken him for General Thomas Witherspoon, of Kentucky. Simon could, of course, have no reasonable objection to be taken for the rich hog-drover, and, having mentally resolved that, if he was not respected as such during the evening, it would be no fault of his, he sauntered up to the faro-table, determined to bet his money whilst it lasted with the spirit and liberality which he imagined General Witherspoon would have displayed had that distinguished citizen been personally present.

"Twenty-five-dollar checks," said he, "and that pretty tolerably d—d quick."

"The dealer handed him the desired symbol, and he continued with a careless air, 'Now grind on.' He put the whole amount on a single card, and it won; he repeated five times, and still won; he was master of nearly two thousand dollars. The rumor that he was a wealthy sportsman from Kentucky had spread through the room, which, joined to his turn of luck, drew a little group about the table. The Captain thought his time had come. He put up fifteen hundred dollars on the deuce. This was amazing, and a little bandy-legged dry-goods clerk, who looked on, observed:

"My Lord, General! I wouldn't put up that much on a single turn."

"Simon turned upon him, and glowered. 'You wouldn't, wouldn't you? Well, I would. And I tell you, young man, the reason you wouldn't bet fifteen hundred dollars on the duce. It's because you aint got no fifteen hundred dollars to bet.'

"This sally was conclusive as to the wit of the supposititious General. The deuce won, and that settled any remaining doubt as to his identity. It made him a hero. Simon took his good fortune, however, with calm deliberation, responding with courtesy, but dignity, to the ovation which began to be extended. 'I do admit,' said he, 'that it is better—just the least grain in the world better—than drivin' hogs from Kentucky an' sellin' 'em at four cents a pound.' At this point one of the young men who had mistaken him for General Witherspoon approached, and, stretching out his hand, said:

"Don't you know me, uncle?"

"Captain Suggs drew himself up with as much dignity as he supposed General Witherspoon would have assumed, and said that he did *not* know the young man in his immediate presence.

"Don't know me, uncle!" said the young man, somewhat abashed. "Why, I'm little Jimmy Peyton, your sister's son. She's been expecting you for several days."

"All very well, Mr. James Peyton," said Simon, with some asperity, "but this is a cur'us world, and tolerably full of rascally impostors; so it stands a man in hand that has got somethin', like me, to be pretty particular."

"Oh," said several in the crowd, "you needn't be afraid; everybody knows he's the widow Peyton's son."

"Wait for the waggin, gentlemen," says Simon. "I'm a leetle notionary about these things, an' I don't want to take a nephy 'thout he's giniwine. This young man mout want to borry money o' me."

"Mr. Peyton protested against such a suggestion.

"Very good," says the Captain, approvingly; "I mout want to borry money of him."

"Mr. Peyton expressed his willingness to share his last cent with his uncle.

"So far so good," says the Captain; "but it aint every man I'd borry from. In the first place, I must know ef he's a gentleman. In the second place, he must be my friend. In the third place, I must think he's both able an' willin' to afford the accommodation."

"These sentiments were applauded, and the Captain continued: "Now, young man, just answer me a few plain questions. What's your mother's first name?"

"Sarah," said Mr. Peyton, meekly.

"Right so far," says Simon. "Now, how many children has she?"

"Two—me and brother Tom."

"Right ag'in," says Simon, and, bowing to the company, "Tom, gentlemen, were named arter me—warn't he, sir!"—this last with great severity.

"He was, sir—his name is Thomas Witherspoon."

"Simon affected great satisfaction. "Come here, Jeems. Gentlemen, I call you one and all to witness that I rekognize this here young man to be my proper, giniwine nephy—my sister Sally's son; an' I wish him respected as sich. Jeems, hug your old uncle."

"After many embraces and much gratulation, during which Simon shed tears, he resumed his fight with the tiger. But the sickle goddess, jealous of his attentions to the nephew of General Witherspoon, turned darkly upon him. He lost all his gains as fast as he had won them, and with the same calm composure. Indeed, he made merry with his multiplying disasters, such as "Thar goes a fine, fat porker," and "That makes the whole drove squeal." At length he had not a dollar left. "My friend," said he to the dealer, "could an old Kentuckian as is fur from home bet a few mighty slick fat bacon hogs ag'in' money at this here table?" Of course he could, and presently had bet off the biggest drove that had ever entered Alabama.

"Jeems," says he.

"Yes, uncle."

"Jeems, my son, I'm a leetle behind to this here gentleman here, an' I'm obliged to go to Greensboro by to-night's stage to collect some money as is owin' to me. Now, ef I should not be back home when my hogs come in—es likely I may not be—do you, Jeems, take this gentleman to wharever the boys put 'em up, and see to it that he picks out thirty of the very best of the drove. D'ye mind, my son?"

"This was entirely satisfactory to the dealer, and, having settled like a gentleman, Simon took his nephew into a corner of the room, and says he, thoughtfully: "Jeems, has—your—mother bought her pork yit?"

"Mr. Peyton said she had not.

"Well, Jeems, you go down to the pen when the drove comes in, an' pick her out ten of the best. Tell the boys to show the new breed—them Berkshires."

Mr. Peyton made his grateful acknowledgments, and the two started back to rejoin the company. But Simon paused. "Stop," says he. "You moutn't have a couple o' hundred about you that I could use until I get back from Greensboro, mout you?"

Mr. Peyton had only about fifty, but he could raise the rest, which he did at once. Then there was a good deal of joking and drinking, and Simon, finding that General Witherspoon had unlimited credit at the bar, treated the whole company to a champagne supper. At last, at four o'clock in the morning, he and James Peyton repaired to the Greensboro coach. Just before entering this vehicle, Simon stopped to bid an affectionate adieu to his nephew. He was very full.

"Jeems," says he, "I say, Jeems. I may forgit them fellers, but they'll never forgit me. I'm—if they do." Being assured that they never would, he continued: "Jeems, has yer mother bought her hogs yit?"

"No, sir," says Peyton. "You know you told me to take ten of your hogs for her—don't you recollect?"

"Don't do that," says Simon.

"No, Uncle?"

"TAKE TWENTY!"

The military career of Captain Suggs sustained the character he had secured for himself in civil life. He commanded at Fort Suggs during the Creek war. His company of Tallapoosa Volunteers were sometimes dubbed by his political adversaries "The Forty Thieves," but this was afterward proved to be a slander. There were only thirty-nine of them. They and their gallant chief were never engaged in regular combat with the Indians, but their exploits upon watermelons and hen-roosts made them famous. Notwithstanding these, however, the close of the Creek war found Simon as poor as he had been when it began. The money which he had obtained by such devious, yet difficult,

operations had melted away. At length, Mrs. Suggs informed him that "the sugar and coffee were nigh about out," and that there were "not above a dozen j'intins an' middlin's, all put together, in the smoke-house." To a man of Suggs's domestic affection this state of destitution was most distressing. He pondered over it with bitter anguish. Then he rose and paced the floor. Presently his features were set, his mind was fixed. "Somebody must suffer," said he. He would go to a camp-meeting, he would get religion, he would enter the ministry and build a church. He did not doubt that his versatile talents would carry him through this new part, and he was more than justified by the result. He went up to be prayed for, he toiled three days with the evil spirits, and when he had made himself the object of universal sympathy and hope, he shouted "hallelujah," and from a miserable, impenitent sinner became at once an exhorter with surprising revivalistic talents.

"'Ante up, brethering,' he cried; 'ante up! I come in on nary pa'r, an' see what I drawed. This is a game whar everybody wins. You jest stick to the devil when he raises yer and raise him back, and he can't turn you off. In the service of the church you allers holds four aces.' This was a new style of religious illustration; but it took amazingly, and in a few days Simon developed his purpose to enter the ministry and build a church, 'ef he could git help.' It was agreed that a collection should be taken; that the proceeds should be placed in the hands of the Rev. Belah Bugg, in trust, and that Simon should be sent back to Tallapoosa, rejoicing in his new-found grace. In passing around through the congregation Simon's appeals were at once persuasive and peculiar. 'Stack 'em up, brethering,' says he, 'and don't be bashful or backward. They'll size themselves any way you pitch 'em in. Don't you see me? Aint you proud of me? I'm a hoary old sinner, but I kin draw to a meetin'-house, an' git a whole congregation.' Three hundred dollars were thrown into the hat. After the collection Brother Bugg said: 'Well, Brother Suggs, well done, thou good and faithful servant. Let's go and count it out. I've got to leave presently.'

"'No,' says Simon, solemnly, 'I can't do that.'

"'Why, Brother Suggs,' says Brother Bugg, 'what are the matter?'

"Simon looked at him for a moment sadly, and says he, 'Brother Bugg, it's got to be prayed over *first*.' His whole face was illuminated. It looked like a torch-light procession.

"'Well,' says Bugg, 'let's go to one side and do it.'

"'No,' says Simon, sweetly.

"'Mr. Bugg was impressed, but uncertain. He gave a look of inquiry.

"Says Simon: 'You see that krick swamp? I'm gwine down in thar; I'm gwine into that lonely swamp, an' I'm gwine to lay this means down *so*, an' I'm gwine to git on these kn-e-e-s, an' I'm n-e-v-e-r gwine to git up until I feel its blessin'. An' nobody aint got to be thar but me—jess me an' the good spirits as goes with me.'

"The Rev. Bela Bugg was overcome. He could not say a word. He wrung the hand of the new convert, and wished him 'God-speed.' Simon struck for the swamp, where his horse was already hitched and waiting. He mounted and rode musingly away. 'Ef

I didn't do them fellers to a crackin',' says he, 'I'll never bet on two pa'r ag'in. They are pretty peart at the game theyselves; but live and let live is my motto, an', arter all, gen'us and experience ought to count for somethin' in the long run.'

At various times in his life, Simon appeared before the courts to answer for his sins; but he never failed to come off with flying colors. His last appearance was as a witness before the grand jury. It was an especial panel, embracing the judge of the circuit and all the leading lawyers.

"'Captain Suggs,' said the foreman, 'did you play a game of cards last Saturday night in a room above Sterritt's grocery?'

"'Yes, sir,' says Simon, 'I did.'

"'What game of cards did you play, Captain Suggs?'

"'Well, sir,' says Simon, 'it was a little game they call draw-poker.'

"'You played for money, Captain Suggs?'

"'No, sir; we played for chips.'

"This stumped the foreman; but a talented Alexander, who happened to be on the jury, put in:

"'Of course, of course, you played for chips, Captain Suggs. But you got your chips *cashed* at the close of the game, didn't you?'

"'I don't know how that was,' said Simon; 'es for me, I had no chips to cash.'

It was ever thus with Simon, and it was this which saved him. He rarely had any "chips to cash." He was always in a good humor, he was always a willing soul, he was always ready, and he was always short. In his old age he repented of his sins; he had learned by a long life, full of rich experience, that his own motto, "honesty is the best policy," was true. He pinned his faith to that; and he stood to it. In consequence, he was elected sheriff of Tallapoosa County—a Whig county—he being the first Democrat who ever carried it. He died, and had a public funeral, and upon his tombstone may be seen inscribed to this day the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of
CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS,
Of the Tallapoosa Volunteers.

He never hilt an opportune hand in his life; but when he drew upon eternity, it is believed he made an invincible in the world to come!"

I take it that there is no reader of this enlightened magazine who has not heard of the killing of McKissick. It created no little commotion throughout Coon Creek settlement, not only on account of the circumstances attending the homicide, but because McKissick was Jim Gardner's fourth man. According to Joe Fergusson's testimony, "Mr. McKissick were sittin' in his back store a-playin' of his fid-dell—not thinkin' of bein' stobbed, nor nothin' of the kind—when the prisoner at the bar comes in an' stobs Mr. McKissick; where-

upon he seizes a i'on mallet, lights out o' the window, lips the fence, an' clars hisself." Circumstances so heinous the law could not brook. The judge sent for the prosecuting attorney, and observed that this time Jim Gardner must go up; but, when the case came to trial, the defense poured in unexpectedly strong. Six or seven witnesses testified that, though a dangerous man when roused, Gardner was peaceful and unaggressive; that his various killings had been in self-defense, and that, if people would let him alone, he'd let them alone. As a last resort, the prosecution, seeing Billy Driver in the court-house, and observing a dreadful scar upon his neck from a wound inflicted by the prisoner some years before, called him to the stand.

"Mr. Driver," said the State's attorney, "do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"What, Gar'ner there?"

"Yes, sir, Gardner there."

"Oh, yes. I know Gar'ner."

"How long have you known him?"

"What, Jim Gar'ner?"

"Yes, sir, Jim Gardner."

"Well, Judge—you see I disremember figgers, but as man an' boy it's gwine on twenty years—mout be twenty-one or it mout be nineteen and a half—thar or tharabouts."

"Where did you get that scar across your neck, Mr. Driver?"

"This 'ere scar, sir?"

"Yes, sir, that scar. Didn't it result from a wound inflicted by the prisoner at the bar, sir?"

"What, Gar'ner?"

"Yes, sir, Gardner."

"Oh, yes, that was Gar'ner. No doubt about that."

"Now, sir, tell the jury how it happened."

"Well, you see, me an' a parcel o' the boys was pitching dollars down to the cross-roads, and Jim Gar'ner he was lyin' on the grass, a-keepin' the score. Arter we'd run the pot up to fifteen dollars—it mout ha' been sixteen, and then ag'in it moutn't ha' been more'n fourteen—one o' the boys says, 'Le's go up to the grocery an' git a drink.' We all 'lowed we'd go, and, jes' for devilment—not thinkin' thar was any harm in it, you know—I ups an' knocks Jim Gar'ner's hat off, and says he, 'You cussed, bow-legged, bandy-shanked, knock-kneed, web-footed, tangle-haired vermint, if you do that ag'in I'll cut your ornery throat for you.' Well, we gits a drink and goes back to the cross-roads, an' in about a hour, or a hour an' a half—it mout ha' been two hours—one o' the boys says ag'in, 'Le's go up to the grocery an' git a drink.' So we was gwine along to the grocery to git a drink, and jes' for devilment, you know—an' not thinkin' Gar'ner was in yearnest—I ups an' knocks his hat off, an' the first thing I know'd he whips out a knife and ducks it into my throat. I didn't have no weapon nor nothin', so I 'lowed I'd better put a little daylight 'tween me an' Gar'ner, and I sorter sidled off, like, he follerin'; but, Lord! I know'd I had the bottom an' the hills, and that he couldn't ketch up with me. So every now an' then I'd stop an' let him closer, jes' to devil him. Arter a while, however, he picks up a hay-fork—"

"Stop, sir! Was that hay-fork of wood or iron?"

"It mout ha' been o' wood, or it mout ha' been o' iron, or it mout ha' been o' steel, or—"

"How many teeth did it have?"

"Well, you see, when I see Jim Gar'ner pick up the hay-fork, thinks I, I better put a little more day-

light between me an' him, an' I disremember the number o' teeth—it mout ha' been two, and then ag'in it mout ha' been four, may be five—I was in a bit of a hurry, an' I didn't exactly count em."

"Go on, sir!"

"I did go on, sir, an' presently we got in sight o' my house, an' my wife happened to be comin' out to cut some wood, and as I rin past her to get out o' Gar'ner's way, she fetched him with the ax."

"Exactly, but for which he would have killed you."

"What, Gar'ner?"

"Yes, sir, Gardner."

"Oh, in course—in course. It stands to reason. Thar warn't no other door for me to get out of, an' he would ha' been in that if my wife hadn't downed him with the ax."

"How far is it from the cross-roads to your house, Mr. Driver?"

"'Bout a mile, or a mile an' a half, Jedge—may be two mile. I never measured it axactly."

"Now, Mr. Driver, will you tell the court what sort of a man you consider the prisoner at the bar?"

"What, Gar'ner?"

"Yes, sir, Gardner."

"I do no nothin' ag'in' Gar'ner, sir."

"Don't you think him a desperate character, sir?"

"What, Gar'ner?"

"Yes, sir, Gardner."

"No, sir; I never hearn Gar'ner so called."

"Why, you say he cut your throat almost from ear to ear, followed you with an iron or steel hay-fork for two miles, and was only prevented from taking your life by the interposition of your wife."

"What, Gar'ner?"

"Yes, sir, Gardner."

"I can't swear he didn't, sir."

"Then, if you don't consider him a desperate character, what do you consider him?"

"What, Gar'ner, sir?"

"Yes, sir, Gardner."

"Well, your honor, of course Gar'ner is a clever man—I've know'd of him gwine on to twenty years—mout be twenty-one, an' ag'in it moutn't be but nineteen and a half—an' I should say that Gar'ner is a man that it wont do to go a-projeckin' with him."

There used to be, and I fear there still are, a good many men in the South with whom "it wont do to go a-projeckin'." It is true that we have reformed that indifferently, and we hope, in time, to reform it altogether; howbeit, there is a deal of misconception abroad touching the character of our murderers. They are not, as is stated so often, young gentlemen of the first families. On the contrary, they are with us, as elsewhere, low fellows—mere brutes and bullies. There is, perhaps, more stealing than killing in the North, and more killing than stealing in the South, because the criminal classes of each section go for that which is cheapest, safest, and most abundant—money or blood, as the case may be; but crime is crime the country over, and nothing could be more unjust than the assumption of superior morality by the inhabitants of any part of it. No people in the world are more homogeneous than the people of the United States. Where differences exist they are purely exterior. The self-governing

principle, the vestal fire of our Anglo-Saxon race, is strong enough and warm enough to maintain our system of Anglo-Saxon freedom and law to the farthest ends of the Republic. Like a touch of nature, making the whole Union kin, it joins the States, and should be left in each to do its work in its own way. The methods which suit one State may not suit another; but in all we may safely trust the result to the good sense and good feeling, shaped by the interest and guided by the intelligence, of the greater number, sure that in the South, no less than in the North, the conservative forces of society, left to themselves, will prevail over violence and wrong. Much, if not most, of the disorder of the last few years has been directly ascribable to a conflict of jurisdictions, State and Federal. Between the two stools justice fell to the ground, while malefactors made their escape. It is absurd to suppose that any civilized people, living within the sound of church-bells, can love lawlessness for its own sake.

If the manhood of the South were less true than it is, it would be held to its standards by the womanhood of the South. During our period of savage contention this shone with a sweet and gracious brightness which dazzled even those against whom it was directed, so that the worst which was said of the Southern woman by soldiers whom only the laws of war made her enemies, related to her fidelity in what they considered a bad cause. But if in time of war she was plucky, patient, and sincere, her triumphs have been ten-fold greater during a peace which has spread before her harder trials still; the transition from wealth to poverty, with its manifold heart-burnings and mischances, joining the sharp pangs of memory to the grievous burdens of every-day life; the unfamiliar broomstick and the unused darning-needle; the vacant clothes-chest and the empty cupboard—

"The desecrated shrine, the trampled ear,
The smold'ring homestead and the household flower,
Torn from the lintel."

I know nothing more admirable in all the world of history or romance than the blithe, brave woman of the South, grasping the realities of life in hands yet trembling with the interment of its ideals, and planting upon the grave of her first and only love signals of fortitude and honor, cheerfulness and gentleness, to be seen and followed by her children. These, she would have inherited with the misfortunes of the South, the pride of the South—not expressed in noisy vaunt and scorn of honest toil, in idleness and repining, but in a noble nature and a gift for work.

In the full meridian of their prosperity, the people of the South were an easy-going, pleasure-loving people. The reader will not have failed to observe, in the rude examples of Southern humor which I have cited, the conspicuous part played by the literature of the pictorial paste-boards, by cards and gaming. It could not be otherwise if they should be true to nature and reality. Men who dwell upon great estates, who are surrounded by slaves, who have few excitements or cares, are likely to grow indolent. The Southern gentleman had plenty of time, and he thought he had plenty of money to lose. A wide veranda, a party of agreeable neighbors, plenty of ice-water and Havana cigars, a brisk little black boy to keep off the flies, and a bright little yellow boy to pass about the nutmeg—that was the ideal state. Of course the lower orders imitated and vulgarized, as I have shown, the luxurious habits of the upper. The crash came; and, like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream, the pretty fabric fell. The great and the small, the good and ill, were buried under one common ruin. There is hardly anything left of the gilded structure. It is no longer fashionable or respectable to fribble the days away in idle, costly pleasure. Battle-scarred, time-worn, and care-worn, the South that is, is most unlike the South that was. There is something truly pathetic in the spectacles of altered fortune which everywhere meet the eye; for in the old life there were very few shadows. Such as there were gathered themselves about the negro cabins. I have purposely omitted the humors of the Southern black, because, amusing though they be, they are not essentially racy of the soil. The negro is an African in Congo or in Kentucky, in Jamaica or in Massachusetts. His humor is his own, a department to itself, embracing, amid much that is grotesque, more that is touching; for his lot has been as varied as his complexion, and ever and ever of a darksome hue. I know nothing that appeals so directly to the intellects and sensibilities of thoughtful men as the treatment he has received among us, North and South, in the present and in the past, and I declare that when I think of him, funny as he may seem to be, I am moved by any other than mirthful suggestions. I look back into that by-gone time, and I see him, not as a squalid serf, picturesque in his rags, or as we behold him on the minstrel stage,—the clown in the pageant making merry with cap and bell,—but as an image of impending sorrow crouched beneath the roof-tree, God's shadow upon the dial of American progress, whose cabalistic figures the wisest have not been able to read. I turn away dismayed. I dare not look upon the

scene and laugh, if he is to be a part of it. I only know, and to that degree am happy, that slavery is gone with other bag and baggage of an obsolete world; that it is all gone—the wide veranda filled with pleasure-loving folk; the vast estate, without a reason for its existence or a purpose in the future; the system which, because it was contented, refused to realize or be impressed by the movements of mankind. All, all has passed away. The very life which made it possible is gone. The man who, being able to pursue his bent, lives to amuse himself, is hardly more thought of now than the poor parasite who seeks to live and thrive off the weaknesses and vices of his

bettors. Never again shall the observation of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina be quoted as a wise, witty, and relevant remark; never again shall the black boy's dream of happiness be realized in the polishing of an unexpected pair of boots. If proselytism be the supremest joy of mankind, New England ought to be supremely happy. It is at length the aim of the Southron to out-Yankee the Yankees, to cut all the edges, and repair his losses by the successful emulation of Yankee thrift. Taking a long view of it, I am not sure it is best for the country, although, as matters stand, I know it to be better for the South.

A SPRING MADRIGAL.

THE tree-tops are writing all over the sky,
 An' a heigh ho!
 There's a bird now and then flitting faster by,
 An' a heigh ho!
 The buds are rounder, and some are red
 On the places where last year's leaves were dead;
 An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

There's a change in every bush in the hedge;
 An' a heigh ho!
 The down has all gone from the last year's sedge;
 An' a heigh ho!
 The nests have blown out of the apple-trees;
 The birds that are coming can build where they please;
 An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The aged man goes with a firmer gait;
 An' a heigh ho!
 The young man is counting his hours to wait;
 An' a heigh ho!
 Mothers are spinning and daughters are gay,
 And the sun hurries up with his lengthened day;
 An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The signs may be counted till days are done;
 An' a heigh ho!
 And watchers can listen while waters run;
 An' a heigh ho!
 Old men in sunshine may skip or tarry,
 Young men and maidens can joy and marry;
 An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

But there's something uncounted, unseen, that comes;
 An' a heigh ho!
 If you leave it out you can't prove your sums;
 An' a heigh ho!
 And this is the way to say it, or sing:
 "Oh, Spring is the loveliest thing in Spring!"
 An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

IN APRIL.

How do I miss thee? As the violets miss
The sun, when clouds have hidden it. Dear one,
Wilt thou not tell me, whether in heaven the sun
Misses the violet it cannot kiss?

SOME AMERICAN TILES.

THE manufacture of artistic tiles in the United States dates from so recent a beginning that few persons who are not especially interested in ceramics are aware of the existence of tile-works on this side of the ocean. The tiles of English manufacture, representing many years of costly experiment and enormous expense of production, have hitherto filled the market of the world. The very perfection of these tiles has discouraged serious attempts at imitation, and they have covered the field of decoration so well that it has seemed hopeless to attempt to compete with them in design or invention. Nevertheless, several manufactories have been started in this country during the past few years, with the intention of making an article similar to the imported one. The chief of these is the one now in operation in Chelsea, Massachusetts.

The imported rage for household decoration, which the Philadelphia Exhibition developed and fixed, has given a great stimulus to industrial art in this country. Many artists of high rank in the profession have responded to the demand for good decoration, and for a time have left their canvas to work on ceilings and walls. The Low Art-Tile Works in Chelsea is the direct outgrowth of the influence on the artistic mind of the increasing public demand for decoration. The tiles which are there drawn from the kiln are not only excellent as specimens of mechanical workmanship, but they discover much originality of design in form, color, and construction. As they are made to-day, they form a new species of ceramic ware; and the inventor, Mr. J. G. Low (certain processes used by him are covered by patents), regards the manufacture at present as rudimentary in comparison with what he is confident of

accomplishing in the future. This opinion is fully warranted by the steady progress made from kiln to kiln, and in the means through which this advance is accomplished. Indeed, the best evidence of these statements may be found in the tiles themselves, which suggest great and enticing possibilities, and give promise of future elaboration and development.

Mr. Low put aside his palette only three years ago, and the tiles which bear his name to-day are the result of study, experiment, and practice since that time. A turn of mind which may best be described as peculiarly American, gave him the impulse to investigate and the persistence to pursue the study of the methods of tile-making. From 1858 until 1861 he had studied in the *ateliers* of Couture and Troyon in Paris, and since that time had been engaged in decorative and scenic painting. His education particularly fitted him to appreciate the artistic value of tiles in decorative work, and his experience as a decorator gave him exact knowledge of the limitations of interior ornamentation. Remembering what a great part of the success of an artist depends on the drudgery of elementary work, he began at the beginning, and spent a year in a pottery, designing shapes and reproducing some of the Etruscan pieces from the English collection in England. Accustomed to work on his own responsibility, he could not long be content to imitate, and after his apprenticeship of a year he decided to make an attempt to produce tiles which should not simply be decorative, but should have a special artistic value, an individual character of their own. The Hon. John Low joined his son in partnership, and a manufactory with materials, machinery, and kiln was soon ready.

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A GLAZED TILE.

The experiments began at once, and continued for months, interrupted only by the delays caused by constant failures. The history of these months of experiment counts few or no bright days. Different kinds of clay were tried, often with the loss of an entire firing. Most of the best clay-beds in the country were drawn upon before the proper material was found. Then followed countless trials of mixtures,—for the stock of which tiles are made, although called clay by everybody, even by the ceramist himself, is a mixture of various materials—flint, quartz, spar, clay, and ground tiles.

It is impossible to give a complete idea of the difficulties of experimenting with the manufacture of "biscuit," as the tiles are called before they are glazed, without going fully into the details of the accidents to which the

tile-maker is liable, and recounting the perplexing and annoying failures which stop his progress at every step. This is a subject requiring too voluminous treatment to be undertaken here. Enough to say that Mr. Low did at last succeed in producing flat, square, and true tiles, free from cracks or distortion, pure white in color, and in every way as perfect as those of foreign make.

After the perfection of the biscuit came the glazes, and these in their turn were quite as difficult to manage. Different compositions of biscuit take different glazes, and there is always open to the ceramist an enticing opportunity to discover new colors or refine those already in use. Here again Mr. Low's training as a painter proved of great value to him. He produced many original glazes, exceedingly strong in tone, rich and brilliant in

color. As a result of all this experimenting, he was able at last to put into permanent form some of the ideas which had given him the courage and patience to carry on his work from the beginning. One of the earliest forms of tile made was the so-called dust-tile. His first ambition was to make this with a pattern in relief, so that, when glazed, it would have both the charm of form and the beauty of color. He began by carving flat tiles before they were baked, and in this way succeeded in making some beautiful specimens with patterns of his own design. This process of hand-carving was so slow and tedious that he shortly began to study out a means to simplify and shorten it. He made his own designs from natural objects, vines, leaves, and flowers, conventionalizing them in the accepted manner. While at work with these objects, it occurred to him to try to use them as natural patterns, and to stamp them into the tile just as they were, thus doing away with the intermediary process of imitation by hand. The experiment proved to be a success, and he soon produced these natural tiles with great facility. The inventor's own words will give a good idea of the process:

"How did I think of that first? Why, I was bothering over a dust-tile,—and this process is a half-century old, and ought not to bother any one,—when suddenly it occurred to me that it might be possible to stamp a figure, or a letter, or, indeed, any form whatever, upon the face of a tile just as the manufacturer's name is stamped upon the back. Since this could easily be done, of course it would be possible to take the imprint of any natural object that had little enough relief to permit it to be readily lifted from the clay. I naturally thought of leaves as the material nearest at hand, and rushing out of the shop, down behind there, toward that brick-yard, I found a mullein-leaf. I hurried back, put the dust into the press, flattened it down by a light pressure of the screw, then laying on the leaf, gave the screw a hard turn. I pressed the juice all out of the leaf, but I got my imprint perfectly, ribs and all, even to the downy texture of the surface. This was not such a startling success, but I was in a fever of excitement and anxiety over my experiments, and at the sight of the imprint of the mullein-leaf, went fairly out of my head with delight. I kept at the work all night long, trying many sorts of leaves, grass, and various combinations. The next day I went on with the experiments, and the day after, and the day after that, and at last made perfect patterns of leaves and grass. Having made the matrix, it was now the problem to make

the die from it, for the tile ought to bear the pattern in relief. Fresh dust pressed upon the matrix adhered to it, and the two became one solid tile. I tried everything I could think of, and arrived at the best results by first drying the matrix, covering it with a thin coating of shellac, and pressing the dust upon that as a mold. This process was effective, but far too long to be practicable, and I tried again. First I spread a thin sheet of rubber over the damp matrix, and was successful with that. This method, however, would materially increase the expense of manufacture. Next I tried fine Japanese paper, and finally came to use thin tissue-paper, as you see."

While Mr. Low was speaking, he arranged a few bits of dry grass and ferns and a scrap or two of coarse-textured paper on the even surface of a tile just lightly formed in the press. He brought the screw vigorously down upon these objects, raised it again, and with the point of a penknife lifted them from the clay. A perfect impression of the objects, equal to the finest electrotype, was found in the hard surface of the tile. He then placed a square of white tissue-paper upon the tile just made, shoveled a quantity of dust upon that, and brought the screw down with a forcible turn of the heavy balance-wheel. The lever below the bed was quickly worked after the screw had been raised, and a tile appeared, double the usual thickness, and with only a delicate line to show where the tissue-paper divided the two parts. A few gentle taps and judicious coaxing separated the two, the tissue-paper was easily removed, and there were the perfect copies, male and female, of the objects put into the press a moment before. The tissue-paper had dulled somewhat the sharpness of the details and had left its own texture, scarcely perceptible, over the whole surface, but there were the form and modeling of the leaves and the grain of the coarse paper, accurately enough reproduced to satisfy the most critical examination.

"I call these natural tiles," continued the inventor, "and the process is patented. The beauty of it is that we never make two originals exactly alike in composition, although we can glaze them with identical colors or reproduce them by mechanical means." And much quicker than the operation can be described, he made another pair of tiles from the same objects. They were as different from the first as two bunches of grass or two branches of trees are from each other.

"But you must understand," he said, "it is one thing to make tiles and quite another to sell them. During my season of experiment I had the encouragement and sympathy of the late Dr. Rimmer, the sculptor, who

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watched with interest every step of the work. He was the first one who appreciated the results, and he confidently prophesied complete success for the tiles. I went about with my first pieces in much the same way that a young painter carries about his little first pictures, trying to find a purchaser. The things were evidently too much out of the common line to attract the commercial eye. However, Mr. Wellington, of the Household Art Company, had faith enough in his personal judgment of their merits to undertake to introduce them, and in a very short time he found a

homogeneous mass of the consistency of thick cream. This slip, as it is called, is then dried by artificial heat and afterward is ground into an impalpable powder. In this state it is, of course, only very slightly adhesive, and must be moistened to be worked. There is no way of mixing water with it without making it lumpy or sticky, and an ingenious process of dampening is made use of, which is not only effectual but extremely simple. A great bed of solid plaster, two or three yards square and nearly a yard deep, is sunk in the floor and surrounded by a board a foot or more in



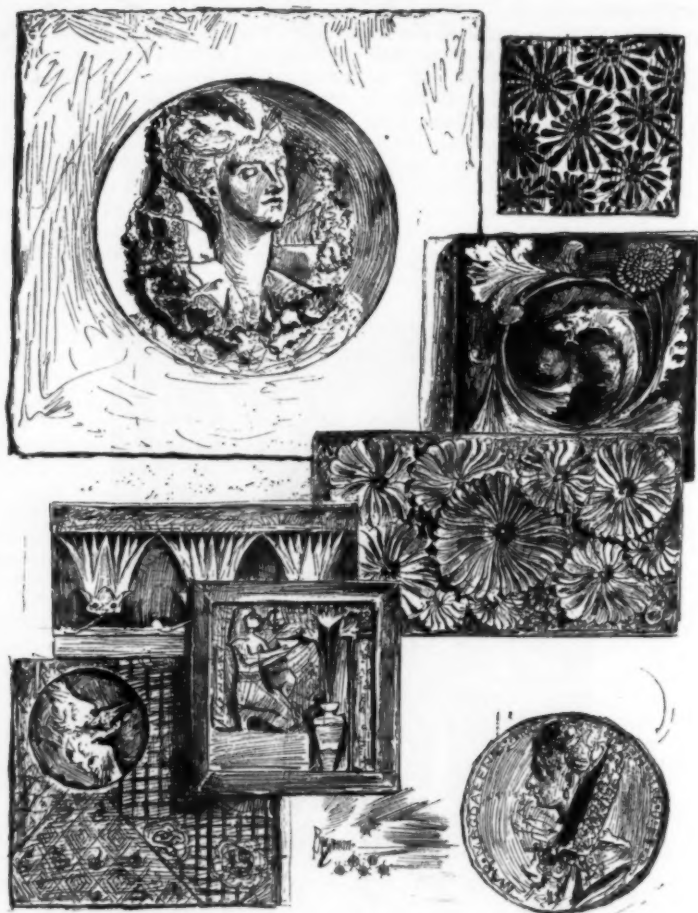
CHARGING THE KILNS.

good market for them. From that moment all my doubts and anxieties were at rest. The real success was far more comprehensive than I had dared to hope, and as early as September, 1880, the tiles were awarded the gold medal at the exhibition held at Crewe, England, over all the famous pottery manufacturers of the United Kingdom."

The name "dust-tile" is somewhat of a misnomer, for the clay used, though not in the form of paste, is not by any means as dry as dust, but has the consistency of damp sugar. After preliminary grinding, the different materials used in its composition are mixed with water and stirred by machinery into a

height. Upon this bed are thrown barrels of water by the bucketful until it is thoroughly wetted. The dust from the mills is then spread upon this bed in a layer three or four inches deep, and absorbs the moisture with considerable rapidity. The exact degree of dampness required can be easily regulated by withdrawing the dust at the proper time. When moistened it is ready for the press.

The natural tiles just described form only an unimportant part of the manufacture at the Low Tile Works. Relief-tiles are the specialty there, and they are quite as unique in their way as the natural tiles are. They are made mechanically by the dust process, or by hand



GROUP OF TILES. (DESIGNED BY ARTHUR OSBORNE.)

by the ordinary wet-clay process. It will be understood that the former is the particular branch of the manufacture of relief-tiles which is the most striking and original. Before the Low tiles were made, the notable attempts at producing machine-made relief-tiles were limited to the reproduction of low reliefs in arabesque patterns. The difficulty commonly met with was in the fracture of the pressed tile when the screw was raised and the die was withdrawn from the clay; usually parts of the relief would be found sticking to the die, and frequent losses resulted. By a simple device Mr. Low has overcome this difficulty, and he now works designs in very high relief as easily as the shallow arabesques. The original designs are made in modeler's clay or

wax, reproduced in plaster, and then the dies are made from these in any metal desired and finished to fit the press. When the pattern is in prominent relief, like a head, the workman has only to pile up the dust in the bed to correspond roughly with the deepest depression in the die, so as to insure the complete filling of all the parts, and then the tile can be struck with perfect ease.

The tile, when it comes from the press, is solid and heavy but exceedingly brittle, and the edges may be easily rounded by passing the thumb along them. The drying process which prepares the tiles for the kiln is an important part of the manufacture, and necessitates the exposure of the tiles on drying-racks, first to ordinary temperature for several days,

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A TILED FIRE-PLACE. (FROM A DESIGN IN USE.)

and then to a high heat in a closed room. The greatest care is required in handling them before they are fired, and it is an operation of considerable delicacy to place them in the fire-clay boxes in which they are packed in the kiln.

The first firing, which converts the fragile, dry clay into hard, imperishable biscuit, occupies about three days. The cooling takes from five days to a week. The proper management of the kiln is, like every other part of the manufacture, the result of much experiment, and it requires a workman of long experience and good judgment to superin-

tend the firing. The kiln itself is a conical structure, twenty feet or more in height and one-third this distance in diameter. The furnaces are built in the base of the kiln, and the flues are so arranged that, at a certain time during the firing, the smoke and gas may be turned out of the interior of the kiln, so that only the heat of the flame shall play among the "seggars," as the fire-clay boxes are called. The kiln is constructed of fire-brick laid up in concentric courses, forming a wall of sufficient thickness to confine the heat to the interior. It is entered by a small door, which is walled up after the kiln is packed.



ORNAMENTED JUG. (HAND-MODELED BY ARTHUR OSBORNE.)

The seggars are stacked in the kiln in such a way that the fire plays among them freely, and heats every portion of their contents to the same degree.

After the biscuit has cooled, the glaze, which is a thick liquid, is applied with a brush, or the tiles are dipped into it. In firing the glaze, the heat is kept up only from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The glaze is a mixture of various materials, so combined as to fuse together to form glass, and is colored by the addition of oxides of various metals. It must be so compounded that, when fused, it will contract and expand in the same degree as the biscuit, otherwise it would crack, or "craze," as the ceramist calls it. One of the peculiarities of the Low tiles is the strength and purity of the glazes. The colors range from pale yellows and delicate grays, through the entire scale to intense, lustrous browns and vigorous tones of green and even black. Perhaps the most successful colors

are the varieties of the yellow and olive, and these are quite unlike any other tiles manufactured. The present fashion of interior decoration demands tiles which shall harmonize in color with the peculiar tones in hangings and paint now in vogue, and to satisfy this demand Mr. Low has composed a new scale of glaze colors.

It will be readily understood, from the description of the process of making dust-tiles, that the range of design is naturally somewhat limited. Only that kind of relief can be struck which will separate from the die; that is, any portion of the relief which overhangs or is under-cut must be carved by hand after the tile comes from the press. The great value of the mechanical process is the rapidity of manufacture and the consequent cheapness of production. The hand process of making relief-tiles is necessarily somewhat slow, but it is a quite simple one, and adapted to the artistic execution of almost any design, ornamental or sculptural. It is no new method, having been in use, with various modifications, from the earliest times. It consists in pressing stock or clay into molds previously prepared for that purpose, and then glazing and baking the forms in the usual way. In making relief-tiles by hand there is no limit to size, except that fixed by the difficulties of firing. By this process Mr. Low has made single tiles over two feet in length. The designs are first made in clay or wax, and a plaster cast is taken, which serves as a mold for the reproduction of any number desired. This mold is so formed that the design is depressed below the general surface of the cast just the required thickness of the tile. The sides are cut off even with the border of the design, leaving the ends by which to gauge the thickness of the tile, thus giving facilities for working the clay into the pattern and for lifting the tile from the plaster. The stock is mixed in the same way as for dust-tiles, only it is taken from the drying-pan while it is yet moist enough to be plastic. A quantity of this stock is taken by the molder, and beaten and kneaded on a block of plaster, which is kept damp enough to prevent it from drawing the moisture out of the clay. When it is of the proper consistency, the workman beats it out into a thin mass, smooths the surface, lifts it with both hands, and flaps it over upon the mold, much as a cook puts pie-crust upon a plate. He then works it with his thumb into the depressions of the plaster matrix, and completes the operation by pressing the clay into every part of the design by the vigorous use of a wet sponge. The dry plaster soon absorbs the superfluous moisture from the clay, and the tile

becomes sufficiently rigid to be lifted from the mold. It may now be readily worked over by cutting-tools. The pattern may be undercut or perforated, or, indeed, elaborated to any desired degree. The drying and firing then follow, and the tile may be glazed with one color or with a combination of tints, according to the taste of the designer.

This is the process by which the Low plastic sketches are made, and it is evident from these that there is no limit to the artistic quality of this branch of tile-making other than that found in the attainments of the designer. The sketches and tiles thus far produced have been mostly from the hand of Mr. Arthur Osborne, a sculptor trained in the English schools. His work is decidedly English in character, but remarkably varied in scope, and full of invention. Among scores of different designs in the plastic sketches, one of the best pieces is sheep in a pasture, with a delicately modeled landscape in the distance. An owl tearing a bat is the design of one of the largest pieces, made in high relief; it measures eight and a half by twenty-four and a half inches. A cock with two hens is a highly decorative panel, and the donkey panel, showing three donkeys trotting away to meet a braying companion, is one of the most popular designs by Mr. Osborne. It is a trifle longer than the owl panel. Mr. Theodore Baur has designed a boy on a dolphin, which is exceedingly rich in effect and bold in execution.

In the tiles, a pattern of hawthorn, one of quince-blossoms, and another of apple-blossoms, are favorite examples. These are made in sets to border fire-places of different sizes, and hearths with borders are made to accompany the sets. The designs do not stop with animals and foliage, for heads, groups of figures, and even architectural compositions are produced. A group of monks, a figure in sixteenth-century costume, and a number of ideal heads are among the latest designs successfully fired. In the plastic sketches, as well as in the tiles, the glazes are used to modify the effect of the design. They are applied so as to melt in the high heat of the kiln and flow freely over the surface of the tile, filling up the depressions, gathering in the places where shadows would naturally fall, and leaving the highest points of the relief with only a thin coating of the color. By this means the most charming effects are produced. In a landscape the foreground is strongly accented, and the sky made to appear soft and deep, as if modeled with a brush. A delicately executed head will receive through the glaze the additional charm of softness and mystery which the superimposed transparent color



OWL AND BAT. (DESIGNED AND MODELED BY ARTHUR OSBORNE.)

imparts, and the element of agreeable variety of tone will be added to the beauties of the design. All forms of pottery may be readily produced by exactly the method described above. Mr. Low has fired some beautiful examples of jugs and vases with ornaments in relief, which have all the artistic qualities of the tiles and sketches. The quantity of floor, wall, and ceiling tiles made at the Low Works testifies to the increasing demand



BOY ON DOLPHIN. (DESIGNED BY THEODORE BAUR.)

for this material, both for decoration and for practical service. Effective ceiling tiles are made by a new process of glazing. They have the glitter of burnished gold, or the delicate variety of color and sheen of mother-of-pearl.

The measurements of tiles above given are not to be considered the limit of the size to be produced in the Low Tile Works, although they are among the largest dimensions ever

reached in tile manufacture. New kilns have been built at Chelsea, and a monster press has been set up. The discouraging conditions of experimental production are no longer in the path of progress, and the expense of the costly first steps has been met. The results are before the public, and form one of the most significant features of the present artistic movement in the United States.

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RUSSIAN JEWS AND GENTILES.

FROM A RUSSIAN POINT OF VIEW.*

ANTI-SEMITIC feeling still runs high: to this the late most unjustifiable demonstrations against Sarah Bernhardt in Galicia and Odessa bear witness. That it is especially strong in the eastern part of Europe, where the Israelites are most numerous and most firmly seated, is another indubitable fact. It also may be safely asserted that never, even in the quietest times, is this feeling wholly extinct. Were it otherwise, the popular outbreaks could not be so violent, so frequent, nor—to use a homely but expressive word—so “catching,” nor so uniform in character, as they have been within not very many years in Roumania, Galicia, eastern Prussia, and, very lately, in the south of Russia. When the effects are identical, the causes must be at least similar, and where the former recur with persistent iteration, the latter may be supposed to be permanent and deeply rooted. Now, looking back along the line of ages, we find that no historical event recurs more surely, though at irregular intervals, than popular outbreaks against the Jews. Wherein lies the cause of this singularly tenacious phenomenon? Historians are quick and ready with their answer: “In religious intolerance, with its attendant spirits of fanaticism and persecution, and in the antagonism of race.” Such an explanation may pass muster for the ages of mediæval darkness—but sweeping assertions seldom exhaust a subject, and this can be proved to be no exception to the rule. When the same phenomenon is reproduced periodically in our own time, under our eyes, and we are still told that “its only cause lies in religious intolerance and the spirit of persecution—more shame to our enlightened nineteenth century,” and when this is made the burden of a general hue and cry from the so-called progressive and liberal press of most countries, we become slightly skeptical, and desirous of looking into the matter for ourselves and more closely. We hope better things of our own time; we are familiar with it, being a part of it, and we know that its ruling spirit is not that of religious intolerance. We also know, from the teachings of the modern philosophical school of history, that the popular mind and feeling, however abrupt and unreasonable their outward manifestations may be, are strictly logical in their development, and that the masses,

when they appear to be swayed by nothing but caprice, or a sudden gust of passion, or at best by a blind and defective instinct, are in reality ruled by irresistible hidden currents of historical life, not the less powerful because they act at great depths below the surface. To dive into those depths, to reach those currents, to ascertain their direction and force, is the task of the inquirer. Sometimes chance steps in, and by the discovery of some unexpected clew lightens the task. It so happens that such a clew, in this particular case, has been offered by a rather peculiar combination of circumstances in Russia several years ago, and as the interest in the subject has been strongly and somewhat painfully revived by the widespread tumultuous occurrences of the last twelvemonth or so, it is surely worthy of a few moments' serious attention, under the guidance of these revelations, which, though they concern specially the condition, power, and acts of the Russian Jews, will be found to possess more than strictly local importance. A convenient introduction is afforded us by the general rising against the Jews which took place last spring throughout the south-west of Russia, and of which scarcely more than a bare mention was transmitted at the time to this country.

I.

THE disturbances began at Ielizavetgrad, in the middle of the Easter week. How did they begin? On what provocation? The immediate occasion was too trifling to have been more than a pretense, a signal for something long impending. The first three holidays had passed over quietly, when, on the afternoon of Easter Wednesday, a quarrel took place at a much-frequented public-house on account of a broken drinking-glass, for which the offender refused to pay. The tavern-keeper, who was a Jew, from angry remonstrances passed to blows. A voice from the crowd around the bar was heard to shout: “They assault our people!” The uproar quickly spread along the street, and, in a few minutes, there was a mob of not less than a thousand men, which carried the news and the excitement from end to end of the city. The work of destruction began immediately, and raged all through the night and through the following day and evening,

* See “Topics of the Time” in this number of the magazine.

as late as midnight, when it stopped—not so much from fear of the troops who had been telegraphed for and only then had arrived, as because scarcely anything was left to destroy. To realize the extent of the ravages done, it must be kept in mind that Ieliza-vetgrad, situated on the highway between Poltava and Odessa, is a great commercial thoroughfare and a very wealthy city, with a population of forty-five thousand, of which fully one-third are Jews. The authorities were wholly unprepared. The ordinary police force was far too small to be of any use, and of the military only four squadrons of cavalry were on hand—a force particularly ill-suited for action in narrow, crowded streets—not quite five hundred men in all against a mob of many thousands, half of them women and children. It was a good-natured mob, too, which did not provoke violence by resistance, but dispersed at the first collision; but the broken groups would join again some streets further off, and carry their devastations to other quarters where the field was still clear. As for the citizens of the better classes, they, of course, took no part in the proceedings,—but they did nothing to oppose them. Numbers followed the different mobs out of curiosity, as mere lookers-on. A certain secret sympathy with the rioters could even be detected, which the latter were not slow in perceiving, and acknowledged by sundry marks of friendly attention. Thus, on the “bazaar,” or market-place, the ground being very wet and muddy, they spread it with carpets and woolen materials dragged out of the shops, at the same time politely inviting the spectators “to approach, as they need not be afraid of soiling their nice shoes.” The citizens would probably not have preserved this passive attitude had the rioters shown themselves at all cruelly inclined, and threatened the persons of the Jews instead of venting their rage only on their property. But, as it was, the worst instincts of a mob were not called into play, in great part owing to the prudence of the Jews themselves, who mostly kept out of sight. Had they “shown fight” at all, matters might have taken a more tragical turn, for the rioters gave signs of manifest irritation in the rare instances when revolvers were fired, very harmlessly, from windows. Crowds of women and children, and townspeople of the poorer sort, followed in their wake, picking up and carrying away all they could of the valuable property which covered the ground, or lay piled in mud-bespattered heaps, and literally could be had, not for the asking, but for the taking. A noteworthy feature, and one that shows how entirely the actors were mastered by one feeling, that of animosity

toward the Jews, is that the rioters—mostly workmen, handicraftsmen, and peasants from the environs—did not take anything for themselves; they merely destroyed. Some shop-keepers and householders tried to ransom their goods with sums of money. One gave a thousand rubles, another two thousand; many gave a hundred and fifty or two hundred. The rioters took the money, but only to fling the coin away and tear the paper to shreds, and then went on with their work. The only temptation which they could not resist was whiskey (*vodka*). In the cellars of wholesale spirit-warehouses, every barrel was staved in or the faucets were taken out, till the whiskey stood several feet deep and the barrels actually swam. Three men were saved from drowning only by the timely assistance of the soldiers. Many lay senseless about the streets, and were picked up in that condition hours afterward.* Yet, on the whole, the mob behaved—for a mob—with remarkable coolness and discrimination. Not a single Russian house or shop was touched, even by mistake, although protected only by crosses in white chalk on the doors and shutters, and occasionally by some saints' images (*ikonas*) and Easter loaves placed in the windows—a device which was found so efficient that the Jews did not fail to adopt it in other towns, where many saved their houses by it. Jews living in Christian houses were not molested; neither were Hebrew physicians and lawyers, they being considered useful members of society. Exceptions were made in favor of well-recommended individuals. Thus, at the door of one house belonging to a Jew, the mob is confronted by the porter: “Boys,” says he, “leave him alone! He is a good man, and often gives you work. I have been ten years in his service.” “All right!” say the rioters, and pass on.

When the outrages were stopped at last, and the excitement had worn itself out, the city presented the strangest, wildest aspect. The streets were as white as after a fall of snow, for one of the mob's chief amusements had been to rip up every feather-bed and pillow they came across, and fling out the contents. The wooden houses were shattered, the furniture broken to pieces and left in heaps, mingled with kitchen utensils and household goods of every kind. Here might be seen the hulk of a grand piano, with lid and legs wrenched off and strings hanging out; further on, fine mahogany reduced almost to chips, with velvet rags still clinging to them, and close to that the *débris* of painted furniture of

* The account reads something like the famous episode of the Gordon riots in “Barnaby Rudge,” minus the horrible accessory of the fire.

the commonest description. Not a pane of glass, not a window-frame, not a door was left whole. Inside the houses the same ravages had been committed everywhere, with methodical regularity; every object, even the smallest, was broken or spoiled for use; the very stoves were demolished; nothing escaped destruction.

The pawnbrokers' offices were the first to suffer; then came the public-houses, the wholesale wine and spirit shops, then the other shops, and lastly whatever the mob set eyes on that belonged to Jews. The market-place or bazaar was one motley chaos of dry-goods, broken crockery, ready-made clothes, iron-ware, leather goods, spilt flour and grain. Of course, a vast amount of property was secured and carried off by marauders of the poorer classes, especially women and children, who followed the rioters for the purpose; but when a bill was posted all over the city, explaining that such conduct would be considered as robbery or secretion of stolen goods, and requiring all such unlawful prizes to be delivered at the different police stations within three days, whole wagon-loads began to arrive, not only from different parts of the city, but even from the surrounding villages. These simpletons actually did not know that they were committing a blamable act and incurring a severe responsibility. When questioned or rebuked, they answered with the greatest candor: "Why, we did not steal these things; they were lying around, so we picked them up. We meant no harm." Of course there were exceptions, and in several instances, especially in other cities, great quantities of valuable goods, as jewelry, watches, silks, and the like, were found in the possession of people whose social position put the plea of ignorance out of the question. Nay, well-dressed women—ladies they could not be called—had been seen to drive to the scene of destruction, and to fill their carriages with plunder. Many a private grudge, too, may have been indulged under cover of the confusion, as in the case of a certain tradesman in Kief, who rushed into the house of a wealthy Hebrew merchant at the head of a band of rioters, gave the signal of destruction by shattering with his own hands the piano and largest mirror, and under whose bed many valuables belonging to the same merchant were afterward found.

In Kief and Odessa the riots broke out a few weeks later, in May and June, and took a rather more malignant character: more personal outrages were committed; the troops and police were resisted, so that several people were killed and about two hundred wounded; passers-by, who were accidentally met by infuriated bands, were in imminent

danger, and escaped it only by crossing themselves ostentatiously, after two men had already been struck down by mistake; two or three times the mob viciously had recourse to fire, poured kerosene on pieces of dry-goods, or set fire to barrels of oil, petroleum, tar, and pitch, and only the greatest vigilance prevented a general conflagration.

While all this was going on in the large cities, the small towns naturally followed suit. Great agitation prevailed in the villages also, but with comparatively trifling results,—on the one hand, because numbers of the peasantry had joined the rioters in the great centers; on the other because, immediately after the occurrences in Ielizavetgrad, Government officials had been dispatched all over the country, to talk to the people, exhort them to keep quiet, and explain to them to what consequences they would expose themselves unless they did. This was a most necessary measure, for the country people had somehow got possessed of an idea that a rising against the Jews would be connived at. There were even vague rumors abroad that it was desired, nay that a certain mysterious "paper" had come from head-quarters, formally authorizing it, which paper was withheld from the public only because the local officials had been bribed by the Jews to conceal it. Where and how such nonsense could have originated and been circulated has never been found out. The fact, at all events, points to some hidden machinations, some underhand leadership, and there can be little doubt that the Nihilists—or socialists—were concerned in the movement, and secretly fomented it. Proclamations were found in the streets of Poltava, and along the most frequented post-roads, exhorting the people to massacre the Jews and the property-holding classes. In another place a woman, disguised as a policeman, was caught distributing small printed sheets of the same description. Odessa being a university city, the workings of the socialistic propaganda were especially apparent there, and, strange to say, of the students arrested for openly inciting the mob to the plundering and destruction of Jewish property, and to riotous proceedings generally, one was himself an Israelite. Yet, in the great amount of lawlessness committed in those wild weeks, these are isolated cases which do not warrant the assumption generally set up in official circles, that the Jewish riots of last spring were entirely the work of "the party." It was not to be supposed that the revolutionary agents should miss so good a chance of working on inflammable material—offered them, so to speak, ready for use. But their efforts must be looked upon as one of many sparks falling on a train of gunpowder.

The above is a very condensed, but faithful and not incomplete, account. Anecdotes might be multiplied, but as it is, no characteristic feature has been omitted. And now, after attentively perusing it, who will venture to affirm that religious animosity or the spirit of intolerance had anything whatever to do with the deplorable outrages committed on one-third of the population by the other two-thirds? On the contrary, do we not see that every motive *except* that one was at work more or less openly? Popular revenge, political propaganda, common greed, commercial rivalry,—as in the case of the small Russian tradesmen, who would not be sorry to get rid of Hebrew competition, nor averse to getting the same exorbitant interest themselves,—in short, most human passions are in play except religious intolerance. If more is needed to complete the evidence, here are a few miscellaneous scraps to the point. "When I reached the corn-bazaar," writes a special correspondent of the "Golos," from Kief, "the Jewish shops were already demolished and plundered; the mob was just attacking the public-houses. Having broken in doors and windows, they rolled the barrels out on the street and broke them to pieces. Whiskey flowed in streams. The rioters waded—they bathed—in whiskey. The marauding women carried it away by pailfuls. Through the uproar I could clearly distinguish the shouts coming from all sides. 'The Jews have lorded it over us long enough!' 'It is our turn now!' 'They have got everything into their own hands!' 'Life is too dear!' 'They grind us to death!' etc. Some well-intentioned persons went about amongst groups of idlers, who were evidently anxious to begin operations, and were forming into a sufficiently numerous mob, and tried to dissuade them. 'How can you be so foolish?' they would say. 'Don't you know that you will be punished?' The reply in almost every case amounted to this: 'No matter; we will take our punishment—it will be only *once*. The Jews torture us all our lives.'"

It is a fact so well known in Russia as to need no repetition or argument, that it is in part the merciless and systematic "exploitation," or, as the people so graphically describe it, *the sucking out* of the country's blood by the Jews, which has brought the peasantry of the West to the depths of destitution. As a consequence, never, in the whole course of our history, has the rage for emigration been so much of an epidemic as it is growing to be since the Government has opened the wide fields of eastern Siberia and the Amoor country to settlers, offering them assistance, encouragement, and advantages. The Little-Russian peasant, like every tiller of the soil, is deeply

attached to the land that nourishes him and his family. Such a land, too!—one of the healthiest, wealthiest, most fertile regions in the world. Yet this fruitful land—the very "land of milk and honey"—they will abandon in gangs, half-villages at a time, their wives and children and some few wretched household goods piled on their wooden wagons, drawn by small, emaciated horses, sometimes a cow tied in the rear, but more frequently of late despoiled even of this last friend and chief support of the little ones, and start on their dreary tramp across half of one continent and the whole of another,—to them an incalculable number of miles,—for a distant, absolutely strange, nay, unimaginable goal, which half of them never reach,—all this with a recklessness which can come of nothing but despair.*

Russia has millions of Mohammedan subjects. I do not mean our new subjects of Central Asia, but the Tatars along the Volga and in the Crimea, and the inhabitants of the highlands of the Caucasus. They are received in the public schools and colleges, where they are taught the principles of their religious law by doctors (*mollahs*) of their own. They furnish good soldiers and distinguished officers to our army. They ply various crafts in the midst of our native population, especially those of peddlers, of cab-drivers, and hotel-waiters. They are thrifty and peaceable. Who ever heard of hostile outbreaks against them? A little good-humored railery is all they ever have to encounter at the hands of our people, who will call them "Pig-ear" in fun, or sometimes in derision, when angry or quarreling, in allusion to their horror of pork. "Shaved-pate" is also a current appellation, which they are so far from taking in bad part that a Tatar peddler, if so hailed by some housewife from the other side of the street, will immediately walk over, and, of course, drive the best bargain he can. But the people would no more think of attacking the Tatar quarter in St. Petersburg, or demolishing and plundering a Tatar village on the Volga, than of so dealing with a Russian bazaar or homestead. Where, then, is the difference? Why this imperturbable good understanding with fellow-subjects of one race and religion, and this ineradicable animosity against those of another?

II.

If we were told that a certain great state, embracing under its rule populations belong-

* There is another current of emigration from the government on the Volga; and that, of course, has nothing to do with the Jews.

ing to several distinct races, had in the number several millions of subjects who, outwardly peaceable and harmless, nay, timid to cowardice and submissive to servility, were yet unceasingly and systematically undermining the well-being of the country they inhabit; who, while enjoying the fullest religious toleration and liberty of public worship, scrupulously perform every year a public religious ceremony which offers a loop-hole of release from the obligation of keeping any oath or promise made to the Government or to individuals belonging to the state religion; who, while sheltered by the laws equally with all their fellow-subjects, and, like them, entitled to sit in local courts of justice, are bound, under the direst penalties of excommunication, to decide cases brought before them only according to instructions received from a secret tribunal of their own; who are authorized and taught by their law to consider the persons and property of their fellow-subjects, if belonging to a different race and religion from theirs, as their natural patrimony, lawful for them to secure by any means; lastly, who contrive to feed whole districts in part on the refuse of the meat slaughtered for themselves,—if such a state of things were described to us as existing actually, in a great country, under a strong and well-established government, would not such a statement awaken in us a feeling of incredulity amounting to total disbelief? Surely no government can for a single moment tolerate so monstrous an anomaly! Certainly not—*i. e.*, not with its eyes open. But there are many ways of blinding the most wakeful eyes. Argus had a hundred of them, yet Hermes could charm them all. That the above is no wild fiction, but a statement of facts, an account of the condition in which the entire west and south-west of Russia has been for centuries, and is now, is the startling discovery which we owe to the remarkable collection of authentic documents, edited in 1869 by Jacob Brafmann, under official patronage, and with means of a semi-official source. But before examining and quoting the work, something must be said of the man, whose marked individuality invites attention.

There have of old been Jews of two descriptions, so different as to be like two distinct races. There were the Jews who saw God and proclaimed His law, and those who worshiped the golden calf and yearned for the flesh-pots of Egypt; there were the Jews who followed Jesus, and those who crucified Him; there were the thinkers and the sticklers; the men of the spirit and the men of the letter; Spinoza and his persecutors. To borrow, for a moment, Renan's

noble and striking language, "in the course of its long history Israel has always had an admirable minority which protested against the errors of the majority of the nation. A vast dualism is the very essence of this singular people's life. It has been divided, so to speak, into two opposing families, of which the one represented the narrow, malevolent, hair-splitting, materialistic side of the genius of Israel, the other its liberal, benevolent, idealistic side. The contrast has always been striking."*

Jacob Brafmann is distinctively a Jew, but distinctively belongs to the "admirable minority." Of humble parentage, and in no way favored by fortune, he was raised out of his sordid surroundings and the narrow groove of his early training by nothing but the predominance of "the liberal, benevolent, idealistic" element in his nature. His boyhood was the same unenviable round of useless, unintelligent school learning, mischievous idleness, and precocious familiarity with sharp practice of every kind, which makes the Hebrew youth of the poorer class so unattractive a specimen. "Education" for the Hebrew boy of small means begins, indeed, at the age of five or six, but consists entirely in learning to read and memorizing the "Prayer-book"; then chapters from the Pentateuch, with scraps of Talmudistic commentary, and it may be, at the last stage, fragments from the Talmud itself. Then, at seventeen or eighteen, comes marriage with all its cares and burdens,—and Hebrew wedlock is proverbially prolific,—but too often without its solace and companionship, for the matter is usually arranged by the respective families, without reference to the young people's wishes or sympathies. Poor Brafmann fared but ill at this pass; the mate assigned him was exceptionally uncongenial to him. Doggedly he worked for his family, plying alternately sundry small trades and various crafts—that of cab-driver, of photographer, etc., with the versatility peculiar to his race, and to which they are partly driven by the necessities of an overcrowded, overstocked market in those centers of dense and abjectly poor Jewish population. But, unlike his brethren, he did not sink and harden in degradation. Through all those years of loveless, thankless toil, he never ceased to think, to observe, to learn—nay, to study, in the real and higher sense of the word, robbing many of his nights of their necessary rest, and bitterly upbraided by his young wife on account, not of his health, which suffered under the excessive strain, but of the candle which "he wasted." He became a Hebrew

* "Les Évangiles et la Seconde Génération Chrétienne," page 12.

scholar, he learned Russian and German—the literary German, not the mongrel jargon which Jews all talk in those parts—at the age of thirty-four; he even taught himself to read and understand French and Latin. He read the New Testament, and studied deeply in Christian theology. At length, and from sincere conviction, he became an open convert to Christianity, and received baptism. Life among his own people had now become impossible, but the education which he had given himself with almost superhuman persistence and intuition had fitted him for better things, and when he was appointed teacher of the Hebrew language at the seminary* of Minsk, in 1860, he found himself in an honorable and, comparatively speaking, comfortable position.

Even before that, Brafmann had attracted the Emperor's attention by addressing to him a memoir concerning the anomalous position and conditions of life of his Hebrew subjects. The consequence was that, together with his appointment, he received an imperial order to study and propose ways and means for removing the tremendous obstacles which Jewish converts encounter when they declare their intention of becoming Christians. To aid him in his researches, access was opened to the greatest variety of sources bearing on the question,—on the one hand by the support of the bishop, on the other by that—less official, but perhaps even more effective—of many a Hebrew well-wisher. "It was thus," says Brafmann, in his preface, "that a rich collection of materials accumulated in my portfolio, valuable not only for my special object, but as illustrating the condition of the Hebrew population generally. * * * The most prominent feature of my collection is a package of more than one thousand authentic documents, never published until this time—ordinances, resolutions, and acts of divers Jewish *kahals* [administrative councils] and *beth-dins* [courts of justice], which are of great importance as representing that practical side of modern Jewish life which can never be discerned by outsiders—by those who have not, so to speak, been reared within the synagogue walls. * * * "These documents," it is said, further on, "afford convincing evidence that the kahal and beth-din rule the private and social life of the Jewish population in a great measure independent of the Talmud, and that their own private

ordinances, supported by the penalty of the *kherem* [excommunication] are of far greater moment to the modern Jew than the Talmud. * * * They show as clearly as possible in what way and by what means the Jews, notwithstanding their limited rights, have always succeeded in driving alien elements from the towns and boroughs where they have settled, to get into their hands the capital and immovable property in those places, and to get rid of all competition in commerce and trades, as has been the case in the western provinces of Russia, in Poland, Galicia, Roumania; by what miracle it could come to pass that whole departments of France were found to be mortgaged to the Jews in 1806, as Napoleon tells Champagny in his letter of November 9th of that year, although they formed only an insignificant minority in the empire, in all sixty thousand. Finally, what is most important to us, these documents contain the plain answer to the question why the labor and money expended by our Government, in the course of the present century, on the reformation of the Jews have brought no result." Of these thousand documents, ranging from 1794 to 1833, Brafmann published in his book, "The Kahal," a selection of two hundred and eighty-five, mostly dated from Minsk, in the government of the same name. Their authenticity is proved (1) by their very ancient look; (2) by the uniform notarial handwriting; (3) by the signatures of many persons which can be identified from other existing sources; (4) by the water-mark in the paper on which they are written.

Before we examine their contents and the conditions of life which they illustrate, it may be well to define the exact meaning of some words which incessantly recur in them, and, first of all, that of the term kahal itself.

The *kahal*, abbreviated from *kheder-ha-kahal*, is the town-council or administrative council of a Jewish community. Officially it purports to discharge only a few modest duties, distributing the taxes among their people, for the punctual payment of which they assume the responsibility before the Government, taking care of the sick, superintending the synagogue and all that pertains to Hebrew worship, ceremonial, and religious observances. On these grounds the institution is not only tolerated, but sanctioned and actively supported by the Government. In reality, it wields supreme, absolute, and unquestioned power over every phase of Hebrew life, both private and social, and manages to use the local Christian authorities as its unwitting tools, not only against its Gentile fellow-subjects, but against any of its own

* The word "seminary" is always applied to ecclesiastical schools or colleges, placed under the jurisdiction of the local ecclesiastical authorities, and, as supreme resort, of the Holy Synod.

people who might feel inclined to demur at the heavy yoke imposed on them. To show that this is so, and what are the means employed, is the object of Brafmann's book, and will be that of our next chapter.

The *beth-din* is the Talmudic court of justice, which exists in every Jewish community without exception, under the high protection of the kahal, and under whose jurisdiction are placed all transgressions and litigations arising between private Jews, or between such and the kahal. It answers to all the needs of Jewish mercantile life, and takes the place of the ancient Sanhedrin. It is a sacred institution, and its attributes are, even now, very extensive. It pretends to be simply a court of amicable arbitration, and is tolerated, but not officially recognized, by the Government.

The *kherem*, or great excommunication, is the last resort and most terrible weapon which the kahal and beth-din always keep in reserve to quell incipient rebellion or punish actual disobedience. Brafmann gives the entire form, which, besides being very monotonous, is too long for reproduction here. There is something appalling in the virulence and malignancy of the curses launched upon the offender's head, and it is not astonishing that even liberal-minded Jews should often have faltered and been daunted before its tremendous vehemence. A general malediction is first pronounced in the name of God and all the celestial powers; then a special one for every month of the year, in this form: "If he is born in the month of Nisan, which is ruled by the Archangel Uriel, may he be accursed of that archangel and his angels," and so forth through the remaining eleven months; also the days of the week and the four seasons; then comes the final imprecation, to which great poetic force cannot be denied:

"May the Lord's calamity hasten to overtake him; God, the Creator! break him! bend him! May fiends encounter him! Be he accursed wherever he stands! May his spirit depart suddenly, may an unclean death seize him, and may he not end the month! May the Lord visit him with consumption, brain-fever, inflammation, insanity, ulcers, and jaundice! May he pierce his breast with his own sword, and may his arrows be broken! May he be as chaff which the wind drives before it, and may the Angel of God pursue him! * * * May his path be beset with dangers, covered with darkness! * * * May he encounter direst despair, and may he fall into the net spread for his feet by God! May he be driven out of the realm of light into the realm of darkness, and cast out of the world! Misfortunes and sorrows shall fright him. He shall behold with his eyes the blows that shall fall on him. He shall be sated with the wrath of the Almighty. He shall be clothed with curses as with a garment. And God shall give no forgiveness to this man, but pour His wrath and His vengeance upon him, and all the curses shall enter into him that are written in the Law. * * *"

And as though this were not yet explicit enough, the denunciation is further completed in the circular addressed to "the wise men and elders of the nation," to notify them that a son of Israel has been cast into the outer darkness. After the introductory greeting and the enumeration of the offenses of the accused person, the kahal continues:

"Therefore, we have laid the *kherem* on him. Do ye so likewise, daily. Proclaim publicly that his bread is the bread of a Gentile; that his wine is the wine of idolatry; that his vegetables are impure, and his books even as the books of magicians. * * * Ye shall not eat with him, nor drink with him; ye shall not perform the rite of circumcision on his son, and ye shall not teach his children the law, nor bury his dead, nor receive him into any corporations; the cup that he has drunk from ye shall wash, and in every respect ye shall treat him as a Gentile."

And now, after these necessary explanations, we can at last turn to that part of our subject to which the foregoing pages have been in reality only an introduction.

III.

"Die Juden bilden einen Staat im Staate."

These words of Schiller, Brafmann takes as his motto. Referring to them in the course of his book, he remarks that as a state without a territory is not admissible, so these words are usually taken by unsuspecting outsiders for a poetic figure rather than a historical truth. They little imagine that the fiction is turned into a momentous reality by a short item in the Talmud, which lays down as a fundamental axiom that "*the property of Gentiles is even as a waste, free unto all*"* (i. e., all Jews). Now, as the kahal has the supreme direction of the affairs of every community, it follows that the kahal of each district considers itself the only rightful owner and legal disposer of the territory within its jurisdiction, no matter who may hold it or any part of it in actual possession, Jew or Gentile, and that not arbitrarily, but on the ground of the *khezkat-ishoub*, a right well defined in the Talmudic code called *Khoshen-Hamishpat*, and the works of its learned expounders. One of the highest authorities among the latter, Rabbi Joseph Kouloun, in his highly respected work, "Questions and Answers," compares the property of Gentiles (section 132) to "a lake free to all," in which, however, no one may spread his nets but a Jew duly authorized by the kahal. We continue in Brafmann's own words:

"Considering, then, the Gentile population of its district as 'its lake' to fish in, the kahal proceeds to sell portions of this strange property to individuals on

* Talmud, Treatise "*Baba-Batra*," page 55.

principles as strange. To one uninitiated in kahal mysteries, such a sale must be unintelligible. Let us take an instance. The kahal, in accordance with its own rights, sells to the Jew N. a house, which, according to the state laws of the country, is the inalienable property of the Gentile M., without the latter's knowledge or consent. Of what use, it will be asked, is such a transaction to the purchaser? The deed of sale delivered to him by the kahal cannot invest him with the position which every owner assumes toward his property. M. will not give up his house on account of its having been sold by the kahal, and the latter has not the power to make him give it up. What, then, has the purchaser N. acquired for the money paid by him to the kahal? Simply this: he has acquired *khasaka*—i. e., right of ownership over the house of the Gentile M., in force whereof he is given the exclusive right, guaranteed from interference or competition from other Jews, to get possession of the said house, as expressly said in the deed of sale, 'by any means whatever.' Until he has finally succeeded in transferring it to his official possession, he alone is entitled to rent that house from its present owner, to trade in it, to lend money to the owner and other Gentiles who may dwell in it—to make profits out of them in any way his ingenuity may suggest. This is what is meant by *khasaka*. Sometimes the kahal sells to a Jew even the person of some particular Gentile, without any immovable property attached. This is how the law defines this extraordinary right, which is called *meropit*: 'If a man [meaning a Jew] holds in his power a Gentile, it is in some places forbidden to other Jews to enter into relations with that person to the prejudice of the first; but in other places it is free to every Jew to have business relations with that person, to lend him money, give him bribes, and despoil him, for it is said that the property of a Gentile is *hefker* [free to all], and whoever first gets possession of it, to him it shall belong.'"

It will be noticed what stress is laid on money-lending as a means to effect the desired transfer of property. Indeed, it is the mainspring of the operation, and a case of failure is very rare. The proposed victim is tempted into borrowing, and enticed on and on by proffered facilities so long as it is supposed he still has a chance of rescue. When he has become entangled in the meshes of renewed bills and compound interest wholly beyond the range of his resources, the blow descends, and the fortunate purchaser enters into open possession of his secretly long-cherished property. Perhaps he sells it then to a Christian, so that it may revert back to the kahal as *hefker*, and the process begin over again, to the advantage of some new "fisher." And the beauty of the thing is, there is no risk attached to it. It is all done snugly within the law. If people will borrow, they have to pay, and there are courts of justice in the land to see that they do. No matter what artifices have been used to inveigle them, what amount of fine psychology has been put in play to find out their weak sides and attack them—the law has

nothing to do with that. In the rural districts, the process is still easier and the result still sadder. Jews do not live in villages; there is nothing for them to do there. They prefer more populous and, above all, wealthier centers, where the artificial demands of city life give scope to the display and bartering of tempting wares of all kinds.

Of these wares, there is one which the overworked, underfed, ever careworn peasant cannot resist—*vodka*. It is warmth in the inhuman winter cold; mirth in his rare hours of rest; strength—fictitious, it is true, yet upholding him for the time—when he sinks under the day's task; medicine in sickness; above all, it is forgetfulness. And if poets, with everything to make life a dream of beauty, have cried out in weariness of heart, "The best of life is but intoxication," surely the poor plodder may be excused for feeling the same in the only sense accessible to his limited experience. And truly, in moderation, whiskey is a necessity to our peasant, imposed by the climate and the conditions of his life. But how easy the slip into excess! and where the line? Well do the Jews know all this, and so the public-houses in the villages are all kept by Jews—a plenteous and never-failing source of replenishment to the exchequer of the kahal. In every village are one or two public-houses, or more, according to its size and the number of its inhabitants; for there must not be more fishers than the lake can support, nor must it be fished out all at once. How complete the success let any village of our western provinces witness, with its wretched, weather-beaten cabins, hingeless doors and shutters, crooked and thatchless roofs, and rotting door-steps; its tottering, yawning barns, scantily propped by poles; empty stables, solitary plows and wagons under ruinous sheds; finally, the long trains of Amoor emigrants mentioned in our first chapter. And if figures are wanted, let this suffice: in 1869, seventy-three per cent. of all the immovable property of the western provinces had passed into the hands of the Jews.

If we turn to the documents themselves, our amazement increases, for there, indeed, the assertion which we were half inclined to doubt assumes a body and becomes a living reality. Here are three,—Nos. 22, 23, and 26, dated Minsk, 1796,—which relate to a dispute between the kahal and a certain Eliazar, "about the possession of a house and lot of ground belonging to the uncircumcised hatter, Zvansky." Eliazar claims it on the ground that it was sold to his dead father, but there is a flaw in the title. In disputes of this kind the kahal generally wins

"*Khoshen-Hamishpat*," section 156, paragraph 17, and Treatise "*Baba-Batra*," chapter 8.

the day. So this case ends by the beth-din adjudging the property to the kahal, "who may sell it to whomever it pleases." No. 77—dated 1799—records the sale to the "wealthy and illustrious Jochiel-Michael" of a stone building, containing two shops, with their cellars and upper stories, belonging to the Russian Baikoff; while No. 205—dated 1802—gives half of the same property to another person in payment of an old debt, "seeing that Jochiel-Michael has not yet paid in full the sum due for those shops." The house of the uncircumcised blacksmith, Zeleza, and that of the German carpenter, Johann, are disposed of in Nos. 115 and 195, and we may be sure these buildings did not in the end escape their destination, even though hatter, shop-keeper, blacksmith, and carpenter continued for a while to follow their several pursuits, each within his own premises, in the security of ignorance. Nor does the kahal limit its operations to private property. It is rather startling to find it disposing (No. 105) of "a convent, formerly possessed by Carmelite monks, but now occupied by Franciscans," with all its buildings and outbuildings, in wood or stone, the distillery belonging to it, as well as the convent meadows and vegetable gardens, with the usual remark that "the purchase money has been paid to a farthing"; of a hospital, with the piece of ground thereto pertaining, held in actual possession by a certain Catholic charitable brotherhood (No. 263); and, finally, appointing arbiters to decide a litigation between itself, the kahal, and a private individual, concerning the right of possession to several shops, stone buildings, owned by the Bishop of Minsk (No. 177). We pass over a long array of documents of exactly the same nature, only observing that in the statute of the kahal and beth-din of the city of Vilna, composed on the approved and general model, the obligation to see that Jews do not interfere with each other's *khasakas* and *meropiés* is especially mentioned as one of their functions and attributions. Moreover, the interesting "angling" process can be followed step by step in Gustav Freytag's powerful novel, *Soll und Haben* (Debit and Credit), in which we see the wealthy usurer Hirsch Ehrenthal systematically going to work on the property of the easy-going and imprudent Baron Rothsattel, until the wished-for consummation is happily achieved.

It is well known how punctilious orthodox Jews are about their food, and how particular about having their meat butchered and cooked according to certain very strict regulations laid down in the Talmud; also how great and enduring is their repugnance to share the food of Gentiles, even though they will occa-

sionally welcome a Christian guest to their own table. But what is less generally known is that this peculiarity of theirs, respected everywhere as a feature of their religious observances, very greatly affects, both directly and indirectly, the well-being of the populations among whom they are settled. So little is this suspected that no sort of objection is raised against their building slaughter-houses, and getting the entire butcher's trade into their own hands; indeed, the fact is mentioned with perfect innocence in the Russian Code of Laws:* "In most of the towns of the western provinces there are no butchers but Jews, and only that meat is sold to Christians which is not found *kôsher*." It is supposed that the whole difference between *kôsher* and *trëf* (lawful and forbidden, clean and unclean meat) lies in the observance of or departure from certain ridiculously trivial and minute Talmudic ordinances concerning the knife to be used for slaughtering, its shape, sharpness, smoothness, the exact spot on the animal's throat across which it is to be drawn, and the like. If this were all, there would be no harm in handing over to the Christians meat pronounced unfit for the use of their fastidious Jewish brethren. But this is not all. When the animal has been successfully dispatched, according to all the refinements of Talmudic law,† its internal parts—brain, heart, lungs, liver, bowels, etc.—are submitted to the closest examination from a hygienic point of view, and if a taint or symptom of disease is discovered in any of them, the whole carcass is pronounced *trëf*, and put into the market for sale to the Christian population. "We cannot wonder," remarks Brämann, "at the profound loathing with which Jews regard the food of Christians, knowing as they do that much of the meat which is sold them is actually no better than carrion." Nor does their conscience sting them in the least for so unjustifiable a proceeding, since they have for it the authority of the Mosaic law, which expressly says (Deuteronomy xiv. 21): "Ye shall not eat of any thing that dieth of itself: thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien; for thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God."

Indirectly, the condition of the entire country (that part of it where the Jews are allowed to dwell) is influenced by this separatism, because it furnishes the kahal with its principal and most unfailing revenue,—universally

* Vol. V. Note to section 280, paragraph 42.

† The Talmudic law devotes eighty-six chapters, divided into six hundred and forty-two paragraphs, to the regulations concerning slaughtering, *kôsher* and *trëf*.

known under the curious name of "box-duty,"—and thus always keeps it provided with large sums of ready money, which it uses at its own discretion to further the interests of the community, or avert any obnoxious interference on the part of the Christian authorities—principally by means of bribes to police officials and employés. The regulations about this tax and its collection form quite a complicated organization, too important in its effects to be dismissed with only a passing notice. It necessitates a considerable staff of officials, who hold their functions on oath and under dread of the *kherem*. First there are the professional slaughterers, trained in the business of killing according to Talmudic rules, and appointed by the kahal. All cattle or fowls, without exception, that are to be consumed in the town—either for the market or for private use—must be slain by them, on pain of being considered "even as carrion"; the owner of a chicken may not kill it to make soup for his sick wife, but must take it to the sworn slaughterer. A certain duty has to be paid to the agents of the kahal, always present on the premises, on every head of cattle,—ox, calf, sheep, or goat,—and on every fowl, varying according to their kind. It is to be paid, not in paper or copper coin, but in silver, and the slaughterer is forbidden "to unsheath his knife before it has been so paid." This is only part of the box-duty. By far the greater part of it is levied on the retail sale of *kosher* meat. This part falls on the purchasers, who pay three groats in silver (about one cent) on every pound they buy. Meat brought in from the surrounding country pays the same duty—*i. e.*, the owner can neither use it nor sell it unless he pays his three groats per pound to the collectors of the kahal. Even fat is not exempt from the duty, and any one who purchases either from a private person (*i. e.*, not from a butcher in the meat-market) must be shown the receipt of the collectors, or he may find himself devouring "carrion," "food unclean as pork," and come under the canonical *kherem* in consequence. There is in the market a special room, in which the collectors sit all day long to receive the money, while two superintendents continually "walk the floor" of the market, to see that every purchaser, after having received his piece of meat from the butcher, takes it straightway into the collectors' office, to be reweighed and to pay the duty. It is amusing to note the precautions that are taken to secure the money from fraud or foul play of any kind. "The collectors, to avoid abuses," it is stated in the regulation (Document No. 88), "are forbidden, under penalty of the most terrible *kherem*, to put it in their

pockets, but must slip it into a locked box, with a slit in the top." (Hence the name "box-duty.") Every evening they are to count the money, enter it into the book, then transfer it, at least twice a week, into a strong-box, deposited under the care of one of the rich men of the city, who, however, is not intrusted with the key—or rather keys, for the box has two locks. One of the keys remains with the collectors, while the other is in the charge of a third person, appointed every month by election. The contents of the strong-box are verified once a month, by persons specially appointed. When the kahal makes a demand for money from the box-sums, "it must be signed by five members at least" (there are nineteen in all), and the money is taken out and delivered by both collectors jointly, not otherwise. Butchers, in consideration of their having paid box-duty for the slaughtering of the animals, are allowed to sell *kosher* meat two groats per pound higher than *trief*, so that the Jewish purchaser really pays a double duty on his meat.

A number of documents show that a great part of this box-money is regularly expended in bribes, either on given occasions, for an object, or in a generally propitiating manner, as gratuitous gifts on the two great holidays of the year—New Year's Day and Easter. These latter offerings being a very ordinary occurrence, in accordance with an old custom of the country, are registered quite openly as "holiday presents to the authorities" (No. 4); or, "to be taken from the box-money a hundred *slots* [a little over ten dollars] to buy coffee and sugar for presents to the authorities at Easter" (No. 114); or, "ordained by the 'chiefs of the city' to go the usual round at Easter, the necessary sums to be taken from the box-money" (No. 73); or, "bought four loaves of sugar, best quality, eighty-two pounds in all," for New Year's presents (No. 244). Actual bribes, given for a purpose, being of not so harmless a nature, are neither given nor expressed so openly. The documents which record the expense are worded covertly, as: "A hundred rubles to be employed in the purchase of rye and other grain for a certain purpose, and fifty rubles to be given to the secretary of the governor in acknowledgment of a certain service" (No. 33). The agents employed in such cases are instructed to do their best to secure proofs of the transaction, so that the kahal may always hereafter have it in its power to exercise control over the official who has yielded to temptation, by threatening to divulge his offense. When affairs in the issue of which the Jewish community is interested—or a

corporation, or even private individuals—are being transacted in one of the local courts, clever and trusty agents are directed to watch the case, and, if necessary, to give it a gentle push in the right direction by trying various blandishments on the members of the court,—such, for instance, as providing a luncheon, with choice wines, for the judges (No. 37). Now all this materially, if indirectly, affects the condition of the country at large, for every unlawful favor shown to the Jews is sure to react in a prejudicial manner on the Christian population. And were it not for the right to levy box-money on *kosher* meat, the kahal would not have always ready to its hand extensive means to dispose of in this way. Therefore it has taken care to secure to itself this never-failing source of revenue, by enlisting the Government on its side. It was easy for it to do this by assuming the responsibility for the payment of the taxes by the Jewish communities, and by undertaking to supply the required number of recruits or the corresponding “exemption-money” (under the old military system), and by representing the box-duty as the easiest and surest means to this end, as a supplementary reserve income, from which the taxes should be paid for the poor or insolvent members of the community. The consequence is that this duty, together with all the regulations about *kosher* meat, without which it could not be levied, are under the sanction and protection of the Russian law, and actively supported by the local authorities, whose aid and assistance the kahal may claim at any moment. The following are the express terms of the law:

“Subject to the box-duty are: (1) The slaughtering of cattle (per head of cattle); (2) of fowls (per each fowl); (3) the sale of *kosher* meat (per pound); (4) another item of the box-money is the fines imposed for the non-observance of the regulations on this subject.”*

“The police, both urban and rural, and all other local authorities, are bound to render their aid and assistance, when such is required in legal form, to see that the box-duty be paid by the Jews without opposition or fraud.”†

How far the official object of the institution is achieved may be seen from the fact that, in 1867, there was a balance against the Jews in the government of Vilno of 293,868 rubles, 36½ copecks arrear on taxes, and 341,097 rubles, 15 copecks against those of Minsk. (A ruble is one hundred copecks, and worth about seventy-five cents United States money.)

This exposition of the attitude which the Russian Jews* have invariably held and still hold toward their Gentile fellow-subjects would be incomplete without a brief statement of the line of conduct which they follow with regard to the jurisdiction of the Gentile courts of justice, and to their own obligations as represented by oaths and promises made to Gentiles.

The first of these points is settled most unequivocally by the following extract from the “*Khoshen-Hamishpat*” (chapter 26, paragraph 1):

“Jews are forbidden to go to law before a Gentile court of justice, or Gentile institution of any sort. This prohibition does not lose its force even in cases where the Gentile laws coincide with the Hebrew laws, nor even should both sides wish to submit their case to a Gentile court. He who violates this prohibition is a villain. Such an act is considered equal to blasphemy and rebellion against the entire Mosaic law.”

The offender of course incurs the *kherem* in all its rigor, and cannot be freed from it until he releases his antagonist from the power of the Gentiles. How consistently this principle is carried out is shown by two very remarkable documents, Nos. 165 and 166. Two Jewish members are to be elected to sit in one of the mixed minor local courts, called “oral courts,” because cases of a very trivial nature are examined and decided by them orally, according to “custom” more than written law. Thirty electors have been chosen by a general assembly, and the names of the candidates have been proclaimed. Thereupon, and before the official election by ballot takes place, the candidates are summoned before the beth-din, and there made to engage, under oath, “that, through all the time of their exercising the function of judges in the oral court, they will be guided by the directions and instructions of the beth-din and kahal; also that they will unconditionally obey all their commands with respect to the cases which will be submitted to the court.” After this a committee of four persons—two members of the kahal and two of the beth-din—is appointed to make out a code of rules for the guidance of the two judges.

“And all the resolutions signed by the committee shall be by said judges carried out punctually during a whole year. All this has been done with the common consent, in accordance with the laws and ordinances. At each sitting of the committee one of said two judges must of necessity be present, in order to consult to-

* Statute on Taxes; supplement to section 281, paragraph 8.

† *Ibid.*, paragraph 57.

* To these may safely be added the Jews of the eastern provinces of Prussia and Austria, Galicia, Bukovina, etc., and also Roumania, for in all these countries the state of things is exactly similar.

gether concerning the cases to be decided in said court."

It naturally follows from these premises that all oaths whatever taken by Jews, or testimony given by them under oath before Gentile courts or magistrates, may or may not be valid. Further opportunities for evading obligations to Christians are offered by the annual religious solemnity called *kol-nidreh*, the opening act of the great festival of *Yom-Kipur*, the day of national purification, of absolution and reconciliation with heaven, when all private chapels as well as the synagogues of the various corporations are closed, by special order and under pain of the *kherem*, so that Israel may pray to the Lord of their fathers jointly in the great synagogue, as one united family. It is the tenth day after the Hebrew New Year's day, its great holiness marked by a severe fast—total abstinence from food during twenty-four hours for all adults, and even children over twelve years old; like the solemnity of New Year's day it closes with the significant patriotic signal, the blowing of the sacred horns, which is answered by the entire congregation with the traditional ejaculation: "Next year in Jerusalem!" The fast and common prayer begin the night before, two hours before sunset, and are ushered in by the ceremony of *kol-nidreh*, which we will describe in Brafmann's own words:

"When the men and the women, in holiday attire, have taken their separate stations in the synagogue, which is lighted by the wax tapers held by each person, and the leader of the choir (*cantor*) has taken his place, then the most notable members of the assistance open the ark, reverently take out the *thora*, while the choir thrice repeat the celebrated *kol-nidreh* to an ancient traditional chant; the congregation repeat it aloud with them. Judging from the pomp and reverence with which the Jews prepare for this act, an outsider would naturally conclude that it is the very center-piece of the whole yearly cycle of spiritual exercises. But, if he knew the language, he would find that the words pronounced with such awe-inspiring ceremonial, such religious concentration and profound reverence, are not words of prayer at all, but an act by which the entire nation renounces all promises, oaths, and obligations given by each of its members in the preceding, and all such as will be given in the coming, year. With this public renunciation of a nation's plighted word, the whole moral base of social life does indeed fall to pieces. It is a fact so utterly revolting, that the greatest authorities of the Talmudic world itself have risen in protest against it. But not even they could prevail against the force of custom, and the *kol-nidreh* renunciation maintains its place among the most honored Hebrew rites."

This chapter cannot be more aptly concluded than by another extract from Brafmann's remarks, so pithy and forcible in their simple earnestness:

"To students of law we venture to think that these documents will offer not a little interest; but we especially recommend them to the study of those who are curious to find out the real causes of the universal marmar of reprobation which has always been heard against the Jews from the surrounding world, and of the persecutions to which they have been subjected through eighteen centuries—i. e., ever since the kahal has ruled this unhappy people."

IV.

Was Brafmann right in making these revelations—or, at least, in giving them the publicity of the press? Should not a certain merciful feeling have restrained him from thus exposing the short-comings of those who still were his brethren in blood and race? Should he not have been content to cut himself adrift from the vessel which held them? Scarcely. You cannot let your neighbor's house be broken into because you have friends in the gang, even though you have withdrawn yourself from them when you discovered their evil ways. Yet, Brafmann is emphatically and enthusiastically a Jew. He is deeply, passionately devoted to his people, and he possibly—who knows?—might have hesitated and temporized with his duty to his new brethren from tenderness to the old, had it not been his entire conviction that the Jews suffer quite as much under the system whose secret workings he divulges as the Christians themselves. For each power, each right, of the kahal and beth-din is a stick with two ends, of which the one descends on the Christian population and the other impartially belabors the Jewish community,—of course falling heaviest on the poorer mass,*—with equal violence and equally fatal results. If the Gentile trader or artificer can never be sure that his house has not been sold over his head to a Hebrew fellow-citizen, on the other hand, the Jew who has bought a piece of ground or a house, from the Russian Government or a Christian owner, is made to pay an additional sum for the same property to the kahal. Thus No. 87 records the sale "to Rabbi Khaim, son of Rabbi Isaac, Levite," of the right of ownership to a stone building, constructed by him on the market-place of Minsk, and only from the day that this second deed of sale is

* So on one occasion, when the superintendents of the box-duty demanded an addition to their salary, the kahal, instead of granting it from its own exchequer, imposed an additional duty on the sale of meat, and when the collectors in their turn applied the very next day for the same favor, the duty was still further increased—by one groat per pound—to satisfy them. (Nos. 173 and 176.)

delivered to him is it said that the building belongs to him and his heirs forever, "from the center of the earth to the summit of the heavens." Further, as a rule, a Jew from one district is not permitted to trade or settle in another, and if he is, by special favor of the kahal, he is made to pay handsomely for the privilege. For it is said in the law:*

"At the present time, when we live under the rule of alien nations, and too great an accumulation of Hebrew population may lead to collision with them, every Jew who comes to a city and wishes to settle in it, is a foe to those who already dwell there. Therefore the local kahal is given the right to close the door before the new-comers, to attain which object it is lawful for it to employ any means whatsoever, even to the power of the *goim* [the local administration]."

"Even to the power of the *goim*." That means the local Christian police, which is to the kahal what the secular arm was to the Inquisition. It is literally at its beck and call, owing to the sanction awarded by our laws to the box-duty. This same active sanction also enables it to exercise a most irksome supervision and an intolerable coercion over the private life of every Jewish family. A few instances will best illustrate the practical working of this simple and ingenious machinery.

However miserable a Jewish family, there are two occasions—a wedding and the circumcision of a son—on which a certain amount of festive expenditure is inevitable. Guests are invited, a meal is served, musicians are hired. In none of these points, however, is the giver of the feast allowed to follow his own discretion or inclination, but must submit to a code of regulations, which would be amusing from their absurdity were they not so galling to all feeling of independence and human dignity. Here are a few items: "No one shall dare to serve at circumcision feasts refreshments consisting only of cakes and whiskey." There must be a meal of butcher's meat; if the feast-giver be a poor man, he must have meat for at least ten persons, and only in case of absolute destitution can an exemption be obtained from the kahal. Visitors who come to offer congratulations on the birth of a son or daughter are forbidden, as well as the parents themselves, to taste refreshments in the shape of cakes, preserved fruits, or sweets of any kind, on pain of the canonical *kherem*. At weddings it is forbidden to serve a large cake with filling made of preserved fruit. "Before and after a wedding each of the families is allowed to give only one feast." "There must not be more than three musicians at a wedding, and they are not allowed to

eat more than three times. To a circumcision may be invited "only relatives to the third degree, the two next-door neighbors on each side of the house and three from across the street," * * * the teacher of the host's children," and a few more persons strictly determined. The invitations are to be sent through the messengers of the beth-din—not otherwise. The feast-giver is entitled to a certain quantity of meat duty-free, which, however, the collectors deliver only on being presented with the list of guests, sanctioned by the kahal and signed by the city-notary. Now, if the kahal had not contrived to secure the active coöperation of the state laws in levying the box-duty, it would not have the means of reminding every Jew, even on such occasions as household festivals, of its dread and resistless power. As things stand, its vengeance can fall on the rebel at any moment. To punish disobedience to its slightest regulations or even a temporary ordinance, it has only to summon the police and denounce the culprit as having infringed the laws concerning *Adsher* and box-duty. Who is to rescue the unhappy man from the hands of the authorities, who demand from him the legal fine for that offense? That he never committed it is no safeguard to him, for false accusation, even supported by perjury and recourse to the *goim*, are among the *authorized* means to break rebellion. Two documents—Nos. 148 and 149—contain the exposition of the measures to be taken "in order to preserve the Talmudic court [beth-din] from the disrespect which, in punishment for our sins, has of late made itself felt,—to prevent our foes from sitting as judges over us, which Heaven forbid!—and to bend audacious apostates and rebels, so that every Jew may be submissive to the Talmudic law and court." The measures contained in No. 149 are much the most terrible, to be used only against hardened rebels, and when the case has been put in the hands of the "secret prosecutor"—a functionary who is elected every month by ballot from among the officers of the beth-din, and who swears the most solemn oath to spare no person in carrying out the instructions of the Talmudic court, and never to reveal that he ever has been invested with the function of "secret prosecutor."* Here are the nine paragraphs (some of them condensed) into which this remarkable document is divided:

"1. The rebel is deprived of the offices which he may have held in the kahal or corporations. 2. He is excluded from the community and any corporation

* "*Kashen-Hamishpat*," section 156, paragraph 7.

* This strongly reminds us of the mediæval *volksgericht*.

to which he may belong. 3. He is excluded from general assemblies and corporation meetings. 4. He is excluded from all functions or honors in the synagogue. * * * 5. He is not to be invited to any festival, public or private. He who invites him falls under the *kherem*. 6. No one is to rent from him his house or his shop, nor to let his own to him. * * * 7. If he is an artisan, it is forbidden to give him work, on pain of the heaviest *kherem*. 8. If a betrothal contract has been entered into with him, the other party is freed from it, without incurring the fine usually imposed in such cases, and reimbursement of expenses. 9. *It is lawful to proclaim in the synagogue that the rebel has eaten trifling food or infringed a fast, etc., to confirm the accusation by false testimony, and to have him punished as if he had done this thing.*"

This document is approved and signed by fourteen members of the kahal and beth-din, and by the chief rabbi of the city of Minsk.

Nor are the Christian courts of justice less efficient tools than the local police in the hands of the Jewish rulers. One of the most common proceedings to punish disobedience or disrespect is to sue the offender in a Christian court for debt, real or imaginary. Thus, when a litigation is to be decided by the beth-din, it is customary, in order to secure the submission of the parties to the suit, to make them both sign blank bills before the case is tried. Then, should the losing party be dissatisfied with the decision and refer the case to the Christian court, which is his right under the state laws, the beth-din fills the blank at its pleasure, and directs the nominal holder to present this perfectly legal document for payment through the local authorities. "This," says Brafmann, "accounts for the great number of litigations always on hand in Christian courts. They are generally nothing more than legal fictions used by the beth-din or kahal to compel the obedience of refractory members of their communities." If offenders return to the path of duty within a certain time, the claim is withdrawn. Sometimes the Russian courts receive genuine complaints, but they are usually powerless for redress, and bitterly are the plaintiffs made to rue their audacity. In 1866, a Hebrew widow complained to the mayor and town-council of Vilna that she had been charged fifteen hundred rubles for the burial of her husband, and compelled not only to pay this sum but to sign a declaration that she had done so voluntarily for charitable purposes, the corporation of undertakers having been directed to refuse burial to the body until she had submitted, which she had done at the expiration of five days. It is further seen, from the progress of the case, that the kahal fined her five hundred rubles more, and compelled the police to recover this sum from her by representing it as an arrear on her share of the contribution for ransoming

poor and insolvent Jews from military service. The impudence of the pretense was patent, yet the local authorities could do nothing, for the kahal, in all that regards the collection and payment of taxes for the Jewish population, is a state institution.

The meaning of the little phrase, so frequently repeated, that it is lawful to the kahal to compel obedience "by any means whatsoever, even through the power of the *goim*," will now be sufficiently clear not to need further illustration, though such might be produced to any extent from Brafmann's book, to which indeed full justice could be done only by translating it.

Brafmann is, we repeat, a Jewish patriot in the fullest and widest sense. He admires his race, he takes pride in belonging to it, and loves his people with a passionate pity and tenderness which makes his voice break and his eyes fill when he speaks of their sufferings and moral degradation under the oppressive system which holds them in iron bands. His dreams are of their regeneration, of their future power and greatness—not as a political nation, but as a highly gifted race, living on equal terms among other races, all artificial barriers being removed, and the field opened without let or hindrance of any kind to the free development of the many noble faculties of mind and soul so characteristic of what Renan calls "the admirable minority of Israel." If, therefore, he incurred by his revelations the utmost wrath of the rulers whom he exposed, and of the ignorantly fanatical mass, to such a degree that his life at one time was not considered safe even in St. Petersburg, where he dwelt after his book appeared; on the other hand, he is comforted and secretly supported by the sympathy of many of the more enlightened Jews who, like him, sigh for release from a bondage worse than foreign captivity. But for such support he could not have obtained possession of the precious pile of papers which were abstracted for him, not without danger, by a friend from the Jewish archive of Minsk.

THE above exposition of a state of things which might be pronounced wildly unreal but for the irrefragable documentary evidence adduced, though far from exhausting the material collected by Brafmann,* will, it is to

* Thus, no mention has been made of the so-called "candle-money," nor of the extraordinary contributions, mostly in the shape of a percentage on capital, personal property and wares, levied by the kahal arbitrarily on special occasions, to avert some danger threatening the entire community. Such an occasion occurred in 1802, when the poet Derjavin, a stanch Russian patriot, was in the ministry, and strove to

be hoped, have clearly established one fact: that, whatever historical causes may underlie the oft-recurring popular outbreaks against the Jews, race animosity, and religious intolerance have never been alone at work, and, in our days, are no longer so at all. The only case of systematic persecution of them from fanatical motives is that of the Spanish Inquisition, though the motives were far from unmixed, even there. At all events, if the fathers of St. Dominic and their secular supporters did not object to enriching themselves with the spoils of the wealthy Jews they burned, we must do them the justice to acknowledge that they burned the poor ones quite as piously and scrupulously. In all other instances "Jewish riots" begin spontaneously; something—sometimes a mere trifle—happens to infuriate the mob, and they begin to kill and plunder. The massacres spread, rage for a few days, then stop, and everything goes the old round again—for a while. Ignorant fanaticism is only an accessory—true, a terrible one—which comes into play with the greater violence the further the occurrence is removed from us, in the "dark ages." But a significant feature is that the notorious usurers are always the first to suffer, and the bills and securities which hold whole provinces in bondage are the first property sought after and destroyed. This was the case even in the more than usually severe outbreak at the beginning of Richard I.'s reign, which ended in the horrible catastrophe of York, and the monkish chronicler who records it in terms of unseemly exultation, amid much revolting fanatical twaddle drops a word which strangely reminds us of the burden of popular complaint which recurred all through the riots of last spring. He calls the Jews "blood-suckers."† Another curious coincidence is that then, in England, as nine hundred years later in Russia, "the rumor was spread that the King had issued orders to massacre the Jews."‡ The facility with which the ignorant masses lend their ears to such absurdities betrays, at all events, a latent though monstrously distorted consciousness of having received at the hands of the race such wrongs and injuries as

claim redress from their natural protector, the governing power. The difference between then and now, apart from the comparatively mild form of the recent paroxysms consequent on the general softening of men's natures, is chiefly this: then, religious feeling was actively mixed up with economical grievances and hideous reprisals, while now it is totally absent. And never could this mediæval specter be dragged forth to the light of our sober, unfanatical age, to account for phenomena of which the real causes must be obvious to every unbiased observer, were it not that by far the greater part of the so-called "liberal press" in Europe is in the hands of Hebrew editors and Hebrew writers—many of them men of great culture and talent, of great and well-merited authority in the world of letters and science, but whom it suits, from mistaken national zeal, to shed a false light on certain events and sides of modern life, to blind the eyes of superficial and docile readers with the dust of those cheap and plausible phrases of which the shallow orators of 1789-93 have left us so ample a store, and which can be as easily shuffled to prove anything or nothing as the cards whose combinations furnished forth the effective and patriotic speeches of Pieborge, the lawyer-minister in Laboulaye's "Prince Caniche." It is time to drop the sentimental liberal slang, through whose loose, wide meshes the biggest humbug can slip unchallenged. When a question of vital import is presented to us, the thing to do is to drive it into a corner and grapple with it, not muffle it up in commonplaces long ago worn threadbare. The Jewish question, in Eastern Europe and Western Russia, is such a question: let us then, for once, look it square in the face. The Jews are disliked, nay, hated in those parts, not because they believe and pray differently, but because they are a parasitical race who, producing nothing, fasten on the produce of land and labor, and live on it, choking the breath of life out of commerce and industry as sure as the creeper throttles the tree that upholds it. They are despised, not because they are of different blood, because they dress differently, eat peculiar food; not even because, herding together in unutterable filth and squalor, they are a loathsome and really dangerous element—a standing institution for the propagation of all kinds of horrible diseases and contagions; but because their ways are crooked, their manner abject,—because they will not stand up for themselves and manfully resent an insult or oppose vexation, but will take any amount of it if they can thereby turn a penny, will smirk and cringe, and go off with a deadly grudge at heart, which they will vent cruelly, ruthlessly,

carry through a law forbidding the Jews to keep taverns and public-houses in the villages. There was a great panic among them; the kahals raised one million rubles for bribes and presents at head-quarters, ordered public prayers and days of fasting. Derjavin was offered one, even two hundred thousand rubles, to withdraw the project. He told the Emperor (Alexander I.), and did not take the money; but others did, and the Jews won the day. Russian writers have celebrated the event as a triumph of humane and liberal policy, and it has been rather the fashion to abuse Derjavin as a narrow-minded *retrograde*.

† Charles Knight's "History of England," chapter 21.

‡ Hume's "History of England," chapter 10.

but in an underhand manner, and not always on the offender, but on any or all belonging to the offender's race. It is an essentially oriental feature, this making light of servile forms, so the feeling of pride be secretly treasured and revenge taken at some time and in some way—a feature which our Jews could not have retained so unimpaired had they not always been forcibly kept aloof, by their own rulers, from the ennobling influence of that compound of Grecian refinement and Teutonic manliness which we call modern culture, and which instills more than it teaches that the forms of servitude are as degrading as the fact. The readiness with which they appeal to foreign sympathy and interference, and which in any set of people holding the position of citizens would be looked upon and punished as state treason of the worst kind, is but another phase of their oriental nature—the inability to grasp the first principles of state-life, or perhaps rather their determination not to acknowledge themselves as belonging to any Gentile state. They are not “persecuted.” Only, from time to time, the popular patience—that dike built up of ignorance, apathy, and habitual endurance—breaks; then there is an outpouring of angry waters. True, some things have become impossible. No invading conqueror, for instance, would dream nowadays of farming to the Jews *the churches* of a conquered people, as did the Poles when they held Galicia in the sixteenth century and later, thus authorizing them to tax the people arbitrarily for having divine service performed in their own temples. No government would now lend itself to such iniquity. Still we have just seen that, even without such open support, enough can be achieved to exasperate the most long-suffering people and goad them into momentary frenzy.

THE question naturally arises, What is to be done? It is a momentous one, and might partly be answered by showing what ought *not* to be done—*i. e.*, by a review of the legislative measures, hostile or propitiating, which have been tried in different countries and at various times, and have utterly failed, as well as of the causes why they failed. Brafmann's “Kahal” and his other book, “Hebrew Corporations, Local and Universal,” contain valuable material toward working out the problem; but it is not at the end of an already long paper that this feature of the subject can be considered—a paper, too, of which the special object is only to vindicate the age in which we live from the odious imputation of “intolerance and religious per-

secution,” unthinkingly and indiscriminately brought against it. Yet the impression conveyed would be incomplete, nay, the entire tenor and drift of the paper might be misconstrued, without at least a hint at the solution which is desired and openly advocated by all enlightened Russians as represented by our liberal press. Briefly stated, it reads as follows: The legal emancipation of the Jews, begun years ago by granting them the right of buying and holding land, of entering the universities, and various smaller concessions, must be completed. They must share both the rights and the duties of their Christian and Mohammedan fellow-subjects, without restraints or privileges. As the first step toward such a consummation, the kahal must necessarily be abolished, or at all events shorn of its power—a thing very easily achieved by simply depriving it of the right of levying box-duty on the slaughtering and sale of *kisher* meat, and forbidding the sale of *trif* to Christians. This would at once release the Jewish population from an intolerable pressure by, delivering them from an irksome duty, and by depriving the town-councils of the means of enforcing their arbitrary separatistical ordinances by recourse to “the power of the *goim*.” The taxes would then be collected from the Jews directly by Government officials, in the same manner as they are from all other subjects; they would be brought under the census, which they have always been able to elude until now,—and all this would place them in a direct and normal relation to the rulers of the land, without in the least interfering with the full exercise of their religious worship and national customs. Left to themselves and freed from all restraint with regard to their place of residence, the process of assimilation would soon begin, and the number of Jews who discard the Talmud and keep to the simple Mosaic law in its wider and more liberal application would annually increase. But if the Government, at this critical moment, recoils from this radical change, and contents itself with half-measures, denying its Hebrew subjects their full share of civil rights and at the same time upholding the artificial separatism so baleful in its effects, the same state of things will be still further perpetuated,—consequently, the causes being unchanged, the effects will be identical, and the same deplorable scenes will be enacted from time to time,—scenes which every other European country has witnessed, and would see now, had not a wiser legislation made their recurrence impossible.

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XIII.

THE whole thing was so crazy, as Bartley said, that it made no difference if they kept up the expense a few days longer. He took a hack from the depot, when they arrived in Boston, and drove to the Revere House, instead of going up in the horse-car. He entered his name on the register with a flourish, "Bartley J. Hubbard and Wife, *Boston*," and asked for a room and fire, with laconic gruffness; but the clerk knew him at once for a country person, and when the call-boy followed him into the parlor where Marcia sat in the tremor into which she now fell whenever Bartley was out of her sight, the boy discerned her provinciality at a glance, and made free to say that he guessed they had better let him take their things up to their room, and come up themselves after the porter had got their fire going.

"All right," said Bartley, with hauteur; and he added, for no reason, "Be quick about it."

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"What time is supper—dinner, I mean?"

"It's ready now, sir."

"Good. Take up the things. Come just as you are, Marcia. Let him take your cap—no, keep it on; a good many of them come down in their bonnets."

Marcia put off her sack and gloves, and hastily repaired the ravages of travel as best she could. She would have liked to go to her room just long enough to brush her hair a little, and the fur cap made her head hot; but she was suddenly afraid of doing something that would seem countrified in Bartley's eyes, and she promptly obeyed: they had come from Portland in a parlor-car and she had been able to make a traveler's toilet before they reached Boston.

She had been at Portland several times with her father; but he stopped at a second-class hotel where he had always "put up" when alone, and she was new to the vastness of hotel mirrors and chandeliers, the glossy paint, the frescoing, the fluted pillars, the tessellated marble pavements upon which she stepped when she left the Brussels carpeting of the

parlors. She clung to Bartley's arm, silently praying that she might not do anything to mortify him, and admiring everything he did without question. He made a halt as they entered the glittering dining-room, and stood frowning till the head-waiter ran respectfully up to them, and ushered them with sweeping bows to a table, which they had to themselves. Bartley ordered their dinner with nonchalant ease, beginning with soup and going to black coffee with dazzling intelligence. While their waiter was gone with their order, he beckoned with one finger to another, and sent him out for a paper, which he unfolded and spread on the table, taking a tooth-pick into his mouth, and running the sheet over with his eyes.

"I just want to see what's going on tonight," he said, without looking at Marcia.

She made a little murmur of acquiescence in her throat, but she could not speak for strangeness. She began to steal little timid glances about, and to notice the people at the other tables. In her heart she did not find the ladies so very well dressed as she had expected the Boston ladies to be; and there was no gentleman there to compare with Bartley, either in style or looks. She let her eyes finally dwell on him, wishing that he would put his paper away and say something, but afraid to ask, lest it should not be quite right: all the other gentlemen were reading papers. She was feeling lonesome and homesick, when he suddenly looked up at her and said,

"How pretty you look, Marsh!"

"Do I?" she asked, with a little grateful throb, while her eyes joyfully suffused themselves.

"Pretty as a pink," he returned. "Gay— isn't it?" he continued, with a wink that took her again into his confidence, from which his study of the newspaper had seemed to exclude her. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to take you to the Museum after dinner, and let you see Boucicault in the 'Colleen Bawn.'"

He swept his paper off the table and unfolded his napkin in his lap, and, leaning back in his chair, began to tell her about the play.

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"We can walk: it's only just 'round the corner," he said at the end.

Marcia crept into the shelter of his talk—he sometimes spoke rather loud—and was submissively silent. When they got into their own room,—which had gilt lambrequin tops, and a chandelier of three burners, and a marble mantel, and marble-topped table and wash-stand,—and Bartley turned up the flaring gas, she quite broke down, and cried on his breast, to make sure that she had got him all back again.

"Why, Marcia!" he said. "I know just how you feel. Don't you suppose I understand as well as you do that we're a country couple? But I'm not going to give myself away; and you mustn't, either. There wasn't a woman in that room that could compare with you—*dress* or looks!"

"You were splendid!" she whispered, "and just like the rest; and that made me feel somehow as if I had lost you."

"I know—I saw just how you felt; but I wasn't going to say anything for fear you'd give way right there. Come, there's plenty of time before the play begins. I call this *nice*! Old-fashioned, rather, in the decorations," he said, "but pretty good for its time."

He had pulled up two arm-chairs in front of the glowing grate of anthracite; as he spoke, he cast his eyes about the room, and she followed his glance obediently. He had kept her hand in his, and now he held her slim finger-tips in the fist which he rested on his knee.

"No; I'll tell you what, Marcia, if you want to get on in a city, there's no use being afraid of people. No use being afraid of *anything*, so long as we're good to each other. And you've got to believe in me, right along. Don't you let anything get you on the wrong track. I believe that as long as you have faith in me, I shall deserve it; and when you don't—"

"Oh, Bartley, you know I didn't doubt you! I just got to thinking, and I was a little worked up! I suppose I'm excited."

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried her husband. "Don't you suppose I understand you?"

They talked a long time together, and made each other loving promises of patience. They confessed their faults, and pledged each other that they would try hard to overcome them. They wished to be good; they both felt they had much to retrieve; but they had no concealments, and they knew that was the best way to begin the future, of which they did their best to conceive seriously. Bartley told her his plans about getting some

newspaper work till he could complete his law-studies. He meant to settle down to practice in Boston.

"You have to wait longer for it than you would in a country place; but when you get it, it's worth while." He asked Marcia whether she would look up his friend Halleck if she were in his place; but he did not give her time to decide.

"I guess I won't do it. Not just yet, at any rate. He might suppose that I wanted something of him. I'll call on him when I don't need his help."

Perhaps, if they had not planned to go to the theater they would have staid where they were, for they were tired, and it was very cozy. But when they were once in the street, they were glad they had come out. Bowdoin Square and Court street and Tremont Row were a glitter of gas-lights, and the shops with their placarded bargains dazzled Marcia.

"Is it one of the principal streets?" she asked Bartley.

He gave the laugh of a veteran *habitué* of Boston.

"Tremont Row? No. Wait till I show you Washington street to-morrow. There's the Museum," he said, pointing to the long row of globed lights on the façade of the building. "Here we are in Scollay's Square. There's Hanover street; there's Cornhill; Court crooks down that way; there's Pemberton Square."

His familiarity with these names estranged him to her again; she clung the closer to his arm, and caught her breath nervously as they turned in with the crowd that was climbing the stairs to the box-office of the theater. Bartley left her a moment, while he pushed his way up to the little window and bought the tickets.

"First-rate seats," he said, coming back to her, and taking her hand under his arm again, "and a great piece of luck. They were just returned for sale by the man in front of me, or I should have had to take something 'way up in the gallery. There's a regular jam. These are right in the center of the parquet."

Marcia did not know what the parquet was; she heard its name with the certainty that but for Bartley she should not be equal to it. All her village pride was quelled; she had only enough self-control to act upon Bartley's instructions not to give herself away by any conviction of rusticity. They passed in through the long, colonnaded vestibule, with its paintings, and plaster casts, and rows of birds and animals in glass cases on either side, and she gave scarcely a glance at any of those objects, endeared by association, if not by in-

trinsic beauty, to the Boston play-goer. Gulliver, with the Lilliputians swarming upon him; the painty-necked ostriches and pelicans; the mummied mermaid under a glass bell; the governors' portraits; the stuffed elephant; Washington crossing the Delaware; Cleopatra applying the asp; Sir William Pepperell, at full length, on canvas, and the pagan months and seasons in plaster,—if all these are, indeed, the subjects,—were dim phantasmagoria amid which she and Bartley moved scarcely more real. The usher, in his dress-coat, ran up the aisle to take their checks, and led them down to their seats; half a dozen elegant people stood to let them into their places; the theater was filled with faces. At Portland, where she saw the "Lady of Lyons," with her father, three-quarters of the house was empty.

Bartley only had time to lean over and whisper: "The place is packed with Beacon street swells. It's a regular field night," when the bell tinkled and the curtain rose.

As the play went on, the rich jacqueminot red flamed into her cheeks, and burnt there a steady blaze to the end. The people about her laughed and clapped, and at times they seemed to be crying. But Marcia sat through every part as stoical as a savage, and, except for the flaming color in her cheeks, making no sign of interest or intelligence. Bartley talked of the play all the way home, but she said nothing, and in their own room he asked:

"Didn't you really like it? Were you disappointed? I haven't been able to get a word out of you about it. Didn't you like *Boucicault*?"

"I didn't know which he was," she answered, with impassioned exaltation. "I didn't care for him. I only thought of that poor girl, and her husband who despised her——"

She stopped. Bartley looked at her a moment, and then caught her to him and fell a-laughing over her, till it seemed as if he never would end.

"And you thought—you thought," he cried, trying to get his breath, "you thought you were Eily, and I was Hardress Cregan! Oh, I see, I see!"

He went on making a mock and a burlesque of her tragical hallucination till she laughed with him at last.

When he put his hand up to turn out the gas, he began his joking afresh:

"The real thing for Hardress to do," he said at last, fumbling for the key, "is to *Now* it out. That's what Hardress usually does when he comes up from the rural districts with Eily on their bridal tour. That finishes off Eily, without troubling Danny Mann. The

only drawback is that it finishes off Hardress, too: they're both found suffocated in the morning."

XIV.

THE next day, after breakfast, while they stood together before the parlor fire, Bartley proposed one plan after another for spending the day. Marcia rejected them all, with perfectly recovered self-composure.

"Then what *shall* we do?" he asked, at last.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, rather absently. She added, after an interval, smoothing the warm front of her dress, and putting her foot on the fender. "What did those theater-tickets cost?"

"Two dollars," he replied, carelessly.

"Why?"

Marcia gasped.

"Two dollars! Oh, Bartley, we couldn't afford it!"

"It seems we did."

"And here—how much are we paying here?"

"That room, with fire," said Bartley, stretching himself, "is seven dollars a day——"

"We mustn't stay another instant!" said Marcia, all a woman's terror of spending money on anything but dress, all a wife's conservative instinct, rising within her. "How much have you got left?"

Bartley took out his pocket-book and counted over the bills in it.

"A hundred and twenty dollars."

"Why, what has become of it all? We had a hundred and sixty!"

"Well, our railroad tickets were nineteen, the sleeping-car was three, the parlor-car was three, the theater was two, the hack was fifty cents, and we'll have to put down the other two and a half to refreshments."

Marcia listened in dismay. At the end, she drew a long breath.

"Well, we must go away from here as soon as possible—that I know. We'll go out and find some boarding-place. That's the first thing."

"Oh, now, Marcia, you're not going to be so severe as that, are you?" pleaded Bartley. "A few dollars, more or less, are not going to keep us out of the poor-house. I just want to stay here three days: that will leave us a clean hundred, and we can start fair."

He was half joking, but she was wholly serious.

"No, Bartley! Not another hour—not another minute! Come!"

She took his arm and bent it up into a

crook, in which she put her hand, and pulled him toward the door.

"Well, after all," he said, "it will be some fun looking up a room."

There was no one else in the parlor; in going to the door they took some waltzing steps together.

While she dressed to go out, he looked up places where rooms were let with or without board, in the newspaper.

"There don't seem to be a great many," he said meditatively, bending over the open sheet. But he cut out half a dozen advertisements with his editorial scissors, and they started upon their search.

• They climbed those pleasant old uphill streets that converge to the State-house, and looked into the houses on the quiet Places that stretch from one thoroughfare to another. They had decided that they would be content with two small rooms, one for a chamber and the other for a parlor where they could have a fire. They found exactly what they wanted in the first house at which they applied, one flight up, with sunny windows, looking down the street; but it made Marcia's blood run cold when the landlady said that the price was thirty dollars a week. At another place the rooms were only twenty; the position was quite as good, and the carpet and furniture prettier.

This was still too dear, but it seemed comparatively reasonable till it appeared that this was the price without board.

"I think we should prefer rooms with board, shouldn't we?" asked Bartley, with a sly look at Marcia.

The prices were of all degrees of exorbitance, and they varied for no reason from house to house; one landlady had been accustomed to take more and another less, but never little enough for Marcia, who overruled Bartley again and again when he wished to close with some small abatement of terms. She declared now that they must put up with one room, and they must not care what floor it was on. But the cheapest room with board was fourteen dollars a week, and Marcia had fixed her ideal at ten: even that was too high for them.

"The best way will be to go back to the Revere House, at seven dollars a day," said Bartley. He had lately been leaving the transaction of the business entirely to Marcia, who had rapidly acquired alertness and decision in it.

She could not respond to his joke.

"What is there left?" she asked.

"There isn't anything left," he said. "We've got to the end."

They stood on the edge of the pavement

and looked up and down the street, and then, by a common impulse, they looked at the house opposite, where a placard in the window advertised "Apartments to Let—to Gentlemen Only."

"It would be of no use asking there," murmured Marcia, with sad abstraction.

"Well, let's go over and try," said her husband. "They can't do more than turn us out-of-doors."

"I know it won't be of any use," Marcia sighed, as people do when they hope to gain something by forbidding themselves hope. But she helplessly followed, and stood at the foot of the door-steps while he ran up and rang.

It was apparently the woman of the house who came to the door and shrewdly scanned them.

"I see you have apartments to let," said Bartley.

"Well, yes," admitted the woman, as if she considered it useless to deny it, "I have."

"I should like to look at them," returned Bartley, with promptness. "Come, Marcia." And, reinforced by her, he invaded the premises before the landlady had time to repel him. "I'll tell you what we want," he continued, turning into the little reception-room at the side of the door, "and if you haven't got it, there's no need to trouble you. We want a fair-sized room, anywhere between the cellar-floor and the roof, with a bed, and a stove, and a table in it, that sha'n't cost us more than ten dollars a week, with board."

"Set down," said the landlady, herself setting the example by sinking into the rocking-chair behind her and beginning to rock while she made a brief study of the intruders.

"Want it for yourselves?"

"Yes," said Bartley.

"Well," returned the landlady, "I always have preferred single gentlemen."

"I inferred as much from a remark which you made in your front-window," said Bartley, indicating the placard.

The landlady smiled. They were certainly a very pretty-appearing young couple, and the gentleman was evidently up-and-coming. Mrs. Nash liked Bartley, as most people of her grade did, at once.

"It's always be'n my experience," she explained, with the lazily rhythmical drawl in which most half-bred New-Englanders speak, "that I seemed to get along rather better with gentlemen. They give less trouble—as a general rule," she added, with a glance at Marcia, as if she did not deny that there were exceptions, and Marcia might be a striking one.

Bartley seized his advantage.

"Well, my wife hasn't been married long enough to be unreasonable. I guess you'd get along."

They both laughed, and Marcia, blushing, joined them.

"Well, I thought when you first come up the steps you hadn't been married—well, not a *great* while," said the landlady.

"No," said Bartley. "It seems a good while to my wife; but we were only married day before yesterday."

"The land!" cried Mrs. Nash.

"Bartley!" whispered Marcia, in soft upbraiding.

"What? Well, say last week, then. We were married last week, and we've come to Boston to seek our fortune."

His wit overjoyed Mrs. Nash.

"You'll find Boston an awful hard place to get along," she said.

"I shouldn't think so, by the price Boston people ask for their rooms," returned Bartley. "If I had rooms to let, I should get along pretty easily."

This again delighted the landlady.

"I guess you aint goin' to get out of spirits, anyway," she said. "Well," she continued, "I have got a room 't I guess would suit you. Unexpectedly vacated." She seemed to recur to the language of an advertisement in these words, which she pronounced as if reading them. "It's pretty high up," she said, with a warning shake of the head.

"Stairs to get to it?" asked Bartley.

"Plenty of stairs."

"Well, when a place is pretty high up, I like to have plenty of stairs to get to it. I guess we'll see it, Marcia." He rose.

"Well, I'll just go up and see if it's *fit* to be seen, first," said the landlady.

"Oh, Bartley!" said Marcia, when she had left them alone, "how *could* you joke so about our just being married!"

"Well, I saw she wanted awfully to ask. And anybody can tell by looking at us, anyway. We can't keep that to ourselves, any more than we can our greenness. Besides, it's money in our pockets; she'll take something off our board for it, you'll see. Now, will you manage the bargaining from this on? I stepped forward because the rooms were for gentlemen only."

"I guess I'd better," said Marcia.

"All right; then I'll take a back seat from this out."

"Oh, I do *hope* it wont be too much!" sighed the young wife. "I'm so *tired*, looking."

"You can come right along up," the landlady called down through the oval spire formed by the ascending hand-rail of the stairs. They found her in a broad, low room,

whose ceiling sloped with the roof, and had the pleasant irregularity of the angles and recessions of two dormer windows. The room was clean and cozy; there was a table, and a stove that could be used open or shut; Marcia squeezed Bartley's arm to signify that it would do perfectly—if only the price would suit.

The landlady stood in the middle of the floor and lectured:

"Now, there! I get five dollars a week for this room; and I gen'ly let it to two gentlemen. It's just been vacated by two gentlemen unexpectedly; and it's hard to get gentlemen at this time the year; and that's the reason I thought of takin' you. As I *say*, I don't much like ladies for inmates, and so I put in the window 'for gentlemen only.' But it's no use bein' too particular; I can't have the room layin' empty on my hands. If it suits you, you can have it for four dollars. It's high up, and there's no use tryin' to deny it. But there aint such another view as them winders commands anywheres. You can see the harbor, and pretty much the whole coast."

"Anything extra for the view?" said Bartley, glancing out.

"No, I throw that in."

"Does the price include gas and fire?" asked Marcia, sharpened as to all details by previous interviews.

"It includes the gas, but it don't include the fire," said the landlady, firmly. "And it's pretty low at that, as you've found out, I guess."

"Yes, it *is* low," said Marcia. "Bartley, I think we'd better take it."

She looked at him timidly, as if she were afraid he might not think it good enough; she did not think it good enough for him, but she felt that they must make their money go as far as possible.

"All *right*!" he said. "Then it's a bargain."

"And how much more will the board be?"

"Well, there," the landlady said, with candor, "I don't know as I can meet your views. I don't ever give board. But there's plenty of houses right on the street here where you can get day-board from four dollars a week up."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Marcia; and that would make it twelve dollars!"

"Why the dear suz, child!" exclaimed the landlady, "you didn't expect to get it for less?"

"We must," said Marcia.

"Then you'll have to go to a mechanics' boardin'-house."

"I suppose we shall," she returned, dejectedly. Bartley whistled.

"Look here," said the landlady, "aint you from Down East, some'eres?"

Marcia started, as if the woman had recognized them.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Nash, "I'm from down Maine way, myself, and I'll tell you what I should do, if I was in your *place*. You don't want much of anything for breakfast or tea; you can boil you an egg on the stove here, and you can make your own tea or coffee; and if I was you, I'd go out for my dinners to an eatin'-house. I heard some my lodgers tellin' how they done. Well, I heard the very gentlemen that occupied this room sayin' how they used to go to an eatin'-house, and one'd order one thing, and another, another, and then they'd halve it between 'em, and make out a first-rate meal for about a quarter apiece. Plenty of places now where they give you a cut o' lamb or rib-beef for a shillin', and they bring you bread and butter and potato with it; an' it's always enough for two. That's what they *said*. I haint never tried it myself; but as long as you haint got anybody but yourselves to care for, there aint any reason why *you* shouldn't."

They looked at each other.

"Well," added the landlady for a final touch, *"say fire. That stove wont burn a great deal, anyway."*

"All right," said Bartley, "we'll take the room—for a month, at least."

Mrs. Nash looked a little embarrassed. If she had made some concession to the liking she had conceived for this pretty young couple, she could not risk everything.

"I always have to get the first week in advance,—where there aint no reference," she suggested.

"Of course," said Bartley, and he took out his pocket-book, which he had a boyish satisfaction in letting her see was well filled. "Now, Marcia," he continued, looking at his watch, "I'll just run over to the hotel, and give up our room before they get us in for dinner."

Marcia accepted Mrs. Nash's invitation to come and sit with her till the chill was off the room; and she borrowed a pen and paper of her to write home. The note she sent was brief: she was not going to seem to ask anything of her father. But she was going to do what was right; she told him where she was, and she sent her love to her mother. She would not speak of her things; he might send them or not, as he chose; but she knew he would. This was the spirit of her letter, and her training had not taught her to soften and sweeten her phrase; but no doubt the old man, who was like her, would understand that she felt no compunction for what she had done, and that she loved him though she still defied him.

Bartley did not ask her what her letter was when she demanded a stamp of him on his return; but he knew. He inquired of Mrs. Nash where these cheap eating-houses were to be found, and he posted it in the first letter-box they came to, merely saying:

"I hope you haven't been asking any favors, Marsh?"

"No, indeed."

"Because I couldn't stand that."

Marcia had never dined in a restaurant, and she was somewhat bewildered by the one into which they turned. There was a great show of roast, and steak, and fish, and game, and squash, and cranberry pie in the window, and at the door a tack was driven through a mass of bills of fare, two of which Bartley plucked off as they entered, with a knowing air, and then threw on the floor when he found the same thing on the table. The table had a marble top, and a silver-plated caster in the center. The plates were laid with a coarse red doily in a cocked-hat on each, and a thinly plated knife and fork crossed beneath it; the plates were thick and heavy; the handle as well as the blade of the knife was metal and silvered. Besides the caster, there was a bottle of Leicestershire sauce on the table, and salt in what Marcia thought a pepper-box; the marble was of an unctuous translucence in places, and showed the course of the cleansing napkin on its smeared surface. The place was hot, and full of confused smells of cooking; all the tables were crowded, so that they found places with difficulty, and pale, plain girls, of the provincial and Irish-American type, in fashionable bangs and pull-backs, went about taking the orders, which they wailed out toward a semicircular hole opening upon a counter at the farther end of the room; there they received the dishes ordered, and hurried with them to the customers, before whom they laid them with a noisy clacking of the heavy crockery. A great many of the people seemed to be taking hulled-corn and milk; baked beans formed another favorite dish, and squash-pie was in large request. Marcia was not critical; roast turkey for Bartley and stewed chicken for herself, with cranberry-pie for both, seemed to her a very good and sufficient dinner, and better than they ought to have had. She asked Bartley if this were anything like Parker's; he had always talked to her about Parker's.

"Well, Marcia," he said, folding up his doily, which does not betray use like the indiscreet white napkin, "I'll just take you round and show you the *outside* of Parker's, and some day we'll go there and get dinner."

He not only showed her Parker's, but the City Hall; they walked down School street,

and through Washington as far as Boylston: and Bartley pointed out the Old South, and brought Marcia home by the Common, where they stopped to see the boys coasting under the care of the police, between two long lines of spectators.

"The State House," said Bartley, with easy command of the facts, and pointing in the several directions; "Beacon street; Public Garden; Back Bay."

She came home to Mrs. Nash joyfully admiring the city, but admiring still more her husband's masterly knowledge of it.

Mrs. Nash was one of those people who partake intimately of the importance of the place in which they live; to whom it is sufficient splendor and prosperity to be a Bostonian, or New-Yorker, or Chicagoan, and who experience a delicious self-flattery in the celebration of the municipal grandeur. In his degree, Bartley was of this sort, and he exchanged compliments of Boston with Mrs. Nash, till they grew into warm favor with each other.

After a while, he said he must go upstairs and do some writing; and then he casually dropped the fact that he was an editor, and that he had come to Boston to get an engagement on a newspaper; he implied that he had come to take one.

"Well," said Mrs. Nash, smoothing the back of the cat, which she had in her lap. "I guess there aint anything like our Boston papers. And they say this new one—the 'Daily Events'—is goin' to take the lead. You acquainted any with our Boston editors?"

Bartley hemmed.

"Well—I know the proprietor of the 'Events.'"

"Ah, yes: Mr. Witherby. Well, they say he's got the money. I hear my lodgers talkin' about that paper consid'able. I haven't ever seen it."

Bartley now went upstairs; he had an idea in his head. Marcia remained with Mrs. Nash a few moments.

"He's been in Boston before," she said, with proud satisfaction; "he visited here when he was in college."

"Law, is he college-bred?" cried Mrs. Nash. "Well, I thought he looked 'most too wide-awake for that. He aint a bit offish. He seems *re'l* practical. What you hurryin' off so for?" she asked, as Marcia rose, and stood poised on the threshold, in act to follow her husband. "Why don't you set here with me, while he's at his writin'? You'll just keep talkin' to him and takin' his mind off, the whole while. You stay here!" she commanded hospitably. "You'll just be in the way, up there."

This was a novel conception to Marcia, but its good sense struck her.

"Well, I will," she said. "I'll run up a minute to leave my things and then I'll come back."

She found Bartley dragging the table, on which he had already laid out his writing-materials, into a good light, and she threw her arms round his neck, as if they had been a great while parted.

"Come up to kiss me good luck?" he asked, finding her lips.

"Yes, and to tell you how splendid you are, going right to work this way," she answered fondly.

"Oh, I don't believe in losing time; and I've got to strike while the iron's hot, if I'm going to write out that logging-camp business. I'll take it over to that 'Events' man, and hit him with it, while it's fresh in his mind."

"Yes," said Marcia, "are you going to write that out?"

"Why, I told you I was. Any objections?"

He did not pay much attention to her, and he asked his question jokingly, as he went on making his preparations.

"It's hard for me to realize that people can care for such things. I thought perhaps you'd begin with something else," she suggested, hanging up her sack and hat in the closet.

"No, that's the very thing to begin with," he answered, carelessly. "What are you going to do? Want that book to read that I bought on the cars?"

"No, I'm going down to sit with Mrs. Nash, while you're writing."

"Well, that's a good idea."

"You can call me when you've done."

"Done!" cried Bartley. "I sha'n't be done till this time to-morrow. I'm going to make a lot about it."

"Oh!" said his wife. "Well, I suppose the more there is the more you will get for it. Shall you put in about those people coming to see the camp?"

"Yes, I think I can work that in so that old Witherby will like it. Something about a distinguished Boston newspaper proprietor and his refined and elegant ladies, as a sort of contrast to the rude life of the loggers."

"I thought you didn't admire them a great deal."

"Well, I didn't much. But I can work them up."

Marcia was quite ready to go; Bartley had seated himself at his table, but she still hovered about.

"And are you—shall you put that Montreal woman in?"

"Yes, get it all in. She'll work up first rate."

Marcia was silent. Then she said:
 "I shouldn't think you'd put her in if she was so silly and disagreeable."

Bartley turned around, and saw the look on her face that he could not mistake. He rose and took her by the chin.

"Look here, Marsh!" he said, "didn't you promise me you'd stop that?"

"Yes," she murmured, while the color flamed into her cheeks.

"And will you?"

"I *did* try ——"

He looked sharply into her eyes.

"Confound the Montreal woman! I won't put in a word about her. There!"

He kissed Marcia, and held her in his arms and soothed her as if she had been a jealous child.

"Oh, Bartley! Oh, Bartley!" she cried. "I love you so!"

"I think it's a remark you made before," he said, and with a final kiss and laugh, he pushed her out of the door; and she ran down stairs to Mrs. Nash again.

"Your husband ever write poetry, any?" inquired the landlady.

"No," returned Marcia; "he used to, in college. But he says it don't pay."

"One my lodgers—well, she was a lady; you can't seem to get gentlemen oftentimes in the summer season, for love or money, and I was puttin' up with her,—breakin' joints,—as you may say, for the time bein'—*she* wrote poetry; 'n' I guess she found it pretty poor pickin'. Used to write for the weekly papers, she said, 'n' the child'n's magazines. Well, she couldn't get more'n a doll' or two, 'n' I do know but what less, for a piece as long as that." Mrs. Nash held her hands about a foot apart. "Used to show 'em to me, and tell me about 'em. I declare I used to pity her. I used tell her I ruther break stone for my livin'."

Marcia sat talking more than an hour to Mrs. Nash, informing herself upon the history of Mrs. Nash's past and present lodgers, and about the ways of the city, and the prices of provisions and dress-goods. The dearness of everything alarmed and even shocked her; but she came back to her faith in Bartley's ability to meet and overcome all difficulties. She grew drowsy in the close air which Mrs. Nash loved, after all her fatigues and excitements, and she said she guessed she would go up and see how Bartley was getting on. But when she stole into the room and saw him busily writing, she said, "Now, I won't speak a word, Bartley," and coiled herself down under a shawl on the bed, near enough to put her hand on his shoulder if she wished, and fell asleep.

xv.

It took Bartley two days to write out his account of the logging-camp. He worked it up to the best of his ability, giving all the facts that he had got out of Kinney, and relieving these with what he considered picturesque touches. He had the newspaper instinct, and he divined that his readers would not care for his picturesqueness without his facts. He therefore subordinated this, and he tried to give his description of the loggers a politico-economical interest, dwelling upon the variety of nationalities engaged in the industry, the changes it had undergone in what he called its *personnel*, its present character and its future development in relation to what he styled, in a line of alliterative small capitals:

COLUMBIA'S MORIBUND SHIP-BUILDING.

He interspersed his text plentifully with those exclamatory headings intended to catch the eye with startling fragments of narration and statement, such as—

THE PINE-TREE STATE'S STORIED STAPLE
 MORE THAN A MILLION OF MONEY
 UNBROKEN WILDERNESS
 WILD CATS, LYNXES, AND BEARS
 BITTEN OFF
 BOTH LEGS FROZEN TO THE KNEES
 CANADIAN SONGS
 JOY UNCONFINED
 THE LAMP-LIGHT ON THEIR SWARTHY FACES

Then he spent a final forenoon in polishing his article up. But after dinner he took leave of Marcia with more trepidation than he was willing to show, or knew how to conceal. Her devout faith in his success seemed to unnerve him, and he begged her at last not to believe in it so much.

He seized in both hands what courage he had left, and found himself, after the usual reluctance of the people in the business-office, face to face with Mr. Witherby in his private room. Mr. Witherby had lately dismissed his managing editor for his defiance of the true interests of the paper as represented by the counting-room, and was managing the "Events" himself. He sat before a table strewn with manuscripts and newspapers, and as he looked up, Bartley saw that he did not recognize him.

"How do you do, Mr. Witherby? I had the pleasure of meeting you the other day, in Maine—at Mr. Willett's logging-camp. Hubbard is my name; remember me as editor of the Equity 'Free Press.'"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Witherby, rising and

standing at his desk, as a sort of compromise between asking his visitor to sit down and telling him to go away. He shook hands in a loose way, and added: "I presume you would like to exchange. But the fact is, our list is so large already, that we can't extend it, just now; we can't—"

Bartley smiled.

"I don't want any exchange, Mr. Witherby. I'm out of the 'Free Press.'"

"Oh!" said the city journalist, with relief. He added, in a leading tone: "Then——"

"I've come to offer you an article—an account of lumbering in our State. It's a little sketch that I've prepared from what I saw in Mr. Willett's camp, and some facts and statistics I've picked up. I thought it might make an attractive feature of your Sunday edition."

"The Events," said Mr. Witherby, solemnly, "does not publish a Sunday edition!"

"Of course not," answered Bartley, inwardly cursing his blunder, "I mean your Saturday evening supplement." He handed him his manuscript.

Mr. Witherby looked at it, with the worry of a dull man who has assumed unintelligible duties. He had let the other papers "get ahead of him" on several important enterprises lately, and he would have been glad to retrieve himself; but he could not be sure that this was an enterprise. He began by saying that their last Saturday supplement was just out, and the next was full; and he ended by declaring, with stupid pomp, that the 'Events' preferred to send its own reporters to write up those matters. Then he hemmed, and looked at Bartley, and he would really be glad to have him argue him out of this position; but Bartley could not divine what was in his mind. The cold fit which sooner or later comes to every form of authorship, seized him. He said awkwardly he was very sorry, and putting his manuscript back in his pocket, he went out, feeling curiously light-headed as if his rebuff had been a stunning blow. The affair was so quickly over that he might well have believed it had not happened. But he was sickeningly disappointed; more than he had allowed himself to realize he had counted upon the sale of his article to the "Events"; his hope had been founded upon actual knowledge of the proprietor's intention, and although he had rebuked Marcia's overweening confidence, he had expected that Witherby would jump at it. But Witherby had not even looked at it.

Bartley walked a long time in the cold winter sunshine. He would have liked to go back to his lodging, and hide his face in Marcia's hands, and let her pity him, but he

could not bear the thought of her disappointment, and he kept walking. At last he regained courage enough to go to the editor of the paper for which he used to correspond in the summer, and which had always printed his letters. This editor was busy, too, but he apparently felt some obligations to civility with Bartley, and though he kept glancing over his exchanges as they talked, he now and then glanced at Bartley also. He said that he should be glad to print the sketch, but that they never paid for outside material, and he advised Bartley to go with it to the "Events" or to the "Daily Chronicle-Abstract"; the "Abstract" and the "Brief Chronicle" had lately consolidated, and they were showing a good deal of enterprise. Bartley said nothing to betray that he had already been at the "Events" office, and upon this friendly editor's invitation to drop in again, sometime, he went away considerably re-inspired.

"If you should happen to go to the 'Chronicle-Abstract' folks," the editor called after him, "you can tell them I suggested your coming."

The managing editor of the "Chronicle-Abstract" was reading a manuscript, and he did not desist from his work on Bartley's appearance, which he gave no sign of secretly welcoming. But he had a whimsical, shrewd, kind face, and Bartley felt that he should get on with him, though he did not rise, and though he let Bartley stand.

"Yes," he said. "Lumbering, hey? Well, there's some interest in that, just now, on account of this talk about the decay of our ship-building interests. Anything on that point?"

"That's the very point I touch on first," said Bartley.

The editor stopped turning over his manuscript.

"Let's see," he said, holding out his hand for Bartley's article. He looked at the first head-line, "What I Know about Logging," and smiled. "Old, but good." Then he glanced at the other headings, and ran his eye down the long strips on which Bartley had written; nibbled at the text here and there a little; returned to the first paragraph, and read that through; looked back at something else, and then read the close.

"I guess you can leave it," he said, laying the manuscript on the table.

"No, I guess not," said Bartley, with equal coolness, gathering it up.

The editor looked fairly at him for the first time, and smiled. Evidently he liked this.

"What's the reason? Any particular hurry?"

"I happen to know that the 'Events' is going to send a man down east to write up

this very subject. And I don't propose to leave this article here till they steal my thunder, and then have it thrown back on my hands not worth the paper it's written on."

The editor tilted himself back in his chair and braced his knees against his table.

"Well, I guess you're right," he said. "What do you want for it?"

This was a terrible question. Bartley knew nothing about the prices that city papers paid; he feared to ask too much, but he also feared to cheapen his wares by asking too little.

"Twenty-five dollars," he said, huskily.

"Let's look at it," said the editor, reaching out his hand for the manuscript again. "Sit down."

He pushed a chair toward Bartley with his foot, having first swept a pile of newspapers from it to the floor. He now read the article more fully, and then looked up at Bartley, who sat still, trying to hide his anxiety.

"You're not quite a new hand at the bel-lows, are you?"

"I've edited a country paper."

"Yes? Where?"

"Down in Maine."

The editor bent forward and took out a long, narrow blank-book. "I guess we shall want your article. What name?"

"Bartley J. Hubbard." It sounded in his ears like some other name.

"Going to be in Boston some time?"

"All the time," said Bartley, struggling to appear nonchalant. The revulsion from the despair into which he had fallen after his interview with Witherby was still very great. The order on the counting-room which the editor had given him, shook in his hand. He saw his way before him clearly now; he wished to propose some other things that he would like to write; but he was saved from this folly for the time by the editor's saying, in a tone of dismissal:

"Better come in to-morrow and see a proof. We shall put you into the Wednesday supplement."

"Thanks," said Bartley. "Good-day."

The editor did not hear him, or did not think it necessary to respond from behind the newspaper which he had lifted up between them, and Bartley went out. He did not stop to cash his order; he made boyish haste to show it to Marcia as something more authentic than the money itself, and more sacred. As he hurried homeward, he figured Marcia's ecstasy in his thought. He saw himself flying up the stairs to their attic three steps at a bound, and bursting into the room, where she sat, eager and anxious, and flinging the order into her lap; and then, when she had read it with rapture at the sum, and

pride in the smartness with which he had managed the whole affair, he saw himself catching her up and dancing about the floor with her. He thought how fond of her he was, and he wondered that he could ever have been cold or lukewarm.

She was standing at the window of Mrs. Nash's little reception-room when he reached the house. It was not to be as he had planned, but he flung her a kiss, glad of the impatience which would not let her wait till he could find her in their own room, and he had the precious order in his hand to dazzle her eyes as soon as he should enter. But, as he sprang into the hall, his foot struck against a trunk, and some boxes.

"Hello!" he cried. "Your things have come!"

Marcia lingered within the door of the room; she seemed afraid to come out.

"Yes," she said, faintly; "father brought them. He has just been here."

He seemed there still, and the vision unnerved her as if Bartley and he had been confronted there in reality. Her husband had left her hardly a quarter of an hour, when a hack drove up to the door and her father dismounted. She let him in herself, before he could ring, and waited tremulously for what he should do or say. But he merely took her hand, and stooping over, gave her the chary kiss with which he used to greet her at home when he returned from an absence.

She flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, father!"

"Well, well! There, there!" he said, and then he went into the reception-room with her; and there was nothing in his manner to betray that anything unusual had happened since they last met. He kept his hat on, as his fashion was, and he kept on his overcoat, below which the skirts of his dress-coat hung an inch or two; he looked old, and weary, and shabby.

"I can't leave Bartley, father," she began, hysterically.

"I haven't come to separate you from your husband, Marcia. What made you think so? It's your place to stay with him."

"He's out, now," she answered, in an incoherent hopefulness. "He's just gone. Will you wait and see him, father?"

"No, I guess I can't wait," said the old man. "It wouldn't do any good for us to meet now."

"Do you think he coaxed me away? He didn't. He took pity on me—he forgave me. And I didn't mean to deceive you when I left home, father. But I couldn't help trying to see Bartley again."

"I believe you, Marcia. I understand. The thing had to be. Let me see your marriage certificate."

She ran up to her room and fetched it. Her father read it carefully.

"Yes, that is all right," he said, and returned it to her. He added, after an absent pause: "I have brought your things, Marcia. Your mother packed all she could think of."

"How is mother?" asked Marcia, as if this had first reminded her of her mother.

"She is usually well," replied her father.

"Wont you—wont you come up and see our room, father?" Marcia asked, after the interval following this feint of interest in her mother.

"No," said the old man, rising restlessly from his chair, and buttoning at his coat, which was already buttoned. "I guess I shan't have time. I guess I must be going."

Marcia put herself between him and the door.

"Wont you let me tell you about it, father?"

"About what?"

"How—I came to go off with Bartley. I want you should know!"

"I guess I know all I want to know about it, Marcia. I accept the facts. I told you how I felt. What you've done hasn't changed me toward you. I understand you better than you understand yourself; and I can't say that I'm surprised. Now I want you should make the best of it."

"You don't forgive Bartley!" she cried passionately. "Then I don't want you should forgive me!"

"Where did you pick up this nonsense about forgiving?" said her father, knitting his shaggy brows. "A man does this thing or that, and the consequence follows. I couldn't forgive Bartley so that he could escape any consequence of what he's done; and you're not afraid I shall hurt him?"

"Stay and see him!" she pleaded. "He is so kind to me! He works night and day, and he has just gone out to sell something he has written for the papers."

"I never said he was lazy," returned her father. "Do you want any money, Marcia?"

"No, we have plenty. And Bartley is earning it all the time. I wish you would stay and see him!"

"No, I'm glad he didn't happen to be in," said the Squire. "I sha'n't wait for him to come back. It wouldn't do any good, just yet, Bartley; it would only do harm. Bartley and I haven't had time to change our minds about each other yet. But I'll say a good word for him to you. You're his wife, and it's your part to help him, not to hinder him. You can make him worse by being a fool; but you needn't be a fool. Don't worry him

about other women; don't be jealous. He's your husband, now: and the worst thing you can do is to doubt him."

"I wont, father, I wont, indeed! I will be good, and I will try to be sensible. Oh, I wish Bartley could know how you feel!"

"Don't tell him from me," said her father. "And don't keep making promises and breaking them. I'll help the man in with your things."

He went out, and came in again with one end of a trunk, as if he had been giving the man a hand with it into the house at home, and she suffered him as passively as she had suffered him to do her such services all her life. Then he took her hand laxly in his, and stooped down for another chary kiss.

"Good-bye, Marcia."

"Why, father! Are you going to leave me?" she faltered.

He smiled in melancholy irony at the bewilderment, the childish forgetfulness of the circumstances, which her words expressed.

"Oh, no! I'm going to take you with me."

His sarcasm restored her to a sense of what she had said, and she ruefully laughed at herself through her tears.

"What am I talking about? Give my love to mother! When will you come again?" she asked, clinging about him almost in the old playful way.

"When you want me," said the Squire, freeing himself.

"I'll write!" she cried after him, as he went down the steps; and if there had been, at any moment, a consciousness of her cruelty to him in her heart, she lost it when he drove away in her anxious waiting for Bartley's return. It seemed to her that, though her father had refused to see him, his visit was of happy augury for future kindness between them, and she was proudly eager to tell Bartley what good advice her father had given her. But the sight of her husband suddenly turned these thoughts to fear. She trembled, and all that she could say was:

"I know father will be all right, Bartley."

"How?" he retorted, savagely. "By the way he abused me to you? Where is he?"

"He's gone—gone back."

"I don't care where he's gone, so he's gone. Did he come to take you home with him? Why didn't you go?—Oh, Marcia!"

The brutal words had hardly escaped him when he ran to her as if he would arrest them before their sense should pierce her heart.

She thrust him back with a stiffly extended arm. "Keep away! Don't touch me!" She walked by him up the stairs without looking around at him, and he heard her close their door and lock it.

(To be continued.)

NINITA.

NINITA had lived her whole life long—that is to say, a trifle less than seventeen years—in the little town of Santa Cruz. Not the old Santa Cruz, the one back on the coast, but the new one—the Villa Nueva de Santa Cruz de la Cañada, as they called it, those lank Spaniards who built it in compliance with the orders of the pious King Philip, up on the head-waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, a trifle less than three hundred years ago. And the town to-day is very much what it was when its founders, having, as they believed, sufficiently fulfilled the king's command, stopped building. Twenty or thirty adobe houses, low, and mellow-brown as the sun strikes down upon them, cluster around three sides of the *plaza*. On the fourth side stands the old adobe church of Our Lady of Carmen, grown to stately proportions in modern times—that is to say, within the past two hundred years—but most revered because of its old chapel, that was builded first of all, when the good Franciscans came out into the wilderness to save heathen souls. And in this chapel is the gracious image of Our Lady that the great Queen Isabel, almost a century before the new Santa Cruz was thought of, had caused to be made and sent over seas for the edification of those converted to the true faith in her realm of New Spain. Ninita greatly loved that sweet image, and, on occasion, she made to it her most especial prayers.

But Ninita, while a good girl who went to the sacrament regularly, and who regularly first cleared her little conscience of the various small sins which accumulated upon it from month to month, had not often been moved to address to Our Lady any very earnest prayers. Her life was still too young, too fresh, too joyous in its sweet innocence to make any very earnest praying on her part necessary. Three times, in all, she had come to Our Lady with petitions which came strongly and warmly from her heart: once when little Carlos was born and her mother lay very, very ill—so ill that the *padre* came with the holy oil, and the nurse opened the window in the thick adobe wall, that the freed spirit might find its way out easily and so swiftly get to heaven; once when the *burro* fell down and crushed her poor father with the load of wood; and once when the small-pox was destroying right and left over in the near-by *pueblo* of San Juan. This

last prayer was that Santa Cruz might be spared—and she was quite conscious, down in the very depths of her heart, that the real burden of her prayer was that her own pretty face might escape the pestilence. It horrified her to think that she might have to go through life seamed and scarred like old Dolores. And all her prayers had been granted. By a miracle, as the *padre* said, her mother did not die, but got well. The American doctor said that her life was saved because the window was opened and some fresh air got into the room—the first that had been there for years. Ninita, who shared the contempt of her race for fresh air, believed the *padre*. Her father, who was a wiry little man, got well, too, though the poor *burro* died, having broken his back. And, as a dead *burro* is a thing almost unknown, the people came from miles around to look at his little fuzzy corpse, and stroked, almost tenderly, his long ears, out of which the wag had gone forever. Nor did the small-pox come to Santa Cruz. Now who can wonder, her prayers having been so fully answered, that Ninita loved the gentle face and figure of Our Lady of Carmen, and knelt before her reverently?

There was, indeed, about Santa Cruz a perfect placidity very well calculated to produce a quiet, loving faith such as dwelt serenely in Ninita's little breast. Since that dreadful day in January, three and thirty years before, when the battle was fought out on the *mesa*, and the victorious *Americanos* came into the town and wrecked the *padre's* house, and despoiled the church of its treasures,—a sad day's work still silently testified to by the broken walls and bare sacristy,—since that dreadful day there had not been a single event of any sort to stir the town from its perfect quietude. Ninita's father had been in that fight, and still bore upon his right arm the brave scar where the American saber had cut in to the bone. In his shoulder he still carried the American bullet that abruptly ended his fighting. But all this happened long before Ninita's day. She knew of it only as a dreadful story that was told to her when she was a little child—when she really was the baby-girl of the household, "*la ninita*"—sitting close by her father's side out on the stone pavement before the *puerta* in the cool evenings, while the wind blew fresh through the broad valley and the sun went

down beyond the mountains in a golden blaze.

During all her life there had been in Santa Cruz only peace and happiness. Her father, somewhat fitfully, to be sure, had tilled his little plot of ground, lying close upon the margin of the Rio Grande, with his two little steers and his little wooden plow; and Niñita herself had helped in this work, paddling about barefooted in the mud, and with a clumsy hoe turning the water from the *acequia* from channel to channel, until the whole field was freshened and gladdened by its grateful presence. Then, when her day's work in the fields was ended, she would wash her feet in the stream and trot home to help in making supper ready—not a very serious performance, for the supper was *atole* and goat's-milk almost the year round. After supper she would bring the water from the spring, placing the great *tinaja* close by the open chimney, where, through the chill night, the water would grow deliciously cool in the draft. As she grew older it was noticed that of all the village maidens Niñita bore her water-jar upon her head most gracefully, and was the lightest, lithest, liveliest, and prettiest. And she was such a sweet, helpful little body, so ready with a kind word and a kind act, that even her girl friends forgave her her good-looks and loved her. Surely there was every reason why she should be happy; and she was happy—as happy as the day was long: and, somehow, the days are very long down in that pleasant old New Spain.

But now, at last, a trouble had overtaken Niñita, and for the fourth time in her life she had stolen into the chapel of Our Lady of Carmen to pray. Vespers were over, and through all the great church there was a duskiness. Into the little chapel a gleam of light came through the western window, and played upon Our Lady's golden crown—not the crown of real gold that was sent by Queen Isabel (that had gone northward long ago in the saddle-bag of an *Americano*), but the gilded crown that had been made of late in Paris, and that Our Lady—failing to get anything better—wore with gracious serenity. The light played, too, upon Our Lady's face—a gentle, loving face, that Niñita felt was looking down upon her, full of sympathy. And so, coming as near as her respect for the holy image would permit her, though not so near as her heart prompted, she dropped down upon her knees in the dusk and prayed. She knelt there upon the clay floor for a long while,—so long that the dusk passed into gloom, and the gloom into dark,—but still a faint ray of light stole in from the

west, and through the darkness the saintly face looked kindly down upon her, and a dim glory seemed to shine from the golden crown. At last she rose. There were tears in her eyes, but her heart was lighter. She stole out softly from the chapel, through the dark church, and into the starlight. She did not see the *padre*, nor did he speak to her as she passed him in the cool darkness. He was a wise and good man, and he knew that sometimes hearts grow too tender to be touched by any hand but God's own.

But this time Niñita's prayers were not for her people. At her home, in the adobe house, over on the other side of the *plaza*, all was well. As she came from the church she found her father smoking his *cigarrito* with unruffled happiness—sitting the while, like a patriarch of old, before his gate in the evening. Within the house her mother was going through the mysterious process that Mexican women probably believe to be dish-washing. On the clay floor her little brother was contending amicably with the big dog for a bone. There was nothing wrong here; it was a household permeated by contentment and possessed by peace. No, Niñita's sorrow was not for her people. For the first time in her life, she was sorrowful for herself. Her prayer was for her own right guidance—the prayer that the saints have had put up to them so many times in the long ages since the world began: that a maiden's love may be led and guided in the right way.

A year before, Niñita would have laughed had any one told her that this world-old prayer would so soon be hers. She would have laughed, and would have shyly pointed to tall Manuel, who never was far from her side in those happy days. That she should marry Manuel had been decided upon by old José and old Manuel while yet the two were children, making little adobes and building toy-houses together out under the big cotton-wood tree, by the *acequia*. It was a marriage that in every way would be desirable. Old Manuel and old José were the fastest of friends. They had fought together, and had been wounded together, and had suffered loss of property together when the hated *Americanos* invaded the land: and what binds men more strongly together than brotherhood in arms and community in wrongs? And then for years they had been wrangling good-naturedly over the right to the water that flowed across a field of José's before it reached Manuel's land. For their old friendship's sake they were eager to have the marriage take place; and for the sake of settling the one dispute that ever had come to jar upon their friendship, it was agreed that

this field over which the water came should be Ninita's portion. There was great satisfaction between the two old fellows when this excellent plan was thought of and decided upon. In their joy they drank more of the Albuquerque wine than was good for them; and so were roundly rated by their wives.

Nor was their manifest destiny at all objected to by Ninita and Manuel, as they grew up out of childhood and came to know about it. Manuel would have been hard to please indeed had he not been pleased with Ninita, the roundest, daintiest little body in all the valley between Antonito and Santa Fe. And Ninita had equal reason to be satisfied with Manuel. He was a gallant young fellow, with crisp black hair, black eyes that were bold yet tender, a brave figure, and the natural grace that is the heritage of the children of the South. He was, too, as good-hearted as he was handsome. Everybody spoke well of him; and what is more surprising, the praise that he got was deserved. It seemed a match made in Heaven; Ninita thought so, certainly, sometimes, when her brown eyes were turned up to his, and each saw plainly the other's love.

And yet now Ninita had prayed from the depths of her soul that the sweet Lady of Carmen would guide aright the love that was in her heart. And in thus praying she had admitted to Our Lady, while yet denying it to herself, that the love which for so long had flowed on smoothly in the same pleasant channel had begun to stray from its right course,—that within her heart was going on a fight between an old love and a new.

This fight was something more than an ordinary heart-battle: it was a veritable war of races. Manuel's rival—of whose existence, as yet, Manuel had but a faint, dreamy suspicion—was not of his hybrid race, that strange mixture of Spanish and Indian blood that has come to be known as Mexican. John Grant was pure Saxon: tall, large-limbed, with merry blue eyes that yet had a world of tenderness in them, and with blonde hair and beard; and for a man who had run a level for a thousand miles or so across the plains, and who had been making surveys for a year or more under the blazing sun of New Mexico, he was wonderfully fair. To Ninita, when he first cantered across the *plaza*, in the early morning sunlight, and pulled up short at her father's gate, this blonde young fellow, in blue flannel shirt and corduroy trousers tucked into his boots, appeared as a god. Down in the depths of her heart, among the drops of her Indian blood,

she had, if not exactly a belief, at least a touch of superstitious faith, in the coming again of the fair Montezuma; and she knew that when the god returned it would be with the first rays of the rising sun. But this faint remnant of a nearly shattered creed had no real hold upon her, and in a moment she laughed a little to herself, and then, more seriously, exorcised the evil spirit that had put such thoughts into her mind by making upon her breast the sign of the cross.

Very charming she looked, to be sure, standing there in the shadow of the gate-way, with the court-yard behind her all lit up by the light of the rising sun. Grant, looking at her from under the broad brim of his felt hat, thought that she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen; and this somewhat hastily formed opinion was not far from the truth.

In shaky but intelligible Spanish he asked for permission to see her father, and when old José came out from the court-yard he set about explaining his business. The railroad, coming down from the North, was to traverse that very field over which José and Manuel had quarreled so pleasantly in the years gone by,—the field that was to be Ninita's marriage portion,—and Grant had come, he said, to pay for the right of way. A great time he had making clear to José the meaning of that same phrase, "right of way," for it involved the meaning also of railroads—monstrosities of which only a hazy conception resided in José's mind. But when, at last, the old man fairly got the bearings of the case, his anger got the better of his Mexican politeness. A railroad cross his land! Never! He had fought the invaders once, and he was not too old to fight them again. He would die before he would see the fields laid waste which he had tilled his life long, and which his father and grandfather and all his line before him had tilled for two centuries. He did not care for money; God had given him all that was needful to make life happy, and money was of no use. He had had enough of *Americanos* in the past,—his hand touched the place where the Texan ball still lay in his shoulder,—and this particular *Americano*, he said abruptly in conclusion, was at liberty to go at once to the devil. And saying this, old José pulled Ninita within the gate, and then slammed it in John Grant's face.

Grant, who was not at all prepared for such an outburst, but was in the habit of taking things coolly, slowly gathered up the reins from his horse's neck and went away, whistling meditatively. But he was thinking less of what José had said than of what he had seen. For many a long day he car-

ried in his mind the picture that he had come upon so suddenly as he cantered across the *plaza*—Niñita standing in the shadow, with the old court-yard bright in the morning sunlight beyond.

Now, of course, a railroad that is to unite two nations cannot be stopped by a single cranky old Mexican—especially when the railroad builders are more than ready to pay their way. And back of this truism, in this particular instance, was the fact that John Grant was not the sort of man to drop a piece of work when he had once fairly begun it. He did not go to the devil, as José had impolitely suggested; on the contrary, he went to the company's solicitor, and explained to that functionary the necessity of using means more powerful than persuasion to bring José to terms. Evidently this was not a case in which mild measures would prove useful: and yet, for some reason which he did not satisfactorily account for to himself, Grant made a number of visits to the adobe house in Santa Cruz before he finally invoked the power of the law. Upon old José all his blandishments were thrown away. The old fellow did not suffer his anger to overcome him again; but with Spanish dignity and Mexican stubbornness he held his ground. Between him and the *Americanos* there was a gulf of hatred that nothing could bridge—least of all, a railroad that was to destroy his lands. This was his position, and he held it as resolutely as he had held the redoubt out on the *mesa* three and thirty years before.

It was during these days, while Grant came and went, that the first doubts as to the happiness and fitness of her future found their way into Niñita's heart, and bred trouble there. They were only little doubts, at first; but they grew, and grew, until at last they wrenched and tortured her whole being. She still loved Manuel, but she felt that a stronger love was taking hold upon her; and she even hoped that an answering love came out to meet her own.

All this was not a matter of a day or a week. It came gradually. The summer was slipping by, and as the hot days one by one went past, each marked a little change in Niñita's heart. Old José, finding that the law of the commonwealth is greater than the will of the individual citizen, had surrendered sullenly, and sullenly had pocketed the comfortable sum allowed him for his wasted land; but he persisted in believing that Grant was the cause of all his troubles, and upon that particular *Americano* he had concentrated the hate which previously had been bestowed upon the American nation at large. Old Manuel and young Manuel shared this feel-

ing, for they also felt that they had suffered wrong. Indeed, through all the valley, there was an undercurrent of anger and discontent as the country-side folk saw the current setting down upon them from the North, and felt themselves powerless to stay it. They cared nothing for progress, for improvement, these simple souls; and they cared very little for the unheard-of quantities of money which were paid for the damage done their lands in comparison with what they cared for the loss of the lands themselves. But what worried them most keenly, though not one of them could understand, much less explain, this feeling, was the sudden inroad of a civilization utterly unlike, utterly inharmonious with, their own. Instinctively they recognized the advent of a race stronger than theirs, which must of necessity first subjugate and then exterminate them—not by force of arms, but by force of brain. These white men from the North were invaders, surely destined to be conquerors; nor were they the less to be dreaded because they came as friends and were free-handed with their gold. In body and brain they were the superiors of the people among whom they came; by the inevitable law of nature theirs must be the dominant race. Not a single Mexican ever went through this analysis of his hatred of the incoming *Americanos*; but, all the same, the hatred was there, and this was its cause. It did not show on the surface, but it smoldered hot beneath the crust of good manners with which all Mexicans are venerated.

And Niñita had so far forgotten the sentiment of her people, the will of her father, and her faith to her lover, that she had suffered her love to go out toward one of these hated strangers; and, even more than this, she had so far forgotten her maidenly dignity that she had given her love unasked. In his curt fashion, so unlike the gracious forms of speech to which she had been through all her life accustomed, John Grant had said many civil things to the Mexican beauty; and he certainly did very unnecessarily prolong his dealings with her father, for no other reason than that he might increase his opportunities for seeing her pretty face. During all the summer, while the embankment was creeping down the valley,—coming to and crossing José's field and passing on to the southward,—he made many excuses for holding interviews with the master of the old adobe house in Santa Cruz. Being courteously received on these occasions,—given to eat if his visit happened upon a meal-time, and to drink if it did not,—Grant promptly arrived at the conclusion that the old Mexican had been humbugging him all along, and was

only too glad to get his land off his hands at so good a price: a conclusion as near the truth as the guesses of a man of one race usually are about the feelings of a man of another.

As to making love seriously to Niñita, Grant never once thought of it. Marrying a Mexican and marrying a mulatto were much the same thing to his Saxon mind; and he was a good fellow in the main, and was altogether above the love-making that could end only in her wrong. But it was only natural, he thought, to amuse himself a little with this pretty girl whom fate had brought across his path. His work was hard enough, and his life was lonely enough down in that semi-barbarous region, he felt, to entitle him to play a little when he had a chance. Nor did he for a moment think, to do him justice, that his play could be mistaken by Niñita for earnest. In the civilization that he understood, men might make pretty speeches to pretty girls without a serious meaning attaching to their light words; he did not realize that in this other civilization which he had come upon, things were not the same. Indeed, he did not realize that this new phase of life that he had encountered was a civilization at all. When he wrote to his friends in the East, he described himself as living among half-reclaimed savages, and he believed this description to be the truth. So, when he had the chance, he said nice things in his jerky Spanish to Niñita, and was not a little pleased to see the color come into her pretty brown face and the long lashes droop over her beautiful brown eyes.

He did not have such chances often, for Mexican girls are sharply looked after, especially when an *Americano* is near. But now and then he would come upon her standing in the gate-way,—as on the day when he saw her for the first time,—and once or twice he was so fortunate as to meet her at the spring. And so, little by little, without knowing it and without meaning to do it, he stole Niñita's heart away.

The summer was now nearly ended. The embankment had gone on down the valley, past the village, and the trains had begun to run—constant sources of wonder and alarm to the simple folk who up to this time had held that, besides their own legs, *burros* and rattling ox-carts were the only known means of transportation. Grant's work near Santa Cruz was ended, and he was going back to the East; he had had enough of the barbarism of the South-west, he said.

Perhaps, had Niñita known that he was so soon to leave her, she would not have gone that evening to the chapel of Our Lady of Carmen to pray. But she did not know it, and

her troubled heart sorely needed comfort and rest. That day, as she was coming from the spring in the sunset light, Manuel had met her, and had asked her, very gently and tenderly, why she had so changed. Had he been harsh, had he insisted upon his right to her love, she might not have felt very deeply his reproaches. But it was not in Manuel's nature to be harsh with Niñita, and the love that he asked for was asked for humbly. In the evening light, he looked down upon her with the love in his eyes that once had seemed to her so perfect and so satisfying; and she had almost cursed herself because, as she turned toward him, his dark face and eyes and hair disappeared for a moment, and in their stead came a vision of blue eyes set in a fair face, framed in yellow hair and beard. She could not answer him, and for the first time in their lives he had gone from her sorrowing.

THIS was the trouble that Niñita had taken to Our Lady over in the chapel, and with all the strength of her heart she had prayed that the love which was in her might be guided in the right way. As she came out through the dusky church into the white starlight, it seemed to her that her prayer had been answered. The gentle Lady seemed to have told her that her love belonged to her own people, not to strangers; and presently she found herself softly saying over and over, under her breath, Manuel's name—just as she used to do before the *Americanos* came down into the land. For the first time in a long while she was possessed by a spirit of love and peace. Our Lady of Carmen had heard and answered her prayer.

She went out and seated herself upon the stones in front of the gate-way—looking in across the court-yard, and over the adobe wall beyond, at the young moon just rising above the mountains. As she sat there, still and happy, she heard the beat of a horse's hoofs out upon the road that led across the *mesa* to Española. The regular cadence made a little tune in her mind, to which she said "Man-u-el, Man-u-el," half-unconsciously. The hoof-beats came nearer, softly over the bit of sandy road beyond the *padre's* garden, and then with a clatter up the stony hill behind the church. Then, before she realized it, the horse had crossed the *plaza*, and John Grant had dismounted and was standing by her side. How beautiful he looked standing there, uncovered, in the moonlight! Niñita's heart beat hard, and all the peace that her prayer had given her was gone!

He had come to bid good-bye, Grant said. He was going away—going to his home far off across the plains and mountains; he feared

that he never would see the *señorita* again; he was glad that he had met her thus alone; would she be sorry when he was gone?

He spoke lightly, but there was a touch of real feeling in his tone,—for no one, not even a cool-headed *Americano*, could know Ninita without loving her at least a little,—and the tone meant more for her than the words. All that she felt was that he did love her, and that he was going away. In spite of herself, she gave a little sob.

"Poor little girl; then you are sorry?" said Grant, gently. He felt very kindly toward the little brown-eyed angel, who grieved because he was going away.

"And will the *señorita* give a little kiss—*un besito*—in parting?" he added.

He had laid his hand upon her shoulder as he spoke, and as he touched her he felt her tremble. For an instant she did not answer. Then, with a sudden, passionate movement, she turned toward him, flung her arms about his neck, and pressed her lips to his. It was *un beso*—not *un besito*—and the memory of it staid by him to his last day.

There was a sound of footsteps. Grant gently unclasped the arms from about his neck, and said, in English,—for Ninita's kiss had startled him so much that his small stock of Spanish was all gone from him,— "Good-bye, dear child! God bless you!" Then he jumped on his horse and galloped away.

Ninita stood dizzily for a moment. Then she heard her father's voice, but sharp and cruel: "Thou hast disgraced thy name!" And another voice, broken and piteous, said: "Thou hast betrayed thy love!"

This, then, was the answer that Our Lady of Carmen had given to her prayer! She sank down slowly, in a miserable little heap, upon the stones.

After what seemed to her a long while, she heard her father's voice again: "There is work for us to do to-night, Manuel. Get thy knife and thy horse!" In a dreamy way she heard departing footsteps, and then, after a while,—she could not tell how long,—the tramp of horses. Her father rode out through the gate-way, close by her side, and she heard him call Manuel's name; she heard Manuel answer, and she heard the sound of the horses' feet on the stony hill behind the church, as the two rode away together through the faint moonlight. And as she lay there in dumb agony, she knew that her father and her lover had ridden out into the night to murder John Grant.

GRANT had ten miles before him to the camp at Chamita, but he knew the road, and he had

the light of the young moon. It was a still, delicious night,—the sort of night that comes often in New Mexico,—and he rode slowly, that he might enjoy it to the full. This was his last ride along the lovely Rio Grande valley,—he was to start for the States the next evening,—and he wanted to make the most of it. And even had he not been disposed to ride slowly for the ride's sake, his queer adventure with the pretty Mexican would have made him forget to press his horse to speed. He was a good deal astonished by Ninita's demonstration, and a good deal flattered, as any man would have been.

"Poor little body! I really do believe that she loves me," he said to himself, with a good deal of quiet complacency.

And then he fell to wondering how much of his adventure it would be advisable to tell to Miss Eleanor Whittredge, of Chicago—for whose use and benefit he had spent a month's pay in the purchase of an engagement-ring, the last time he had been in the States. And so his thoughts wandered back and forth from the East to the West; from Miss Whittredge in Chicago, whom he loved sincerely, and whose dignified person and character he as sincerely respected, to this wild little Mexican girl in Santa Cruz, who had startled him with a kiss such as all the Miss Whittredges in the world together could not give. He went slowly over the *mesa*, slowly across the bridge to Española, and slowly along by the river-side toward Chamita. The night was perfect, and his thoughts moved about pleasantly in his mind. Once, when he roused himself, he heard horses galloping on the other side of the river—along the shorter road from Santa Cruz to Chamita, that crossed the river at the ford. Had he been in a hurry he would have taken that road himself; but he was not in a hurry. People down in New Mexico have a habit of galloping about the country at night, and unless they happen to be galloping up behind you, you do not pay much attention to them. So Grant relapsed into his musing.

He was aroused very completely, just as he had passed a clump of *piñons*, by a rush of horses toward him, and by a thrill of pain as a knife sliced its way into his left arm. Had not his own horse swerved just as the thrust was made at him, that ride in the moonlight would have been his last. Grant had not lived for five years on the plains, and for a year more in New Mexico, without picking up enough of the customs of the country to know what to do in such an emergency. He struck his long Mexican spurs into his horse, and felt for his revolver. There was not much satisfaction in finding that his pistol-pocket was empty: he had left his revolver in camp!

If the other people had pistols, it was all up with him; if they had only knives, he had a chance of getting off. His horse was a good one and fresh, and the bound that he had given when he felt the spurs had left the others behind. So he rode onward through the moonlight, crouching down over the high pommel of his saddle, and expecting every moment to feel a pistol-ball cracking in through his ribs.

But the ball did not come.

"They must be Mexicans," he thought, "and that accounts for their being without pistols and operating with knives."

This reflection comforted him a little; but he knew that a single unarmed man against two men armed—even though the two be Mexicans, and armed only with knives—has only a trifling chance of coming out victor. He gave his horse the spurs again, and set his teeth hard; and so he went along the river-road, not ten yards ahead of the Mexicans, for a couple of miles. Then the luck turned in his favor.

As he rounded a bend in the road he came upon three of his own men, who had halted and faced about when they heard horses galloping up behind them. They sat quite still: two of them holding cocked revolvers, the third with a Winchester all ready to bring up to his shoulder.

"It is I—Grant; these brutes have cut me. Shoot!" he shouted, as he recognized the party. In the East, an order of this sort might be questioned. In the South-west, we shoot first and question afterward. The two revolvers and the rifle cracked together, and the foremost of the two Mexicans fell with three balls through him—all three had shot at the same man. The other Mexican went straight through Grant's party, and on like a flash up the road. But he did not go far. The Winchester cracked again, and his horse galloped on with an empty saddle.

"That was a close call, old fellow. I didn't think these Mexican hounds had pluck enough to turn highway robbers. But we've settled 'em this time. Winchester and revolvers are ahead of Mexican knives every time—eh, old man?"

But Grant did not answer. He was dizzy and faint.

"Take him into camp, Jim; Ned and I'll look after these beggars. We've got to hunt up the *alcalde* at Española, I suppose, and make depositions and give ourselves up for trial, and that sort of thing. An awful waste of time over two blackguard dead Mexicans; but it can't be helped, you know. By Jove! there's blood running out of your sleeve, Grant. You must have an ugly hole in you.

Here, get your coat off and let's tie you up, and keep you from leaking."

So Grant was tied up, and then taken into camp, where he fainted dead away.

It was the evening of the next day, and again Niñita went into the chapel of Our Lady of Carmen, and knelt upon the clay floor—not near the sweet image, but far away from it in the dusky darkness.

Niñita's heart was broken—was dead. She could not pray. She scarcely knew why she had come to the chapel; there only stirred in her a vague feeling that here, though the gracious Lady no longer could be her friend, no longer could listen to her prayers, at least she would not be crushed to the earth by cruel, bitter words. No one could be her friend any more. Her mother had cursed her when her father was brought home dead, had told her, "This is thy work. Go thou also, with thy sins upon thee, and die;" and old Manuel, looking upon his dead son, had echoed her mother's curse. Even the *padre*, the good *padre*, had turned from her when she looked toward him with her eyes imploring pity. As she stood in the gate-way the people of the village had crowded about her, and their words of cruel abuse were yet ringing in her ears.

Yet had she really sinned? She could not think so. In her own heart she knew that that kiss was a kiss of renunciation and farewell. Much of her life went with it, but all of her life that was left would have been Manuel's. She was sure of this, and she was sure that the good Lady would have given her strength to forget, after a while, the love that had so mastered her, and would have made her love for Manuel once more strong and true. If! Oh God, if—and Niñita bowed her head, and a great agony filled her soul.

No, there was no use praying. Our Lady looked down upon her no longer gently, but with a grave severity that turned her broken heart to stone. Not even here could there be comfort for her. She must indeed have sinned if the gracious image turned against her; and then in her ears sounded again her mother's words: "Go thou also, with thy sins upon thee, and die." Yes, that was all that there was left for her to do. It would be very easy to die; and, perhaps, in death there would be peace.

She knelt there for a long time, while the darkness gathered around her. How very, very long ago it seemed to her that that evening when she had knelt and asked Our Lady to guide aright her love; and yet she knew that it had been but the evening of the day before. But time had ceased to have any meaning for

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Niñita; she was already reaching out into the dim vastness of eternity.

Through the still night, as she knelt there silently, prayerless, there came the sound of a locomotive whistle—it was the night express for the North. The train was still miles away down the line, for sound travels very far in that still, pure air, and more than a quarter of an hour would pass before it would go thundering by the village and up the valley beyond.

Suddenly, Niñita gave a little shudder. Then she rose steadily and walked out through the darkness of the church into the faint moonlight—walked on down the hill behind the church, past the *padre's* garden, out into the fields beyond, and so at last to where the railroad swept around a curve through a grove of cotton-woods. This was the field that was to have been her marriage portion. It was under those cotton-woods, by the *acequia*, that she and Manuel had made little adobes in the years so long gone by. She noticed how greatly the trees had grown, and wondered to herself that she had never noticed it before. Through their branches she could see the head-light of the engine, a great ball of

fire, coming up the line. She did not know that Grant was sitting in the lobby of the sleeping-car—looking a little pale, but not much the worse for the wound he was telling the conductor about as he smoked his cigar. It was better that Niñita did not know how close Grant was to her. At least one added pang of grief was spared her at the last.

"MUST have been one of them Mexican goats, I guess, Bill," said the engineer of the express to his fireman, as they felt a little jar, just as the engine rounded the curve, and they saw something black glance down the embankment and fall among the trees.

"Guess so. Serve him right for bein' fool enough to go to sleep on the track. Just like a Mexican goat to do that. Goats and Mexicans, they're all much of a muchness, and all d— fools together. What's the use of any of 'em I don't know, and I haven't found the fellow that does." And the engine and train, the advance guard of the coming race, swept on up the line.

Down under the cotton-wood, by the *acequia*, Niñita—one poor little soul of the race that must go—lay dead.

WAS THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD A REPRESENTATIVE JEW?

HERR GEORG BRANDES concludes his acute and brilliant study of the late Earl of Beaconsfield with the question: "Is he (Disraeli), as he considers himself, a representative man? Can he be truly said to be a representative of the Semitic race? If the question be put in this direct form, it must decidedly be answered in the negative. For the Jewish mind has revealed itself in far more affluent and nobler forms than in Disraeli's comparatively limited mental range." To our thinking, Herr Brandes' own book affords grounds for the contrary reply to his leading question. Despite his eminent gift of critical discernment, he seems to have fallen into error, rather owing to a misconception of that which constitutes the true Judaic type, than of the special character of the great statesman and novelist whom he portrays with masterly skill. In order that a single man shall represent a people, it is certainly unnecessary that he shall embrace, in the most perfect degree, the whole gamut of qualities ever possessed by the united members of his race. In other words, taking Spinoza and Shylock as the opposite poles of the Hebraic

character, it is not requisite that the representative Jew shall be, at the same time, Spinoza and Shylock. All that is required is that he shall furnish us with an epitome of the race-features common to both, and give us an example, on however limited a scale, of the master quality of each. Now, this is precisely what we think Benjamin Disraeli has done. If he was a stranger to the serene disinterestedness, the philosophic repose, the simplicity and magnanimity of Spinoza (all of which traits were purely individual), yet he shared with the inspired Hollander the distinctively national combination of mysticism and cool-headed shrewdness, of powerful imagination and mathematical precision in argument, together with indomitable energy, unhesitating self-confidence, and indefatigable perseverance. On the other hand, we have not far to look for his affinity with the Jew of Venice. Again, we find the poetic, oriental imagination dealing in tropes and symbols, the energy, or rather now the obstinacy, of will, the intellectual superiority, the peculiarly Jewish strength of the national and domestic sentiments; and, added thereto, the rebellion

of a proud heart embittered and perverted by brutal humiliations, and the consequent thirst for revenge, the astuteness, the sarcasm, the pathos, the egotism, and the cunning of the Hebrew usurer. Disraeli possessed in an eminent degree the capacity which seems to us the most characteristic feature of the Jew, whether considered as a race or an individual, and one which has been developed to perfection by ages of persecution. We refer to the faculty which enables this people, not only to perceive and make the most of every advantage of their situation and temperament, but also, with marvelous adroitness, to transform their very disabilities into new instruments of power. To-day, in Europe, their commercial prosperity is such as to arouse the jealousy and enmity of nations supposed to be the most enlightened, and yet this excessive accumulation of wealth is only the natural result of the stupid, not to say cruel, policy of those very nations in confining them for years to the practice of usury. Ostracized from the society of Christians, even when not made the victims of actual barbarity, refused a voice in the administration of public affairs, denied the honor of military service, excommunicated at the same time from legal protection and from Christian charity, it behooved them to organize all the more stringently their own little communities, to perfect their system of private beneficence, to administer their own affairs with scrupulous exactness, to practice the arts of peace, and to keep their eyes and wits ever open to the chance of gaining an inch of ground from the common enemy. Thus has a virtue, or at least a new element of force, been instilled into them by every provision for their extermination. Only an outward "sufferance is the badge of their tribe." The patient humility which accepted blows and contumely in silence was not the inertia of a broken will, but the calculating self-control of a nature imbued with persistent and unconquerable energy. In the long run, it was sure to endow them with the immense superiority that the self-contained man has over the man of unbridled temper. No other Jewish trait is more conspicuously exemplified than this in the career of Benjamin Disraeli. It was this which supported him through his repeated defeats before securing a seat in Parliament, and again through the disgraceful exhibition of Parliamentary brutality which attended his maiden-speech. No tempest of ridicule could shake his imperturbable calm. Not that he was lacking in sensitiveness, in pride, in the justifiable indignation of an insulted gentleman, but simply that he was used to it—that he had inherited and

cultivated the simulated patience to submit to it without flinching, while straining every nerve and directing every energy to the aim of retaliation and revenge. Upon that memorable day, the chief objects of derision, Herr Brandes tells us, were the speaker's peculiar manner and outlandish costume; there was nothing in his speech either absurd or dull. We fancy we can discern something deeper than the so-called oriental love of show in Disraeli's fantastic attire on this occasion; it is probable that the wily diplomatist adopted it deliberately as a conspicuous mark for the shafts of scorn—a sort of "Alcibiades' dog" to divert attention from the natural race-peculiarities of his appearance. The ridicule he foresaw as inevitable; rather let it be poured upon the masquerade-dress, which could be doffed at will, than upon the inalienable characteristics of his personality, still less upon any vulnerable points in his oratory. Moreover, he was doubtless anxious to let it exhaust itself at once—to provoke the full measure of scorn, and prove once and forever that he was to be dealt with by other opponents than bullies or buffoons.

A man of less audacity and tact would have endeavored to suppress, or at least to keep in the background, those facts relating to his origin and creed which were most at variance with the prejudices of his fellow countrymen. Not so Disraeli. His object was not to conciliate, but to dazzle; no difficulties could daunt him, but he was lynx-eyed to discern the line that separates the arduous from the impossible. No Englishman would ever forget he was a Jew; therefore, he himself would be the first and the loudest to proclaim it, and instead of apologizing for it, he exerted all his powers of rhetoric and persuasion to make it appear a natural prerogative of rank and honor. He did not knock servilely at the doors of the English aristocracy; he conquered them with their own weapons; he met arrogance with arrogance, the pride of descent based upon a few centuries of distinction, with the pride of descent supported by hundreds of centuries of intellectual supremacy and even of divine anointment. As a communicant of the Anglican Church he did not deny Christianity's claim to all the glory of civilization, but he went a step farther back and declared this very Christianity to be the outcome, the apotheosis, of Judaism. In the attitude which he assumed, politically, socially, and æsthetically, toward his race, we do not know which to admire more—the daring originality of his position, or the pluck and consistency with which he maintained it.

It would be an injustice, however, to attribute solely to a calculated audacity Disraeli's

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haughty position in regard to his race. He belonged, by birth, to the branch of modern Jews known as the Sephardim, concerning whom an English writer has remarked: "Of the two large bodies of European Jews, the Ashkenazim, from Germany and Poland, and the Sephardim, of Spanish and Portuguese descent, it is well known that during the Middle Ages the latter were the more eminent in wealth, literature, and importance. The general histories of modern Jews have treated of them as one people *per se*, without adequate consideration of how differently must have been modified the Judaism of Granada in the twelfth century, or of Castile in the fourteenth century, from that of the same period amid the ferocity and unlettered ignorance of Muscovy and Poland." There can be no doubt that a spark of fiery Castilian pride was transmitted, unstifled by intervening ages of oppression, to the spirit of Benjamin Disraeli. He knew himself to be the descendant, not of pariahs and pawnbrokers, but of princes, prophets, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, and in his veins was kindled that enthusiasm of faith in the genius and high vocation of his own people which strikes outsiders as an anomaly in a member of an habitually despised race. Indeed, in reading the annals of the mediæval Jews of Granada, we meet with more than one instance of a career ascending from the humble station of the Hebrew scribe or shopkeeper to the premiership of the kingdom, which seems almost the counterpart of that of Lord Beaconsfield, and which he, doubtless, treasured in his mind as an earnest of future possibilities, no less than a proof of historic superiority. Herr Brandes says: "Disraeli certainly cannot be looked upon as the personification of the many-sidedness of the Jewish race. He is wanting in its idealistic tendencies." But our author seems to forget that the idealism of politics is not the idealism of philosophy. Disraeli's faith in the sovereign power of imagination seems to us a proof of his "idealistic tendency." Ideal is a vague word, of many meanings. Ideal aims, in the sense opposed to egotism or personal ambition,—the idealism of Washington as contrasted with the selfishness of Bonaparte,—held no place in Disraeli's career or policy. But idealism as opposed to utilitarianism, faith in the romantic, the poetic idea, rather than in the dead, prosaic fact, characterized every act and statement that emanated from this brilliant Semite. Says Herr Brandes:

"It is in this high value placed on the use of imagination, conditioned by the lack of scientific training, that the originality of the man consists. There is some truth, something even profound, in this view of

imagination as a political motive power. It springs from his own peculiarly imaginative temperament, and this mode of looking at things is to such an extent the central point with him that he who rightly apprehends Disraeli's opinion of the part played by imagination in politics, and his adroitness in turning it to account, possesses the key to his mental powers as a novelist and statesman." (Pp. 59 and 60.)

Again we must differ from Herr Brandes in the assertion that Disraeli was lacking in the "many-sidedness" of the Jew. Prime-Minister of England, poet, novelist, orator, satirist, wit, and dandy, the leader of the Tories and the writer of a novel ("Sybil") which Herr Brandes says is "a confession of sympathy with the Chartists," and contains "passages that remind one of Lasalle," the author of "a little masterpiece of composition ('Ixion in Heaven')—a classic model which Heine might have envied," and of poems (in "Venetia") "not unworthy of Shelley," the chief of the Conservatives and the enthusiastic champion of Byron and Shelley as opposed to the cant and stupidity of British society,—in the name of Proteus, have we not here enough, on Herr Brandes' own showing, to establish Disraeli's claim to many-sidedness of sympathy and mind?

And yet the fact remains that Disraeli was not a first-class man; his qualities were not those of the world's heroes; he possessed talent, rather than genius; he was a sagacious politician aiming at self-aggrandizement, not a wise statesman building his monument in enduring acts of public service; and the study of his career is calculated to dazzle, to entertain, even to amuse, rather than to elevate, to stimulate, or to ennoble. But do all these derogatory facts preclude him from being considered a representative Jew? On the contrary, we think they tend to confirm his title. First-class men in all races are sufficiently rare, and they have not been absent from the annals of Judaism: Moses, Jesus, St. Paul, the prophets, Spinoza, bear glorious testimony to their existence. But centuries of persecution and the enforced narrowness of their sphere of action have, nevertheless, developed among the Jews a typical national character other than that of the above-named scions of the race. Adroitness, dexterity, tact, industry, perseverance, ambition, brilliancy, and imagination—these may be enumerated as their distinguishing qualities. Where shall we look for the great modern Jews? At the head of the revolutions, the politics, the finance, the journalism of Europe, or among actors, musical *virtuosi* and composers, wherever they can find a field for their practical ability, their long-starved appetite for power, their love of liberty, and

their manifold talents. They are on the surface in every city of Europe and America where they have gathered in any considerable numbers. But in proportion as we seek among the less brilliant avenues to renown, among the slowly rewarded workers and students, we shall find fewer and fewer representatives of the race.

The distinguished Belgian publicist, M. de Laveleye, says :

"The rapid rise of the Jewish element is a fact which may be observed all over Europe. If this upward movement continues, the Israelites, a century hence, will be the masters of Europe. * * * This fact is popularly attributed to usury, rapacity, hard-heartedness, and what not of the sort. This is a complete error, a baseless prejudice. When all transactions are free, no one is forced to submit to more onerous conditions than those of the general market. Christians do not neglect to profit, like every one else, by whatever favorable opportunities are accidentally presented to them. In the great financial scandals of our day, especially in Belgium, only Christians have figured. * * * The Jews have a very keen and very just sense of reality, which they seize and render with extreme precision; and at the same time a strong ideality, a powerful imagination. Heine seems to me the type of this rare combination of apparently antagonistic qualities. Apply this genius to business, and their success is explained. Imagination and invention discover advantageous operations, solid good sense enables them to see the good and bad sides, and protects them against illusions. Among us, business-men with imagination ruin themselves through optimism, and those without it crawl in routine."

We hear much of their achievements in art, but among no modern people has the loftiest embodiment of any single branch of creative art been a Jew. In music, for which they are peculiarly gifted, the high-water mark of the art was reached by the three Christians, Bach, Beethoven, and Handel. In poetry, their most brilliant exponent, Heine, must take his seat at the feet of Goethe, and even of Byron, to whom he is more nearly related. Neither in painting nor in sculpture can they bring forward any supreme name. The great modern revolution in science has been carried on without their participation or aid. Thus far, their religion, whose mere preservation under such adverse conditions seems little short of a miracle, has been deprived of the natural means of development and progress, and has remained a stationary force. The next hundred years will, in our opinion, be the test of their vitality as a people; the phase of toleration upon which they are only now entering will prove whether or not they are capable of growth. In the meantime, the narrowness, the arrogance, the aristocratic pride, the passion for revenge, the restless ambition, the vanity and the love of pomp of Benjamin Disraeli, no less than his suppleness of intellect, his moral courage, his dazzling talents, and his triumphant energy, proclaim him, to our thinking, a representative Jew.

THE BLESSINGS OF PIRACY.

In the good old romantic days, when pirates wore top-boots and cutlasses, and bore down upon their victims with ships instead of printing presses, the trading-place of the buccaneers was Jamaica, where they spent in riotous living and the outfitting of their vessels the greater part of the wealth taken from merchant ships and wrung from the inhabitants of captured towns by torturing men and frightening women. There was naturally a party in the island opposed to the suppression of freebooting. That did not seem to Jamaicans so very bad a business which brought gold and silver plate and other precious stuffs, rifled from Panama or the coasts of South America, to be sold at low rates to Jamaican traders, and which afforded a liberal market for the rum and other commodities of that favored island. Those planters in Jamaica, if any there were, who opposed this sort of unlawful privateering, were, no doubt, deemed unpatriotic. Great fortunes were amassed indirectly from the trade, and to abolish it was

to blight forever the golden prosperity of the country. The people who were plundered and tortured were, after all, only foreigners, Spaniards, and, above all, Papists. Piracy was not so very bad; it served to depress the Spanish power and to exalt that of Protestant England, and so promoted the glory of God, even though the means were most devilish.

One is forcibly reminded of this state of moral and intellectual fuddle into which the church-going English colonists of Jamaica fell through the seductions of trade, by the attitude of some of our publishing-houses on the copyright question. There are prominent publishers who are at length, after so many years of delay, in favor of granting to the foreign author some more definite interest in his book than the courtesy-money paid voluntarily of late years, but even these publishers continue to higgler for certain restrictions. They are not yet willing that literary theft shall be wholly suppressed, though they would like to see it reformed, now that a

race of bolder and more predatory publishers are sailing the literary ocean, and disregarding all the traditional rules of genteel buccaneering. But simply to give an author control of the book he has made, as a wheelwright controls the wagon he has built, as a farmer controls the potatoes he has grown, or, to borrow from Mark Twain, as a distiller controls the whisky he has distilled, this our reformed publishers regard as quite out of the question. An unrighteous trade always warps the conscience and the judgment at last. What the old sermonizers used to call "a judicial blindness" has smitten some of the book-sellers.

The English and American publishers are now wrangling over the question of how authors can be in part protected, without giving them a simple property-interest in, and entire control of, the product of their work, such as all other workmen have. This only will satisfy justice, and justice is a horse pretty sure to lead by a length or two in a very long race. In this whole discussion, the intrusion of the book-seller's claims into the question is a curious illustration of the way in which a wrong, when long tolerated, puts on the airs of an abstract right.

The most amusing thing that has been said or done in this discussion is not Mark Twain's funny speech. For once, the Hartford humorist has been fairly outdone by a piece of American humor from a publisher. A book-house of Philadelphia, a few months ago, sent to a number of authors a circular, in which it was proposed that they should give countenance to a proposition to forestall the pending book-sellers' treaty on the copyright question by a general law that should be more restrictive (and, consequently, less honest) than the treaty. One of the arguments in favor of this barefaced suggestion was that Belgium had lost her "flourishing reprint business" by making a copyright treaty, and it was urged that the same might happen to America. Authors were, therefore, solicited to petition against the moiety of justice that this treaty would afford them, with as much suavity as a man in Japan is asked to commit hari-kari. No doubt, the South Carolina Legislature, in colonial times, felt about piracy just as this patriotic Philadelphia book-firm feels about reprints. The Carolina proprietors wanted the colonists to chase away the pirates who flocked into Charleston to buy sea-stores and sell booty, but the Colonial Assembly refused. The Carolinians, no doubt, said as the Philadelphians do now: "See what will come of driving away a lucrative trade." The proposed treaty will not seriously restrain the reprinting of foreign books,—in fact, it leaves open a wide door for

plunder, but even if it were calculated to break up the business of reprint, it would be no worse than some of our existing laws. Some people on Long Island a while ago carried on a most "valuable reprint trade," which would have made money more plentiful, and enriched some of the islanders, if the Treasury detectives had not rudely seized the plant and sent the printers to prison, from a prejudice against counterfeiting. It seems hard to deal thus with men who were only trying to get other people's property without paying for it,—a thing perfectly legal in another branch of the reprint business.

It is worth while to repeat and emphasize the fact that the greatest damage from any system of pillage, or complicity in pillage, is that it confuses the moral judgment and tends to retard the general enlightenment of a people. No amount of "cheap literature" can atone for the disturbing effect on the public conscience of a dishonest system. I have heard a gentleman of culture and usually clear ideas talk about "the great heritage of cheap literature," which the pirated "libraries" had brought to the American people. Which reminds me of the saying of a West Virginia chaplain, when recounting his capture by bushwhackers: "They cast lots, to decide who should inherit my horse."

Entering a shop in London, in 1880, I found the book-seller in a rage against America and Americans. He was resolved on vengeance and was swearing, in round old-fashioned Saxon oaths, that he would reprint some valuable American illustrated work—no matter whose—to revenge himself on America in general for the piratical act of one of the American book-houses,—perhaps the one in Philadelphia which esteems so highly "our valuable reprint trade,"—or, possibly, some other firm, composed of church-going and entirely respectable buccaneers,—deacons, as likely as not, and pillars in the church. The American book-lifter had robbed the English publisher of the money he had invested in works of art for his book, and had used the result of the toil and talent of the author and the artist without any compensation whatever. I might have blushed for my country's shame, but I knew that all true Americans ought to sustain the valuable reprint trade, and the benefits of cheap literature, which does as much for Philadelphia as the worship of Diana did for Ephesus. I therefore retorted upon the angry Briton, that he had not suffered so much from Americans as I had from English publishers. Indeed, our publishers have practiced privateering for so long a period that a sort of "honor among" themselves prevails with the more prosperous ones,

which is unknown to English book-sellers, who do not even rifle your pockets politely, as bandits always do, in romances.

The chief sufferers by the reprint trade are not British publishers, for whom I have no great sympathy, nor even British authors, whom I should like dearly to see righted. The American author suffers more than either. While other forms of industry are protected in this country by an almost prohibitory tariff, it marks the lowness and materialistic character of our civilization that the highest kind of production is discouraged by being subjected to direct competition with stolen wares. The wonder is that we have any literature. A reader must pay a dollar and a half for a novel by an American, while he can buy "Middlemarch" or "Daniel Deronda"—incomparable offsprings of genius—for twenty cents.

"But the public gets the benefit," says some hasty philosopher. Public-spirited people are always willing to have the public benefited at the expense of others. But does the public get benefit from this literary loot? For what is the office of literature? To refine our daily life—to show us the ideal aspects of the world in which we live. Foreign literature, drawing its materials from foreign life, cannot do the work of American letters. It is important that we see our own life idealized and analyzed in literature. Our aspiring people seek in Europe relief from the rawness of our new country, and feel when they land in England that they are walking in a country whose highways or hedge-rows are consecrated in works of genius. We ought by this time to have had a literature ennobling our thoughts of home and field and shop; and indeed, if we had had an honest and equitable copyright law, we might have had more than reaping and sewing machines with which to mark the advance of our civilization. Literature is like other industries; it is affected by the law of demand and supply—the law of relative recompense. Authors are not, usually, men who write for the fun of it, or because they cannot help it, or because they are incapable of other pursuits. Literary ability is not inconsistent with business sense. Shakspeare and Voltaire were so far from being incapacitated for affairs by genius that they both grew rich by shrewd investments. Nearly all American men of letters have earned money with other implements than their pens. Irving was a merchant, Bryant and Willis were newspaper proprietors, Longfellow and Lowell, professors, Holmes is a physician and professor of anatomy, Stedman a broker, and so on. Ability of a large kind is not shut

up to one pursuit, and, other things being equal, talent will seek the best market as certainly as wheat or salt pork. Men of first-rate power go to commerce, to the professions, even to politics, rather than court comparative poverty by writing books in competition with the pirated productions of transatlantic genius. Our life is thus left in a measure without the refining influence that can come only from a home-grown literature of advanced development. Notwithstanding the success we have made in some lighter forms, our literature cannot, in the more thoughtful departments, hold up its head alongside the current literature of England, France, or Germany; and our life is by consequence yet somewhat more crude and material in its aims and methods than that of older nations. This is apparent in the way in which we regard literature and art, either as useless luxuries, or as vehicles conveying morals or sugar-coating information. Since I began to write this little paper I have received a letter asking me to contribute to a livestock paper a serial story that shall, "in an attractive form, treat of the breeding of meat on the plains," the slaughtering, cutting, and family marketing, with a lot of other kitchen ideas. This is the way literature looks to some people. I once heard an English woman say, with malice in her tone, that America was a great country *for machines*. We are not, of course, wholly destitute of the higher forms of intellectual life, but it is true that lower kinds of activity offer great temptations in America, and that in the present state of the book-trade the higher sort of literature is not an inviting profession to a man of gifts who has a decent regard to the provision he is to make for his family.

The chief sufferers from this state of things are the people at large, who lose the inestimable benefits which any nation derives from a body of men in its midst following thoughtful and studious pursuits, and thus helping the people to see their own business, society, and politics by the lamps of history, poetry, and philosophy. For our partial loss of these benefits we have no compensation, unless we can find it in the large wealth accumulated by a few men in a reprint trade like that once carried on by the publishers of Brussels, who managed by this means to plunder the intellectual men of Paris, and to make their own people, like ours, consumers of second-hand wares.

It might be well to recall the fact that the "literary fellows," so much despised by the lower grade of politicians, are the final recorders, and in some sense the ultimate arbiters, of the reputations of men of action

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and affairs. The function is not second to any other in an enlightened country. Men of letters are the intellectual judiciary, and the whole tone of public and private life is lifted up when the character of the literary guild is improved. The statesmen who now find their account in yielding to the vulgar desire to get pillaged literature at a low rate, must themselves go down to history by means of the recording pens of men of letters. It is not in the training of the true literary man to seek mean revenges—half the merit of literature lies in sincerity and impartiality. But there were English statesmen of great figure in the last century, who repelled colonial overtures for the abolition of the slave-trade, without argument, simply and selfishly saying: "You must not meddle with a trade that brings so much money to England." These men do not appear well in the light which our later culture holds up to them. The historian in the twentieth century, who shall set himself to the task of analyzing the degree of enlightenment attained by us, will not admire those public men of our time who obstruct so great a reform, in the interest of a dishonorable trade,

any more than we applaud the mercenary decisions once made in favor of piracy and the slave-trade.

If the present movement should fail, the next will probably be a far more comprehensive one, made by men of letters themselves, who are the real principals in the case. It is hard to organize authors as such—there are too many questions of literary position involved. But we can readily organize, on a business basis, an association of producers of literary property, which shall include writers of every rank and grade, who have a property-interest in copyrights. Such an association would seek to reform the whole theory of literary property. For it is a disgrace which the law-makers of America will have to bear, that men of letters in this late age should have to persuade reluctant legislators to give, through an intricate diplomacy, a partial protection from pillage to the productions of brain labor, that ought to stand on the common footing of all other property. The nineteenth century is drawing toward its close while yet Jews in Russia and writers in America are alike excluded from the equality before the law accorded to other classes.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Kind of "Boss."

SINCE the close of the war, various attempts have been made in Southern States to set on foot independent political movements through a division of the negro vote. None of these has met with much success except the Mahone movement in Virginia, and that has had a complete triumph. By the aid of the local Republican "machine" and the support of the negroes, Senator Mahone has created a new party, beaten the Democrats at the polls, and secured possession of the State Government. The movement of the Virginia Re-adjusters has been watched at the North with much distrust, owing to the fact that re-adjustment appeared, at first, to be merely a new name for repudiation. Had the Democrats ever shown a serious intention to provide for the payment of the debt of the State—had they appealed to their followers, not merely in the name of honesty, but with a practical declaration of an honest political programme, the Re-adjusters would have been placed in a very awkward position. As it was, the professions of the Bourbons amounted to little more than solemn asseverations that they were more honest than their opponents; but as they did not promise distinctly what they would do with the obligations of the State, if successful, their declaration was easily met by the Re-adjusters' denial that, so far as integrity went, there was anything to choose between the two parties. This made it easy for many organs of opinion at the North to urge that on

other grounds there might be reasons for wishing the new party success, and these grounds were found in the possibility that the defeat of the Democrats would make a break in the "Solid South," teach the negroes the value of their power as voters, help to accustom them to combinations for political objects of their own, and thus pave the way for what the South so much needs for its prosperity and security, the destruction of the old party lines.

It seems now to be doubtful whether the chief practical result achieved by Senator Mahone and his followers is not simply and solely a new demonstration of the fact that the negro vote can be used by unscrupulous leaders who know how to influence it, no matter what their objects may be. It hardly needed a re-adjuster party or the repudiation of Southern debts to teach us this; for the carpet-bag governments set up throughout the South at the close of the war had proved it already. The demagogues of the reconstruction period cast the negro vote as they pleased, and they cast it, too, for purposes as directly antagonistic to the true interests of the blacks as any for which the Bourbons since their disappearance have used it. It has now been "voted" by Mahone in Virginia in precisely the same way. The fact is, and the sooner the fact is recognized the sooner we shall be rid of many dangerous illusions with regard to the future of the country, that the negroes constitute a peasantry wholly untrained in, and ignorant of, those ideas of

constitutional liberty and progress which are the birthright of every white voter; that they are gregarious and emotional rather than intelligent, and are easily led in any direction by white men of energy and determination. Such white men may be demagogues, as in the case of Mahone, or they may be filled with a sincere desire to effect desirable political objects; but their relation to the negro vote, until the character of that vote is materially changed through education and material improvement, will be substantially what it is now.

The importance of the Mahone movement lies in the fact that it will probably be followed by other movements of a similar kind in other parts of the South. Mahone's imitators will not necessarily make use of his cry, for in most of the Southern States repudiation is a dead question. But almost any cry will, for the reasons we have mentioned, do equally well. In any movement, an Independent now starts with the advantage that he is necessarily an enemy of the Bourbons, and can therefore advertise himself as a friend of liberal ideas, and count upon a certain amount of sympathy as a friend of the negro. Such movements, if they are allowed to remain local, can do little harm, and may do much good if they fall, as here and there they must fall, into the hands of men with something more than mere selfish interests at stake. But it is evidently the intention in certain quarters at the North to utilize them for a purpose which Republicans have the right to consider good in itself, but which can only be advanced, in this case, by means full of danger to the country. The purpose is to strengthen the Republican party at the South; the means, the use of Federal patronage in aid of any independent movement that may be started. How far the Administration of President Garfield actually went in placing the Federal "machine" in Virginia at the disposal of General Mahone and his friends, it is difficult to say; but that it was extensively used, and became a potent factor in the campaign, there can be no doubt. It is now proposed that in Georgia, or South Carolina, or wherever an Independent leader shows any "strength" among the negroes, this scandalous abuse of power shall be repeated, and that the custom-houses and post-offices of the general Government shall be converted into local political machines to stimulate the movement.

It is hard to believe that any Administration which avows itself in favor of civil-service reform can lead itself to a scheme so inconsistent with all professions of reform as this. If it is wrong to use the custom-house in New York for the control of the primaries, and if we make a boast of the successful working of competitive examinations in New York, how is it possible, without the most unblushing effrontery, to insist that in Charleston or Savannah the Government officials should take an active part in politics, and use their positions to advance the interests of this or that politician? There are many reasons why such a course would be more immoral and likely to produce worse results in the South even than in the North. Here civil-service abuses are at least understood as such. The voting population is active and intelligent, and accustomed to take care of itself, no matter how the leaders may crack their whips, and there is a constant discussion of men and measures going on in the

press. But at the South, the Government is looked upon by the negro even now as a second Providence. What it approves is right; what it opposes is wrong, and its appearance in local politics is an indication of a moral preference which the negro, in his present stage of development, can but yield to. He reads no newspapers, and thinks but little for himself. He regards the Administration at Washington, the moment that it intervenes actively in his affairs, with the eye, not of reason, but of faith. For this very reason, absolute non-intervention by the authorities at Washington is necessary in order that he should gain the idea that thinking and acting for himself, deciding upon what he wants and what he dislikes, and combining with other voters to secure the one and prevent the other, constitute the true road to safety and progress. As we have said, the principal difficulty with this negro vote as it exists to-day is its emotional and gregarious character. To change and improve it we must rely upon time. The way to perpetuate and aggravate its present evils is for the Administration at Washington to interfere with it. The use of the negro vote by white politicians has, since the war, made the history of the South a history of rotten boroughs: first, carpet-bag rotten boroughs, then Bourbon rotten boroughs, and now we are threatened with a sort of Independent rotten-borough system, based on the old negro vote, an Independent "boss" to bring it out and direct it, and the Administration machine to make bargains with the boss with a view to the control of the next presidential convention. Public opinion in the North is hardly likely, when the plan is understood, to lend itself to so criminal and corrupting a political programme, even though its promoters masquerade as Independents, Reformers, or friends of the negro.

Science in American Colleges.

WHEN Luther, in a letter to a friend, classed college faculties *a priori* with the Pope, as his most determined prospective enemies, he drew a legitimate inference, justified by the history of learned corporations in past times. The great battles of thought by which civilization has been advanced have rarely been fought within the universities, but chiefly outside of them, although frequently by men who have received their training within them. Very slowly and reluctantly yielding to the pressure of public opinion, the universities have first tolerated, then countenanced, and in the course of generations at last openly approved new systems of thought which revolutionized the hoary but comfortable routine inherited from past ages. That this conservatism has its uses, we do not in the least question; and, on the whole, it is within certain limits much safer and more dignified than a hot-headed zeal for progressive innovations. Nevertheless, when carried beyond these limits it is suicidal, and interferes seriously with the usefulness of academic teaching.

The fact may not be generally conceded, but the old mediæval *trivium* and *quadrivium*, comprising the seven liberal arts (grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, astronomy, geometry, and arithmetic), remain to this day, in most of our colleges, the pattern after which the curriculum is modeled. Some few amplifications, such as physics, zoölogy, and a very rudimentary teaching of the modern languages, have been introduced almost

everywhere, but scientific study, such as is cultivated at the German universities, has as yet gained a secure foot-hold only at about three of our colleges; even at these institutions Germanic and comparative philology are in their infancy. When the importance of these studies is urged upon members of the faculties or the boards of trustees, the same reply is always received, viz., that the classics absorb so much time, that within the short course of four years, no room can be found for serious scientific study. If a man wishes to become a scientific specialist, it is said, let him enter one of the scientific schools, and if he wishes to study modern philology, let him go to Germany.

Now all this has a certain show of reason. Yet it is not an answer to the question, but an evasion of it. It is the business of our great educational institutions to supply just the kind of knowledge which will equip a man most completely, if not for his special profession, then in a more general way, for the struggle for existence. His education should enable him to utilize to the very best advantage the conditions which surround him. That this should be the aim of all training, collegiate and elementary, few, outside of college faculties, will dispute. But how do our colleges meet this universal demand? By requiring of every applicant for admission that he shall have spent from three to five years in familiarizing himself with the grammar and literature of two exceedingly difficult ancient languages, which he never will either speak or write correctly, and which, in nine cases out of ten, will be of no practical value to him whatever. Thereupon follow four additional years of training in these same defunct languages, minute study of prosodic rules, accents, and other scholarly niceties, while the modern languages and the useful sciences hold an inferior and half-recognized position as matters of secondary importance.

Now, what is really the cause of this anomalous arrangement? Simply the fact that since the study of Latin grammar was first introduced, into Europe, in the sixth century (although as a literary study Latin could hardly be said to have had any existence until the day of Poggio, in the fifteenth), humanity has accepted the stale truisms regarding its use mechanically, as it does any inherited belief, and has shrunk from examining the validity of these claims by the light of modern knowledge. There is no question that in the Middle Ages, when every science except mathematics was in its infancy, the introduction of the classics was a movement of enormous importance. It was so much better than any means of intellectual training which had previously existed that very likely the old *trivium* and *quadrivium* did represent the best college course which could be devised with the literary and scientific resources of that time. But is that any reason why, with the unparalleled progress of the arts and sciences which the last century has witnessed, we should still continue to look with this exclusive reverence upon the Greek and Roman writers? We will yield to no one in appreciation of their beauties, but, even granting all that their advocates claim, can they by any possibility be entitled to usurp so large a share of the time and energy of our youth, to the exclusion of knowledge which has so much more direct bearing upon the affairs of life?

There is hardly a man of keen sense and insight who, after having left college, does not have daily occasion to regret his inability to account rationally for the phenomena which everywhere thrust themselves upon his attention. If he is a merchant, there are a hundred facts which he must take into consideration in determining his daily sales and purchases, and the more accurately he can estimate the effects of present and prospective events upon the market, the surer he is of success and the swifter his road to fortune. But how much time is given to the study of sociology and political economy in the academic curriculum, as compared to Latin and Greek? It is only within the last two or three years that these studies have received any attention whatever, for few would seriously contend that the so-called political economy which is cultivated in many of our old-fashioned colleges is in any sense a science, or has any tendency to sharpen one's powers of rational observation in after life. But a most important step has now been taken in the recognition of these studies, in their modern acceptance, as legitimately belonging to an academic course.

What we have said in regard to sociology applies, *mutatis mutandis*, with equal force to other sciences. Physics, zoology, geology, etc., interpret the deep and essential rationality of nature's methods, and in connection with biology enable man to form an approximate estimate of his own place in the physical universe. There is beauty as well as strength in all true knowledge, and as means of mental training alone, even a rudimentary acquaintance with these sciences is, in its way, quite as valuable as the epistolary and rhetorical elegance and the refinement supposed to be derived from the study of the classics. So long as we are all born into this world and are to live by our faculty to utilize its resources, it is our first business to explore its properties, its history, and the mode of its development. There is, however, no reason why we should not devote part of our time to the study, also, of those two remarkable eras of civilization represented by the Greeks and the Romans; and if a man looks forward to a profession in which acquaintance with the ancient classics is of practical value, by all means let him adhere to the present college course. But these professions are very few. We are of opinion that, as refining influences and agencies of culture, the sciences, if taught with the same thoroughness and care as the classics have hitherto been taught, will yield results not to be despised. Indeed, the gradual remodeling of our college course in the spirit here indicated is merely a question of time, and all that the ultra conservatives can accomplish is merely to delay the reform.

Christianity and Commerce.

SINCE the days when the Greeks had but one word with which to describe the retailer and the rascal, much improvement has taken place in the morals of trade. Fraud and knavery still exist, but the great volume of business in Europe and America is done by men who do not misrepresent their wares, and who do not intend to cheat their customers. Many cheap and worthless fabrics are manufactured, but most of those who deal in them reveal their true character to those who purchase them. In the majority of our larger business-

houses you can take the salesman's word; he will not tell you that the cloth is "all wool" when it is half cotton; he will not represent the plated ware as solid silver. There are knaves in all branches of business, but they do not ordinarily thrive in trade; the commercial value of common honesty has become tolerably evident to sagacious business men. In this respect there has been a great change for the better within a quarter of a century.

The principal evils connected with commercial life at the present day do not arise out of what is commonly called dishonesty. The worst malefactors in the business world to-day are men who do not lie nor cheat; whose word is good on the Exchange; who fulfill their contracts when they can, and who always intend to keep strictly within the letter of the law. Fraud is not their weapon; they have ample justification for all they do in the statutes of the State and the maxims of political economy. An aggressive selfishness that knows no pity and feels no shame can manage to perpetrate untold injuries without incurring the penalty of any human law.

This type of selfishness finds an ample opportunity in the present organization of industry and trade. The tendencies are all toward consolidation and monopoly. Great capitalists or great companies are steadily replacing the multitude of smaller makers and dealers. The industrial conditions are such that this process is likely to go on. Whatever may be true of biology, the law of natural selection seems to rule in commerce. "To him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken away," no longer seems a paradox.

These great accumulations of capital are, of course, mainly impersonal and immoral. The soullessness of corporations is a proverb. The people who draw the dividends come into no personal relations with the people who do the work; their traffic is with shares and per cents, not with spinners or brakemen. The great proprietors are not much better than the great companies. As wealth enlarges, the distance widens between employer and employed. It is impossible, of course, for one of our railroad magnates, or one of our great merchants or mill-owners, to know all the persons who gain their livelihood in his service, and the impossibility is one over which selfishness rejoices. The less of acquaintance there is between master and man, the less room there is for considerations of justice and humanity. Scrooge would much rather discuss labor as an abstract element in the cost of production than consider the wage of Bob Cratchit or the stipend paid to the widow Jones's daughter. So it comes about that the business carried on by merchant-princes or railroad-kings shows few signs of personal ownership or management. Machinery increases and humanity decreases. It sometimes happens that a man becomes, to all intents and purposes, a corporation. What becomes of his soul in the transmigration nobody knows, but it disappears. Can this be the process referred to in the pungent question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Not only do great accumulations of capital possess a natural advantage over small ones, but this advantage is pushed with the intent to destroy the small concerns. We have learned to talk very coolly of the big fish eating the little ones; that predatory habit seems

quite a matter of course. The great merchant or manufacturer deliberately sets to work to kill off his small competitors; by canceling his own profits and reducing his pay-rolls for a season, he drives them from the field. All this is done in the way of legal and "legitimate" traffic; whose business is it if the great dealer chooses to sell his wares for less than cost? Doubtless the public will pay, by and by, for the crushing out of competition; but the public is near-sighted in such matters, and readily unites with the strong in trampling down the weak. This work of extermination is often accompanied with the proffer of courtesy and even friendliness; it is not uncommon for the great railroads or the great mills to extend their protection to the little ones—"such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering them [with mortgages] and devouring them."

If the small capitalists are thus driven to the wall in their conflict with the great proprietors and the great companies, much less can laborers hold their own in the struggle for their share of the profits of production. The power of aggregated and organized capital to dictate terms to labor has been amply demonstrated. It is simply true to say that this power is exerted, not uniformly, but for the most part, in a perfectly selfish manner. The welfare of the work-people does not enter into the problem; the question is simply one of the percentage of profit. A great railroad company forces the wages of its brakemen from a dollar and a half down to a dollar and a quarter a day, in order that it may keep the dividends on its stock up to eight per cent. This is not illegal; it is not dishonest, according to the usual acceptance of that word; the company is free to fix its own tariff of wages; if the brakemen do not wish to work for a dollar and a quarter a day, they can take themselves off. The managers who make the reduction, and the directors who approve it, expect, however, that the workmen will submit. They do not, first of all, ask themselves how a man with a wife and five young children can live on a dollar and a quarter a day; they chiefly wish to know how the regular semi-annual dividend of four or five per cent. can be secured. Are not all these matters determined by the equivalence of supply and demand? Is not this economic law the guide of conscience and the end of controversy for every business man?

The last question brings us to the heart of the matter. For a pagan the answer is easy: need the Christian vex himself with scruples? How about the Golden Rule? Has that anything to do with business? "We that are strong," says an apostle, "ought to bear the burdens of the weak." Is there room to apply such a maxim as this in the relations of capitalists and laborers? "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others"—is that a maxim that should ever come into the mind when wages are lowered that dividends may be raised? What has the Christian rule to do with the transactions of commercial life?

A large share of all the business men of this country profess and call themselves Christians, yet the thought of practicing in their business these plain rules of Christianity enters the minds of but few of them. The love that worketh no ill to his neighbor is not yet the law of commercial life. Not fraud or trickery, but

selfishness, undisguised and absolute, governs the realm of exchanges. Political economy assumes this as the normal principle; and not many are found who, in behalf of Christianity, venture to question the assumption. It seems to be taken for granted that Christian ethics has no place in the commercial realm: that this is one of the kingdoms of this world that never was given to Christ. Clearly the millennium is yet a great way off.

Nevertheless, it is coming. The signs of its coming are seen here and there upon the earth. It has been demonstrated that the affairs of great corporations may be successfully managed, even when much thought is given to the welfare of the people employed. The factory village that was once a wilderness has been seen to blossom like the rose, in bright fulfillment of the old prophet's vision. There are business houses in all our cities in which the interests of employer and employed appear to each to be mutual. There are business men who think habitually of the welfare of their neighbors; who forbear to push the advantage that wealth gives them to the destruction of their rivals; who lighten by their good-will the pressure of the economic laws. It is possible, even in these fierce times, for a business man to mix Christian kindness with thrift and enterprise. The day will come when the phenomenon will be less rare.

The Outrages in Russia.

EVERY day it is becoming more evident that no part of humanity can be hurt without pain to the whole body. The inhuman and almost incredible outrages upon the Jews in Russia have drawn forth a world-wide sympathy, and a protest almost unprecedented in its swiftness. The quick and burning indignation expressed so universally and so conspicuously in America is all the more significant owing to the unusual feeling of friendship existing between this country and Russia. But all Christendom has, with one voice, proclaimed its detestation of the crimes committed by the populace—nor is the Government acquitted of its supposed share in the guilt of the people.

"Men have been murdered, women outraged, children dashed to pieces or burned alive; whole streets occupied by Hebrews razed to the ground and desolated by fire; thousands of families reduced to beggary, and many banished from their homes. One hundred and sixty towns and villages feel this scourge of persecution. Three hundred houses and six hundred shops were plundered at Warsaw while a garrison of twenty thousand soldiers was kept within barracks and made no sign, and that, too, on the morning when in the name of Christ peace and good-will were proclaimed over all the earth." These are the words in which Mr. Evarts, in his speech at Chickering Hall, summarized the situation in Russia, as described by the latest dispatches. It may be that there was exaggeration in these earlier reports, but there has been enough

cruelty and horror to warrant the general outburst of sympathy and anger. With such desolation either in progress or in danger of recurring, the first duty of the Russian Government is repression. It is claimed that the authorities have already done all in their power; but wherever there is non-interference, such as Mr. Evarts has charged, other countries will hold the authorities responsible. The world will not be satisfied with excuses so long as there is one man in uniform who will obey the order of an officer. But after repression will come other and no less urgent duties—first and foremost must come whatever reparation may be possible, —and next, the persecuted race must be given (as even in Russia is now acknowledged) equal rights before the law. Even then the duty of the governing classes will not be completed. Without forgetting the glass-house in which we ourselves live,—we, who have seen the anti-negro riots of New York and the anti-Chinese riots of San Francisco,—it must still be said that Russia's most apparent duty is to civilize herself.

For it must be remembered that the Jews, everywhere, notwithstanding their inflexible exclusiveness, are, in a great measure, what they are made by the people among whom their lot is cast.* The amelioration of the condition of the masses in Russia will react upon the Israelites. Even if the latter are, as it is charged, bad citizens—it is not merely the fault of the laws which discriminate against them, but it is because they live in a community not wholly enlightened. Certainly, the race through which the Christian world has received its Bible and its religion, and that has shown an unequalled vitality during eighteen centuries of oppression,—surely such a people does not need to prove its power of development under fair and equal conditions.

It is, of course, not with a view of palliating infamies or excusing the guilty, either in high places or low, that we open our pages this month to a remarkable statement by a Russian writer of the views of her people on the subject of the Russian Jews. It is important to be informed of the alleged local occasions for dislike, and the special suspicions, even if groundless, which attach to the Jews of Russia. Besides, a nation which has been arraigned as Russia is at this moment arraigned before the civilized world, has the right to be heard in its own defense. The paper here printed is but the opening of a discussion in the pages of this magazine, which will not only have to do with the situation in Russia, but will deal fundamentally with the question of the relations between Israelites and Christians in America. We expect to lay before our readers, in the next number of THE CENTURY, a reply to the charges contained in Madame Ragozin's paper. Considering the extraordinary character of these charges, and the extremely medieval aspect of some of them, it is no more than just that meantime there should be a "suspension of opinion."

* See "Was Lord Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?" in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

LITERATURE.

Bartlett's "Shakespeare Phrase-book."

MR. JOHN BARTLETT'S "Shakespeare Phrase-book" is the best existing compilation of its kind—albeit we must say that the kind is not one to which we can give unqualified approval. Books of "beauties," concordances, anthologies, selections of the "wit and wisdom" of this and that eminent writer, and so forth, are commonly the "cram" of literary sciolists, the dust-heaps of literary potterers, or the labor-saving machines of literary hacks. Lovers of literature, genuine readers, rarely use them, and are never content with them. Their acquaintance with books is not made thus piecemeal and at second-hand.

It seems strange that the book which Mr. Bartlett has given us should have been so long in coming. Among Shaksperiana, "beauties," and such like, in various shapes, have held a conspicuous place ever since William Dodd published, in 1752, his "Beauties of Shakespeare, regularly selected from each play," the third edition of which, that of 1790, the last one revised by the compiler, is much sought after by Shaksperian collectors. This book, however, and all of its kind, were put out of use as manuals by Thomas Dolby's "Shakspearian Dictionary," London, 1832, an octavo volume which, by its copiousness and convenient arrangement, left little to be desired by those who like books of this kind. Passing by all other Shaksperiana of this sort, we come to Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's well-known concordance, constructed upon the plan of Cruden's "Concordance to the Bible," and in which every word in Shakspeare's plays (articles, prepositions, pronouns, and the like, excepted) is given, with a reference to the act and scene of the play in which it occurs. This stupendous result of sixteen years' plodding toil was supplemented by Mrs. H. H. Furness's concordance to Shakspeare's poems, in which every word, not excluding articles, prepositions, and the like, is given. After this came Dr. Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon," in which all the words which Shakspeare uses (the particles excepted, as mentioned above) are given, with definitions—not always correct—of the various senses they bear in the several passages in which they occur. This work, it will be seen, is, so far as it goes, a grand-combination-concordance-and-glossary to Shakspeare. It is thoroughly German in its kind, and, like all copious and systematic collections, it has a certain value, and has produced a certain impression.

But to Mr. Bartlett's phrase-book, which is like and unlike the compilations of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, and Dr. Schmidt, and all others. Its purpose is to index, not exactly the words, but the phraseology of Shakspeare. Its plan is to take every sentence from his dramatic works which contains an important thought, with so much of the context as preserves the sense of the passage, and to put each sentence under its principal words, alphabetically arranged. To a certain extent,—indeed, to a very great extent,—an index of phrases must be a concordance of words,

* The Shakespeare Phrase-book. By John Bartlett. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

and Mr. Bartlett's book has this among its values; but its peculiar value is that it gives, not the disjointed and meaningless parts of lines or sentences which contain a certain word, as is the way with concordances, but enough of the passage in question to set forth its sense very plainly, and to bring the whole context, in a general way, to the mind of a Shakspeare reader. It thus fulfills, in a great measure, the functions of a book of "beauties," of a concordance, and of a glossary. For the bringing of words and phrases thus together is a means of comparison that will be of great value to every student of Shakspeare. Let us illustrate this by a few examples taken almost at random from Mr. Bartlett's pages. The Shakspeare reader who remembers vaguely the beautiful passage in which perpetual maidenhood is compared to an ungathered rose, will find, on looking under the word *rose*, a reference to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I., Scene 1, with the whole line:

"But earthlier happy is the rose distilled."

And in this place, at a glance, may be seen all the notable instances of Shakspeare's use of the word *rose*, set forth so fully that the sense of the several passages may be intelligently apprehended. But, besides this, the same line in full will be found under the words *happy*, *distilled*, and *earthlier*. So that this whole line may be found at once by any one who remembers any word in it more than *but*, *is*, and *the*, which belong to all lines and all authors. And not only so: the intelligent user of Mr. Bartlett's labors will be glad to compare, with a sufficiently full context, all the notable instances of Shakspeare's uses of the important words in this beautiful line, and he will remark, as to *distilled*, three varying shades of meaning, in the line from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and in the following, which are given in full:

"A man distilled out of our virtues."
—*Prothius and Cressida*, Act. I., Sc. 3.

"—whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly in the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not."

—*Hamlet*, Act. I., Sc. 2.

That Shakspeare uses *earthlier* but once may, indeed, be noted also by the concordance or the lexicon. Again, a remembrance of *rubbed*, or *quat*, or *sense* will lead to a discovery of this speech of *Iago*'s:

"I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry."

A comparison of this passage with some seventy or eighty others in which *sense* appears, shows that this is the only one in which Shakspeare uses the word as equivalent to *quick*, "almost to the sense" meaning almost to the quick; and it will also be seen that the grotesque word "quat," meaning little fool, does not appear elsewhere in Shakspeare's plays. The value of this book—and it is great—consists in this presentation of Shakspeare's phraseology with sufficient of the context for a clear apprehension of its meaning, and the repetition of each passage under the head of all the

more important words in each phrase. This makes the work one not merely for reference or for labor-saving and memory-weakening, but for study. A thoughtful man interested in literature, if he were about to suffer a short seclusion from books and men, might do much worse than take Mr. Bartlett's "Shakespeare Phrase-book" with him. For the very reason of its value in this respect, we regret that Mr. Bartlett sometimes, as it seems to us, fails to present passages under all their most characteristic aspects. He cannot give them under all their words. Room would fail him. Therefore the selection of the words is the more important. For example, that noble advocacy of the necessity of reform, in "Coriolanus":

"Custom calls me?
What custom bids, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unwept,
And mountainous error be too highly piled
For truth to overpeer."

Mr. Bartlett makes this passage attainable through the words *custom* and *time*. This is well; but surely it fails to present the passage under some of its most important and significant aspects. *Coriolanus* is revolting against the authority of antiquity; *antique* is, therefore, a key-word. He is protesting that a reverence for old custom perpetuates error; *error* is, therefore, another key-word, and one of the most important. He invokes the eye of truth; and *truth* is, therefore, a word of much importance. For a passage of four verses six key-words would not have been too much, according to Mr. Bartlett's scale of work. But according to our observation his short-comings in this respect are very few indeed; and we have to thank him for the admirable and very useful results of a protracted labor, which has been performed with notable intelligence, patience, and judgment. Thoughtful readers of Shakspeare will thank him now and long hereafter. Of the fullness and comprehensiveness of his work some adequate notion may be gathered from the fact that under the word *speech* there are no less than one hundred and forty passages cited; under *grief*, about the same number; under *thought* we find two hundred and fifty; under *time*, four hundred; under *thing*, four hundred and fifty; while *man* furnishes more than five hundred.

Not the least interesting and useful part of Mr. Bartlett's book is comprised in the last eighty-two of its ten hundred and thirty-four pages, in which are given comparative tables of the most important various readings of the passages cited. These various readings are from the texts of Knight, Singer, Staunton, Dyce, and Grant White. This part of Mr. Bartlett's work is very full; and upon a close examination we find it faithfully performed. Some notion of its extent, of the labor which it involved, and of its value, may be gathered from the fact that the various readings in "Hamlet" fill nine pages, each page of which contains fifty-seven lines. Now as the work contains, of course, every passage in Shakspeare's plays which is of any interest, even the smallest, it will be seen that this book fulfills for all ordinary purposes the function of a variorum edition of the text of Shakspeare. The introduction of this appendix was a most happy thought. In fact, the book as a whole is one of the most valuable ever published for the use of intelligent students of Shakspeare. The general reader needs no

ampler concordance, no better guide to Shakspeare's beauties of phrase or even of thought, no completer record of the variations of his text.

Lang's "The Library."

THE two main conditions of a good book on book-collecting—viz., that it should be written lovingly, and that the author should not take his hobby too seriously—are thoroughly fulfilled in this charming little volume. Even the most unbookish reader will kindle into a momentary sympathy with Mr. Lang's fine poetic enthusiasm over those "little tributary streets, with humbler stalls, shy pools, as it were, where the humbler fisher of books may hope to raise an Elzevir, or an old French play, a first edition of Shelley, or a Restoration comedy"; or over that mediæval picture of "the *Scriptorium*, where the illuminator sits and refreshes his eyes with the sight of the slender trees and blue distant hills"; or, again, over M. Octave Uzanne's rhapsodical description of an August book-hunt along the quays of Paris:

"The brown old calf-skin wrinkles in the sun, the leaves crackle. You could poach an egg on the cover of a quarto. The dome of the Institute glitters, the sickly trees seem to wither, their leaves wax red and gray, a faint warm wind is walking the streets; under his vast umbrella the book-hunter is secure and content; he enjoys the pleasures of the sport unvexed by poachers, and thinks less of the heat than does the deer-stalker on the bare hill-side."

Such passages are almost enough to convert the most hardened "grobian," or even the robustious Philistine himself, whose doings are thus set forth:

"This man will cut the leaves of his own or his friends' volumes with the butter-knife at breakfast. * * * He also loves dogs' ears, and marks his place with his pipe when he shuts a book in a hurry; or he will set the leg of a chair on a page to keep it open. He praises those who tear off margins for pipe-lights, and he makes cigarettes with the tissue-paper that covers engravings."

We confess to a sneaking tenderness for the robustious Philistine. At least we are willing to grant him, as a *concessum propter duritiam cordis*, that for one who buys books to read them, the latest and handiest reprint of an old author is better than any black-letter copy or *editio princeps* whatsoever. Yet we will not carry our Philistinism so far as to steel our heart against Mr. Lang's half-humorous apology for the amiable weakness which he defends. In that delightful work, "The Book-Hunter," by John Hill Burton, it is related that a mighty collector said scornfully of a pretender to the same title: "He a collector! Why, he knows nothing of books beyond their *insides*." This marks very well the distinction between the book-hunter and the mere literary man.

There are, of course, degrees of the vice, and it is hard to draw the line where a taste passes into a hobby and a hobby into a mania. It is even conceivable that an early edition, an autograph copy, or a volume stamped

* The Library. By Andrew Lang; with a chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books, by Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891. ("Art at Home" series.)

with the arms of some famous collector, may be precious for its associations. One prize of this kind was the "relic" picked up by the French bibliophile, M. Tenant de Latour, the story of which, as told by Mr. Lang, is enough to thrill the most sluggish imagination. M. de Latour bought, on the quay of the Louvre, a shabby little copy of the "Imitatio Christi," which bore on the fly-leaf the autograph of J. J. Rousseau, and had between the leaves faded petals of the great sentimentalist's favorite flower, the periwinkle. Furthermore, a letter of the date 1763, in which Rousseau asks his correspondent to send him the "Imitatio Christi," in conjunction with a gushing passage about a periwinkle in the "Confessions," under the date 1764, made it probable, as Mr. Lang ecstatically explains, that M. de Latour "had recovered the very identical periwinkle which caused the tear of sensibility to moisten the fine eyes of Jean Jacques Rousseau." But all collectors are given to be imaginative. We once asked a friend, whom we may designate, on the authority of the Bath "Stamp Collectors' Magazine," as "the first pen in philately on the American continent," what possible interest he could take in an assortment of postage-stamps. "You ask what I see in these stamps," he replied. "I see history, art, biography, poetry in them." And so it is with other collectors, whether the objects of their pursuit be coins, autographs, orchids, butterflies, or pottery.

Yet there are limits. We will allow a degree of sanity to the man who pays an extravagant price for Bankes's "Bay Horse in a Trance" simply because it is rare; but why should man, that is born of woman, set his inordinate desires upon an Elzevir "Cæsar" of 1635? One may tolerate the foibles of all grades of bibliomaniacs, from the "indiscriminate accumulator" through that long list of specialists enumerated by Burton—"a black-letter man, or a tall copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinador, or an old brown calf man, or a grangerite, or a tawny-moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, or a marbled insider, or an *editio princeps* man." But we must stop short with the idiot who practices "duplicating," which Burton calls the extreme form of the mania. "I always thought that M— was not quite sane," said an acquaintance of a famous memorabilia-hunter, "but the other day I found him making a complete collection of all the kinds of steel-pens ever manufactured, and now I *know* that he is stark mad."

Besides being pleasant reading, "The Library" contains excellent practical hints about bindings, bookshelves, publishers' catalogues, bibliography, the cleaning of soiled copies, the location of the book-room, and other matters pertaining to the purchase and care of a library. The Rev. W. J. Loftie contributes a serviceable article on MSS. and early printed books. Austin Dobson's chapter on illustrated books is written with that nicety of taste and full knowledge of the subject familiar to readers of his little work on Hogarth. Noticeable among the illustrations are the exquisitely colored plate of a richly bound Lucan of 1551; the frontispiece, engraved on wood by Swain from a drawing by Walter Crane, and a reproduction of Blake's well-known sepulchral group from Blair's "Grave."

We will close this notice with an extract touching

the book-worm, which well illustrates the delicate playfulness of Mr. Lang's manner:

"The learned Mentzelius says he hath heard the book-worm crow like a cock unto his mate. * * * But in our time the learned Mr. Blades, having a desire to exhibit book-worms in the body to the Caxtonians at the Caxton celebration, could find few men that had so much as seen a book-worm, much less heard him utter his native wood-notes wild. Yet, in his 'Enemies of Books,' he describes some rare encounters with the worm."

Altogether, it would be hard to find a daintier offering for the dilettant than Messrs. Lang and Dobson have here prepared, or one breathing a more pleasantly antique flavor—like the suggestive musty smell that one snuffs from the paper of an old book itself.

"Memoirs of Prince Metternich," Volume V.*

METTERNICH was a historical figure not cast in a very heroic mold: but during the aggressions of Napoleon the Great against the peace of Europe, one would need to be unusually unsympathetic not to recognize the admirable struggle made by the Austrian chancellor in chief against his powerful and unscrupulous adversary. As the volumes come out, and the periods covered are removed more and more from the stormy seas in which Napoleon acted the part of Neptune, sympathy for Metternich as a champion of Austria entirely fades away. The devotion to his Emperor, which had its fine side once, becomes the most barren contest over a fixed idea. Injustice to the people can be fairly alleged against a man in whose mouth the most pious terms became so many forceless counters of epistolary change. It is hard to repress contempt for a man who harangues his subordinates at the various courts of Europe in the phraseology of the old time, while all around him Europe is awakening from the effects of revolution, counter-revolution, and bureaucracy. A bureaucrat of bureaucrats in his youth, Metternich's pedantry becomes insupportable in later years when, like the English, he arrogated to himself the major part of the overthrow of the captive of St. Helena. Fuss, pompous, full of hollow phrases, alternately whining or threatening at the foreign policy of France, the spectacle of Metternich is not edifying to witness, and accounts for much of the legacy of hatred and contempt which his name left behind him in Europe. He outlived his time. The moment for his disappearance should have been that of Napoleon's death; then a grateful people would have remembered his faithful services before he had a chance to alienate them by reactionary and petty measures. There is no doubt that Metternich was a power, but it was a power that merely repressed and irritated while it supposed itself leading and managing. To him more than to any other Austrian diplomat is owing the opinion among the nations that Austrian rule means everything that is the opposite of generous, broad, progressive—an opinion founded as much on little silly rules of red tape, enforced with all the magnifi-

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1830-1835. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Gerard W. Smith. Vol. V. London: Richard Bentley & Son. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

cence of state measures, as on the treatment of Hungarians and other non-German nations under the rule of the Hapsburgs.

The first report of Metternich at Königswart to his imperial master, regarding the Paris Revolution of 1830, betrays his character in every sentence: "I have just received the inclosed newspaper from Frankfurt. Its contents show that the Revolution, and one, too, of the extremest type, has won the day in Paris. This fact proves two things: First, that the ministry erred in the choice of means; second, that I was right when, more than two years back, I called the attention of the cabinets to the threatening condition of things. Unhappily my words were thrown away." The elaborate truism "that the ministry erred in the choice of means," can only be equalled by some of the utterances of Shakspeare's *Dogberries* and *Shalows*. It is capped at once by an "I told you so," which doubtless served its purpose in impressing the Emperor with the profound political sagacity of his correspondent. At the same time, Metternich was no charlatan. He believed that the political world was tottering to its fall, and that it was only his Atlantean shoulders which still supported it. The editor prints, from a note to Count Nesselrode, the Russian minister, the following interesting view of the situation as it was seen through Metternich's eyes at the beginning of September, 1830: "But, after all, the thought I secretly cherish is that ancient Europe is at the beginning of the end. My determination being to perish with it, I shall know how to do my duty; nor is this my motto only. It is that of the Emperor, too. New Europe, on the other hand, has not, as yet, even begun its existence, and between the end and the beginning there will be a chaos." From which it appears that, if nobody else was willing to regard good Count Metternich in a heroic light, he himself was quite capable of the task.

Materials for the series of volumes issued from time to time by Prince Metternich are so abundant as to embarrass him. Six books in four volumes have already appeared, selected almost entirely from the family and private correspondence of Metternich. This source closes with the year 1829. But from 1831 to 1848 there were confidential letters between him and Count Apponyi in Paris, which are still extant. Moreover, the Princess Mélanie Zichy-Ferraris, whom he made his third wife in 1831, has left thirty stout, closely written volumes of a diary beginning at the year 1820, and reaching to 1853. Probably no more tedious diary was ever written by an infatuated woman. No public man was, in consequence, more thoroughly handed down to posterity than Metternich, whether from the formal, political side of his character, in historical letters, dispatches, and state papers, or from the domestic side, as the husband of a great lady who held one of the chief salons of Vienna. Much of this volume is not of deep interest to readers who think little and know less of celebrated people of the Austrian capital, notwithstanding that the translator has omitted much matter of purely local importance. The translation is fair, although sometimes awkward. Such an expression as "Three interviews of Metternich's with General Belliard" is sanctioned by common use, although two genitives might seem wasting one's energy without need.

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"St. Nicholas," Volume VIII.*

CHILDREN'S literature has suffered so many and such violent fluctuations during the last century that it is somewhat difficult to predict anything for its future. A hundred years ago, its history might have been written as briefly as the famous chapter upon the herpetology of Ireland, for there was no literature for children then. The forms which it has assumed during that time are legion. The goody-goody books, conducted upon the principles of the most inexorable justice, have had their day. The profoundly instructive books, where dutiful little boys and girls asked questions innumerable for the purpose of drawing out their parents and guardians, pastors and masters, into dull disquisitions on the universe in general, have come and gone. The reaction from all this priggishness—in the sensational blood-and-thunder stories of the lower class of weeklies, the dime novels, and so forth—has come, too, and, it is to be hoped, is nearly gone. A purer literature is making its way rapidly, with the children, not because it is pure so much as because it is bright, and lively, and true to nature.

The recognition of what will please children, and, at the same time, help them in forming high ideals of life, of literature, and art, is probably due as much to the editor of "St. Nicholas" as to any one person living. There is such a charming mixture of sense and nonsense in this children's magazine, such a happy union of amusement and instruction, so much really good and useful reading, and yet it is so sound, and pure, and healthful, that many a mother will be ready to echo the verdict pronounced only a few days ago upon the volume for 1881, by a man of superior mind and large attainments. "In my opinion," he said, "the 'St. Nicholas' is the very best magazine in the world."

It is, perhaps, invidious to select a few stories, poems, or more serious articles when so many others have an equal claim; but it is not possible, in a short book-notice, to do justice to a periodical of such infinite variety. And, where justice cannot be done, one must be satisfied to do the next best thing.

Among the serials of this volume there are two interesting stories of American boy-life—"Phaeton Rogers" and "Saltito Boys"—and a narrative of adventure in the tropics, somewhat in the style of Mayne Reid, and entitled "In Nature's Wonderland." Still another continued story, which hides its authorship under an "Anonymous," is particularly good.

The value of "St. Nicholas" as an educator is shown in Mrs. Oliphant's admirable historical papers, in the "Agassiz Association," continued from month to month, and in the series called "Stories of Art and Artists," illustrated with reproductions from the famous painters of the world. A happy idea, too, is the "Treasure-box of Literature," presenting short extracts from standard English and American authors.

But the quality which is preëminent in "St. Nicholas," which is even more noticeable than its admirable illustrations, its solid information, its charming nonsense, its aerial fancy, is the purity and wholesomeness of the tone.

* St. Nicholas. An illustrated magazine for boys and girls, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Volume VIII. Part I.: From November, 1880, to May, 1881. New York: Scribner & Co. Part II.: From May, 1881, to November, 1881. New York: The Century Co.

*The Yachtsman's Manual.**

THE great interest now taken in steam and pleasure boats, and in all subjects connected with navigation, makes this book both timely and valuable to a large class of readers. It is a fully illustrated compilation of the laws, customs, and usages of the navy, the commercial marine, and the yacht club. Chapters are devoted to pilots and pilotage laws and customs, to the use of the compass, barometer, thermometer, and

* *The Sailor's Handy-book and Yachtsman's Manual.* By E. F. Quiltrough, Master, U. S. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

charts. Also to the use and construction of rigging, and to hulls and their classification. Ample space is devoted to steam engineering, the care and use of engines for boats and yachts, steam steering-apparatus, pumps, etc. The United States Life-Saving Service, and the laws of shipwreck and directions for help in all kinds of disasters, are fully treated. The subject is a very large one, and the six hundred pages of closely printed matter contain more information useful to the sailor and yachtsman than in any book yet prepared on this subject. The matter seems to be fully and clearly stated, and the book is provided with a complete index.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Women and Business.

Two things should be included in the education of every girl: she should be taught practically the value and use of money, and she should be trained to do some sort of work by which she can earn a livelihood, if need be. Children of eight or ten years of age should have an allowance. They are too young, of course, to be trusted with a large amount of money, but they should be given a fixed sum, and out of that should be expected to get certain articles of dress, say ribbons and gloves. As they grow older, and are learning by experience how to use money, the allowance must, of course, be increased, and the range of articles left to their judgment extended; till at ages varying from fourteen to seventeen, according to the development of the child, a sum sufficient for all personal expenses may be given monthly. Let them use the surplus as they please, let them never in a year overrun the allowance, let them feel the consequences of their folly, mistakes, or self-will. Do not come in and make up deficiencies, unless in very exceptional cases. In this way they will learn wisdom in the use of money; the reasoning faculties, the power of estimating the relative value of things, will be gained while the child is still under the protection of parents, and experience will be bought at its cheapest rate. An account-book, with the left-hand pages devoted to receipts (or all that comes in), the right to payments (or all that goes out), balanced weekly or monthly, should be kept conscientiously and submitted for inspection occasionally.

Any girl with a proper personal pride and individuality will learn to like the independence which this system gives. To have to ask for every article of dress or luxury is somewhat galling to young people, and when it is in a home where strict economy must be practiced, it is sometimes a source of great pain. On the other hand, this plan simplifies matters greatly to the parents, especially in a home of narrow means, by introducing a known quantity into the problem of domestic economy, instead of an unknown one. Some parents object that giving an allowance makes their children too independent, but I do not think this is the case. Children, it seems to me, are practically more grateful for money given freely for their own use, as a regular allowance, than they are for the separate articles purchased for them. They themselves have a chance to learn the luxury of giving,

and they enjoy the presents made to them outside the stipulated sum far more than when bestowed under other circumstances. The independence nurtured by this system is of the right sort.

The second thing which should be thought of in every woman's education is that she should learn some one thing thoroughly, by which she may support herself, if necessary. Just because marriage is a woman's noblest life, it should never be entered into but from the purest motives. No woman should look to marriage for a home—for a maintenance, but always and only for her highest life. Women were not intended to be thrown out into the world to be jostled and wounded in the struggle for a livelihood. It is the veriest perversion of a true social life which makes it otherwise, but it is the part of wisdom to look at things as they are, and to meet the existing conditions. As a matter of fact, women are thrown out upon the world to earn their own livings, to rear and educate their children; sometimes even more than this rests upon them to do. When a woman knows she is competent to earn a living, it will not hurt her if she does not need to use her ability. If misfortune threatens, the knowledge that she is not helpless saves many an hour of heart-sickenings despondency, and, if misfortune does come, she is equipped to meet it.

The low prices which women get for their work are due to two causes: its poor quality from want of special training, and the enormous competition in a few fields. When women are well-trained and thoroughly competent, and when they learn (as they are learning) to do something besides sewing and teaching, they will command higher remuneration. There is little to fear from the fact that women will be more independent of marriage than they now are. No really womanly woman ever takes the helm and sails out into strange waters with all the responsibilities of life resting on her without great suffering. It may be that the pain seems light when compared with the torture from which she has escaped; but it is always hard to do a man's work with only a woman's heart to back it. That is no reason, however, why, by our absurd systems of education (or want of education, rather) we should add the element of despondency and inefficiency to the other necessary evils of such a life. We do not make our girls more womanly, but only more helpless.

S. B. H.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved Method of Seed-Planting.

THE tendency of modern agriculture is steadily toward a lessening of the distance between horticulture and agriculture. Many food-plants that were formerly considered field crops have become garden crops, so that now only the grains and grasses may be said to be raised on farms. All the roots, the tubers and fruits, the beets, potatoes, tomatoes, etc., are now raised in market-gardens, and in a large, though purely horticultural, way. This extension of high culture to field crops has made glass more and more important in the market-garden. The shortness of the season, and the steadily advancing value of land, make it now essential that crops should be raised with as much precision as possible. If the gardener has just land enough for ten thousand cabbages, there must be some way of producing exactly ten thousand plants, no more and no less, and all the plants ought to reach a given stage of growth at precisely the same time. If there are more plants than space, there is a waste of plants, if less, a waste of land, time, labor, and interest on capital. If the crop matures irregularly, or even grows irregularly, there will also be waste of labor in cultivating it or in gathering the harvest. Raising seeds in hot-beds and cold frames has been common in all good gardens, for some time. The raising of seedling plants in hot-houses on a large commercial scale is a comparatively new industry in this country. Even in the best market-gardens, where plant-houses, artificially warmed, are used, there is still a very large percentage of waste, and very few gardeners can be found who could fill an order for ten thousand plants without a large percentage of loss in seeds, time, or labor. By the new plan it would seem that this loss can be obviated.

In the work examined, the seedling plants were in every stage of growth from germination up to the condition when they are ready for a second transplanting. The plant-house was of the common span-roof type, about 30½ meters (100 feet) long, and 4.80 meters (16 feet) wide. It was heated by hot-water pipes in the usual way, and there were three tables—two narrow tables next the side, and a broad table in the center. In point of aspect, ventilation, etc., the house was much like those used by commercial gardeners in this country. The tables on which the seeds are germinated were next the side, over the water pipes, and consisted of a flat table or shelf of slate, with wooden edges to keep the soil in place. On these, fine, soft loam was laid about five centimeters (two inches) deep. The object seems to be merely to give the plants a warm, moist support, and to prevent the young roots from being burned by touching the hot slates below. This loam is carefully pressed down smooth, so as to have a perfectly level surface. Over this is carefully spread five millimeters (one-fourth inch) of finely powdered moss. This is the ordinary sphagnum moss used by gardeners, which is found growing wild in low, wet fields. It is dried and then run through a sieve made of wire mosquito-netting. This reduces the moss to the condition of a dry, coarse dust like powdered

sponge. When this is done, finely sifted dry loam is spread (or sifted) over the moss to the depth of two centimeters (three-fourths of an inch), and carefully pressed down with a smooth flat board held in the hand. The seeds, whatever their size, are then spread evenly over the surface of the loam, close or wide apart, according to the character of the expected plant. Over the seeds is then sifted a second layer of dry powdered moss. This finishes the planting, and the seeds rest on the surface of a thin sheet of loam, with a layer of moss below and a blanket of moss above. The moss is then gently and evenly pressed down, to press the seeds into the loam without actually covering them. A supply of water from a watering-pot or hose having a fine rose finishes the work. In the ordinary methods of planting seeds, either in the field or plant-house, the seeds are covered more or less deep by the soil. The seed must be in the dark or it will not germinate, or, at least, will germinate badly. As the seeds are not all buried to the same depth, those nearest to the surface will start first. This irregularity of growth will make it difficult to select a day for transplanting when all the young plants will be equally ready for the change of soil. When a seedling plant begins to grow in ordinary soil, it sends down its single rootlets for some distance before it begins to branch out. By placing the seeds in loam over a layer of sponge-like moss, the root at once finds water held in the moss which is a partial obstruction to its progress. The result is that the root at once divides into a number of short branches, forming a thick mass or bunch of roots, instead of one long root with few branches, and thus, when the time comes for transplanting, the young plant is in the most favorable condition. The plants examined were remarkably healthy and in precisely the same stage of growth, the proportion of feeble or late plants being apparently only a fraction of one per cent. The system appeared to be entirely successful, both in a horticultural and commercial sense. No patent will be placed on the system, as the inventor has given it to the public.

New Lime-light.

THE oxyhydrogen light, sometimes known as the lime-light or the Drummond light, is one of the most useful forms of lamp that can be employed wherever a powerful and concentrated light is required, as in lantern projections, lighting large spaces, and in illuminating signs. In a new lamp, recently introduced, the two gases are mixed in the burner by placing one pipe within the other, one jet of gas thus being surrounded by the other, and the two gases burning together at the top of the burner. The lime is cut in the form of a sharp-pointed cone, and is held, point downward, in the gas-flame. By this arrangement the flame heats all sides of the pencil of lime at the same time, and the light is equal on every side. As the lime burns away, it is gradually lowered into the flame till it is all consumed. A curved arm of

metal is bent over the lamp to support the cone of lime, and the jets, bracket, and cone are inclosed in a glass globe. By this simple arrangement of the parts this lamp is greatly improved, and its field of usefulness is widely extended. The older form of lamp gives a light in only one direction. In the new lamp the lime is equally exposed to the flame, and the light is as bright on one side as another. This makes it possible to use the light in many places where it has not before been available.

Protecting Iron Surfaces.

A GREAT number of experiments have been made to find a substitute for paints in protecting iron from rust. The most successful process introduced within the last few years employs a skin or film of magnetic oxide, that is formed directly on the surface of the iron. This process is described on page 799, Volume XXII., of this magazine. By a new process, just announced, the surface of the iron is treated with acids, and, after the resulting salts have been removed, the surface of the metal is coated with resin, gutta-percha, pitch, or rubber. The theory of the work is very simple. Cast-iron being composed of iron and graphite, the acid attacks and destroys the iron, leaving the graphite in the form of a honey-combed or sponge-like film on the surface. The pores of this film, after the salts of iron have been removed, may then be filled with resin, pitch, coloring matter, enamels, or other materials. As the graphite is a part of the cast-iron and closely attached to it, it holds the materials injected into the pores firmly, and assists to form a skin or surface over the iron that will resist the action of water and preserve it from rusting. The graphite, when filled with insulating materials, will make cast-iron available as battery-troughs, etc. Treated with enamels, it extends the use of iron in many directions, and makes it a substitute for glass. The process does not appear to be very complicated nor expensive, and will, no doubt, become commercially available very soon.

Improved Forge Furnace.

AMONG the new apparatus having for its aim the convenience and comfort of men working at forges is a new form of circular furnace. This furnace is designed for heating small articles, like bolts or rivets. In place of having a square fire-pot into which the bolts may be thrust for heating, the furnace has a circular fire-box or pot, so arranged that the bolts may be placed in the fire from any or all sides. To accomplish this, the furnace is placed in a room having a low ceiling or beams, or a structure of some kind from which the upper part of the furnace may be supported. The fire-box rests upon an iron ash-pit on the floor. The dome or cover over the fire-box is suspended by chains passed over pulleys, so that, by the aid of counter-weights on the chains, the dome can be raised and lifted off the fire-box. Just above the grate are two rings, placed one over the other, making the circular sides of the furnace. Between these rings are small, semicircular notches, so that, when one ring is placed over the other, there is a series of holes (between the rings) all around

the furnace. These rings rest on a revolving table, that can be made to turn around by means of steam-power. The sides of the furnace may thus be turned around at will, the motion being controlled by the workman in charge. There is a door in the dome for getting at the fire, and, when the fire is started, a blast is applied through three openings in the furnace, so as to secure an even fire in all parts of the grate. Surrounding the furnace is a copper water-jacket, suspended by chains from above. Water is caused to flow through this jacket at all times, and when it is lowered over the furnace the workmen are protected from the heat. To get at the fire, it is only necessary to pull the jacket up out of the way. In operating the furnace, the workman stands at one side, and, raising the water-jacket so as to expose the holes in the sides of the furnace, he inserts the bolts to be heated in the holes nearest to him, where they rest on a shelf exposed to the fire. A touch of the foot on a pedal causes the rings to revolve, carrying away the bolts and exposing more holes, ready to receive their charge. In this way, the furnace is filled from one side only, or from any desired position. All the bolts are equally exposed to the heat, and the fire is kept bright and clear around the edges by the motion of the apparatus. By the time the rings have made one revolution the first bolts are ready to come out, and they are withdrawn and a fresh supply put in their place.

Silk Culture.

AN effort was made in the United States some years ago to introduce the culture of silk, but, owing to the unbusiness-like way in which the matter was brought forward, it was a failure. The subject has lately received renewed attention, and from an examination of some of the results already obtained, it appears to be evident that silk can be raised to advantage throughout the greater part of the country. The chief difficulty that has hitherto stood in the way of this industry in this country has been the cost and labor of unwinding the silk filament from the cocoons. Hand reeling machines have long been in use, but they are all too slow and too imperfect to be of any value. A reeling machine, intended to be used by either hand or steam power, has been recently introduced that appears to do the work quickly and thoroughly. It consists of an iron table, supporting a shallow iron boiler open at the top. This boiler is to be filled with water, and kept at a low boiling point by a gas-stove under the table. On the top of the table, which forms a zinc-lined tray or shelf around the boiler, is placed a wooden frame or bridge. This supports four glass rings or guides, directly over the water. Back of the table, and joined to it by an iron frame-work, is a simple form of reeling apparatus. This consists essentially of a horizontal reel and four sliding guides for guiding the filaments upon the reel. At the machine examined, a young girl was employed to turn the reel, but attachments are provided for employing electricity as a motive power if wanted. In using the machine, the reeler sits before the table with a basket of cocoons at her side, and a dish of cold water on the table. A quantity of the cocoons are then placed in the boiling water, and beaten up with a small stiff broom, till the gum on the cocoons is melted, and the ends of the

filaments are loosened. These filaments are gathered as fast as they appear, and are held in the left hand, with the cocoons floating on the water. With the right hand one of the threads is passed through the glass guides, or eyes, over the water, and then a second thread is passed through the next eye. The two threads are then twisted loosely together, and each is carried through one of the sliding guides to the reel. When four threads from four cocoons are thus arranged in pairs, twisted together, and caught over the reel, the machine is set in motion. The revolution of the reel draws the threads from the cocoons, and they roll over and over in the water, unwinding by their own gravity. As fast as the silk is removed from one cocoon, a thread from another is joined to it by merely pressing one filament against the other. They quickly stick together, and thus one filament is joined to another to make a continuous thread. The length of this thread is regulated by the number of cocoons on hand, or the amount of silk required in a skein. The machine examined appeared to be well designed, and admirably adapted to the work. With hand-power it could be made to move at the rate of two or three hundred revolutions a minute while winding four skeins. The labor of attending the apparatus is light, and not particularly taxing to the attention. New cocoons must be added to the reel at the rate of about one in three or four minutes, and many hundred can be unreeling without stopping the machine. The cold water is used to cool the right hand, that must be often thrust into the

hot water to remove the empty cocoons as fast as they are unwound. It would seem desirable to use some kind of glove that would resist the heat when the hand is thrust into the hot water. The apparatus is regarded by competent authorities as well adapted to the work, and larger machines, to be used with steam-power, will, no doubt, prove of value.

The culture of the silk-worm appears, from the experience of those who have practically tried it on a commercial scale, to be very simple. All the work can be performed by women and children, and it can be safely recommended as a new employment for persons living in the country who are able to control about six weeks of their time during the early summer. The capital required is quite small, and the plant needed for a moderate number of workers can be established in any dwelling-house or temporary wooden building. The culture consists essentially in the rearing of a number of silk-worm eggs from birth to full maturity—a period of about thirty-five days—and the subsequent care and sale of the cocoons. Unless fresh eggs are bought, there will also be the labor of caring for and rearing the moths for the purpose of securing a fresh supply of eggs for another season. The food of the worms must also be bought or raised, and this is simply a matter of so much farm-work spent on an orchard of mulberry-trees. An agency has already been established in this country for the sale of eggs and the purchase of cocoons and reeled silk. There is also a literature of the subject that can be readily consulted.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Yearn of the Romantic.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Finding a lamentable tendency, of late, toward the modern inanities of *Æsthetics*, I have prepared the following, in the endeavor to restore a healthy taste for the Mediæval and the Strong; to induce others to return, with me, to the chivalric pages of Scott, of Bulwer, and of G. P. R. James; and to lead them to sigh, as I do, for a revival of feeling for the stalwart old days of Knighthood and of the Troubadour.

I am, my dear sir, with sentiments of the highest consideration,

ONE OF THE OLD ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

WHEN aweary of this living, with its gaining and its giving,
And its toiling, and its traffic, and its tame pursuit of gold;
I recall at what a high rate lived the Poet, Knight, and Pirate,
As they fought and sung and swaggered, in the bloody days of old!

I.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

WITH a chivalry romantic, and with love and honor frantic,
With a cross upon his armor, and a spur upon his heel,
He would bind him in indentures to impossible adventures,
And to rid the world of evil—or to never take a meal!

Then, to slay the dark deceiver, or the wicked unbeliever,
He would swim the foaming river, and would sleep upon the sword;
To subdue a horrid schism, he would risk the rheumatism—
All to prove his high devotion to his Lady and his Lord.

Then, it was not looked absurd on, if he wore a lady's gusdon,
Whom he loved with desperation—but he didn't know by sight—
When he rode a distant journey to indulge in joust or tourney,
To maintain her matchless beauty over any caitiff Knight.

Then, the statutory vapor, on impenetrable paper,
 Couldn't dwarf his noble nature with debilitating "Laws";
 For he stopped not to construe 'em, with their horrid "*meum, tuum*,"
 But survival of the fittest proved the justice of his cause!

He would glare and shake his lance, as the war-horse foams and prances—
 While his armor clanked and rattled from his head unto his toe.
 From his helmet of pot-metal, like the steam from out a kettle,
 He would blow his fierce defiance at his mediæval foe!

Then, confiding in his science and the saint of his reliance,
 With his battle-ax and bludgeon, he would cut, and thrust, and guard,
 While the shields would clash together, as the bells in foggy weather,
 And the blows upon their armor clattered like a boiler-yard!

Then to slay a brazen Dragon wasn't thought a thing to brag on;
 And to massacre a Giant was an every-day affair;
 And 'twas nothing but a wassail to assail an Ogre's castle
 And deliver noble damsels who were hanging by the hair.

He would swear on sword and altar, that he'd never fail or falter,
 But would help the True Religion sack the Saracenic hive;
 Then the unbelieving village was the prey of holy pillage,—
 That the Turk could be converted,—if he happened to survive.

That his valor, so transcendent, might be wholly independent,
 He was bothered not with baggage, and the other minor ills;
 From Jerusalem to Gaza, there was not a comb or razor,
 And an almost utter absence of all washerwoman's bills.

When the long Crusade was over, then he rioted in clover,
 And around the kingly table he would roister and regale;
 Jolly monks would utter benison o'er the haunch of royal venison,
 And the beards would wag with wisdom as they quaffed the yellow ale.

Thus a-battling, and a-bouting, and a-rioting and routing,
 From Palestine to Paris, on the land and on the sea;
 Though perhaps a little gory—yet he led the life of glory;—
 Ah! how brave, and true, and noble was the Knight of Chivalry!

II.

THE TROUBADOUR.

With a jaunty cloak and swagger, and a jewel-handled dagger,
 And a lute across his shoulder, by a ribbon—blue at that!
 And his breeches, never bigger than would show his shapely figure,
 And a fascinating feather in his funny little hat;

Not fat and roly-poly, like that parody Brignoli—
 Singing sentiment affected to a mercenary tune—
 But a Poet, young and slender, he would charm the tender gender,
 As he sighed his soul, in music, at the maiden or the moon.

He would rove the land and ocean, on a fancy, whim, or notion;
 He would sing the tender rondeau, he would tell the merry tale;
 He would thrill the fierce Crusader, he would turn a serenader;
 He would banquet in the castle, he would billet in the jail.

And the Queens and noble maidens doted on his serenadings,
 And they dropped the smile, or ribbon, and the glove, or lock of hair,
 Or, in lieu of rope or stringlets, loosed their long and silken ringlets,
 And the Minstrel, bold and loving, climbed them as you might a stair!

Thus, he poached on others' manors, and he fought for others' banners,
 And he dined at others' tables, and he droned in others' hives,
 And he livened others' journeys, and he rhymed of others' tourneys,
 And he emptied others' flagons, and he flirted others' wives.

So, he wandered forth, a-warring, and a-rhyming and guitaring,
 And, in attitudes artistic, tinkled lum-te-tum-ty airs,
 And the ladies all adored him, and the gallants aped and bored him,
 And his tunes were legal-tender for his lodging, everywhere.

Thus, a-humming, and a-strumming, and a-wooing, and a-cooing,
 Dealing ditties by the dozen, making sonnets by the score,
 While the glamour of the amour hid the stammer of his grammar;—
 Ah! so gay, and free, and happy was the merry Troubadour!

III.

THE PIRATE OF CHIVALRY.

With raven beard, and visage that would terrify in this age,
 And with eye as fierce as eagles' as they swoop from mountain crag,
 With jack-boots of raw leather, and a Spanish cloak and feather,
 And a fragment torn from Midnight for his horrifying flag—

With the winds and waves he'd wrestle, in a somber sort of vessel,
 And, in search of strange adventures, he would ravage every shore;
 Now, to rob the Lapland lubbers of their walrus-teeth and blubbers,
 Now, to depredate the natives on the coast of Labradore!

On the track of Turkish zaccas, or of Portuguese polaccas,
 Or of argosies of Venice, laden low with golden gain,
 Or of Amsterdam's fat traders, or of homeward-bound armadas,
 He would scour the Northern ocean, or would sweep the Spanish main.

He would strike for fame and plunder midst the hurricane and thunder,
 While the jagged flash of lightning hissed behind him from the clouds,
 And, with curses of bravado, dare the tempest and tornado,
 While the winds, as ghosts of victims, were a-shrieking through the shrouds!

When the foe would strike their colors, with their doubloons and their dollars,
 He would give the night to revel, and to jolly jest and cheer;
 And, free from weak emotion, walk the captives in the ocean—
 Ah! so bold, and free, and bloody was the roving Buccaneer!

IV.

THIS DEGENERATE AGE.

Ah! those days have gone forever, with their splendid fire and fever,
 And their lofty scorn of living, and their quenchless thirst of fame!
 When faith and beauty filled them, and when love and glory thrilled them,
 And the sacred light of Honor led them like a fitting flame!

And the Minstrels, tender-hearted! they are silent and departed,
 With their amatory music, once so delicate and sweet;
 Now we never sigh to hear them, but we fly them and we fear them—
 Grinding melancholy organs on the corners of the street.

Gone the Pirate and the Sea-King, and the Buccaneer and Viking;
 Furl'd the banner of the Rover, hushed his cannon's heavy roar;
 And the only reminiscence of his nautical existence
 Is the banging of the big drum in the play of "Pinafore."

Gone's the glamour and the glory of the Knights of song and story,
 With their love and high endeavor, and their noble deeds and aims;
 Of heroic days behind us, now there's nothing to remind us
 But the Solitary Horseman in the narrative of James!

Yes! the Knights so celebrated, in these days degenerated
 Would be madmen or marauders—we would ridicule their cause—
 And the Pirate of the shipping would be hanged, or get a whipping,
 And the Troubadours be prisoned, under local vagrant laws!

Now, the soul that scorns to grovel, can but revel in the novel
 Of Sir Walter Scott, or Bulwer, on the days of long ago;
 And of Brian de Bourbeon, and of mighty Cœur de Leon,
 And of Launcelot and Arthur, and immortal Ivanhoe.

For the prosy and pedantic have extinguished the romantic,
 And the pomp and pride of chivalry are driven from the stage;
 All is now so faint and tender that the world has lost its gender,
 And the enervate Aesthetic is the model of the Age!

April.

One Rainy Day.

ALOFT where bends the tall elm's topmost crest,
Watching the sun, the robin sits and swings;
The amber light shines on his ruddy breast,
And loud his carol rings.

The crocus-buds break into starry bloom,
And in the wind the golden tulip rocks,
And garrulous sparrows chatter in the gloom
Of prim and rounded box.

The meadows stretching from the river show
The fresh, cool green of early springing grass,
And bending willows droop their branches low
As winds above them pass.

A shimmering haze lies on the dreamy slopes
Of hills that rise against the lustrous west,
The waveless sea seems bright with dawning hopes
Of summer's peace and rest.

The south wind, singing through the pasture, bends
The fern's low frond, crowning a mossy plinth;
And violet perfume in the garden blends
With sweets of hyacinth.

The mellow sunlight, breaking through the rifts,
Burns like a flame along the widening plain,
And down the sloping valley slowly drifts
The murmur of the rain.

The yellow cowslips toss their cups of gold,
Where brooks go whispering through the reedy
marsh;
And crows, among the blooming maples, hold
A council loud and harsh.

The plowman, whistling down the furrow, sees,
Above the thin and opal-tinted mist,
The rounded cones of budding orchard-trees,
Where bluebirds make their tryst.

The massive monarchs of the forest now
Are giant harps, melodious with song
That vibrates through each quaintly twisted bough,
Swaying the hills along.

The fragrant morn, clad in soft robes of white,
Flings wide day's portal for the sunlit noon;
And deep the purple stillness of the night
Clings round the narrow moon.

And fair with blooms, and buds that tell of these,
Through merry songs across the valleys blown,
Fresh from the sweetness of south-lying seas,
Comes April to her own.

AT Chamoani I woke one morn,
Hearing afar an Alpine horn
Upon some glacier to the North,
And thought, although it rained forlorn,
To saunter forth.

There, in the hall, outside a door,
Waiting their owners, on the floor,
I saw two shining pairs of shoes;
One pair was eights—or, may be, more—
The other, twos.

I wondered who those gaiters wore
That such a look of courage bore;
They seemed alert and battle-scarred,
And all their heels were wounded sore
On mountain shard.

The lofty insteps spurned the ground
As if up high Olympus bound;
The tireless soles were worn away;
The smooth and taper toes were round
And *retroussé*.

Sudden my envious thought essayed
To count the conquests they had made,
And all their pilgrimages view;
O'er glen and glacier, gorge and glade,
My fancy flew.

I saw them thread the Brunig Pass;
I saw them scale the Mer de Glace,
And Riffelberg, beyond Zermatt;
I saw them mount the mighty mass
Of Gornergrat.

I saw them climb Bernina's height;
I saw them bathe in Rigi's light,
And linger by the Giessbach fall;
I saw them grope in Gondo's night,
And Münster Thal.

I saw them find the Jungfrau's head,
And leap the Grimsel gorges dread,
And bound o'er Col de Collon's ice,
And on Belle Tola's summit tread
The edelweiss.

The vision shamed my listless mood,
Banished my inert lassitude,
And fired me with intent sublime;
I vowed when sunshine came I would
Go forth and climb!

With new ambition I arose,
The foot-gear scanned from heels to toes
(One pair was eights—the other, twos),
And blessed the owners brave of those
Heroic shoes.

"Maskwell's Compendium."

THE golden rule of humorists—"Never explain a joke"—must for once be broken, for the benefit of the hasty reader of the "Bric-à-Brac" department, in our February number. It would perhaps be more exact to say the hasty glancer, for it is difficult to believe that any attentive reader of the above-named parody of the penmanship systems could regard it as an advertisement. We hardly know whether to esteem it as complimentary to the piece in question that in some instances the direction, at least, of its all too blunt and feeble shafts should not have been evident. Among the aggrieved are a number of our kind constituency in England, where, we are told, there is no similar system to share in "Punch's" current satire of "How we advertise now." Let us explain, then, that from a long and intimate personal acquaintance with Professor Maskwell, we can truly say that there has not been, is not, and will not be any such person, that the P. O. address which we did not give is false, and that "the middle-aged and distinguished" are to be left to their characteristic illegibility without further attempt by the professor to impair the individuality of their styles.

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